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LOUISE JOPLING

From the painting by Sir John Millais in the National Portrait Gallery

TWENTY YEARS OF MY LIFE

1867 TO 1887

BY

LOUISE JOPLING

(MRS. JOPLING-ROWE)

WITH TWENTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

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TWENTY YEARS OF MY LIFE

1867 TO 1887

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CHAPTER I

"ONCE upon a time" the editor of a weekly newspaper wrote and asked me to give him a description of my first picture. I replied: "You find me full of excuses, for not being able to accede to your request. You ask an impossible thing, to write about myself! So uninteresting! I would rather expatiate about the weather, the children, even the servants, anything but about my first success. All I remember about it was, that it left me profoundly miserable. Such high hopes; such poor results!"

After giving expression to these sentiments, here I am writing about myself! I have the feeling, however, that I am describing the life and adventures of some one else. I am like the old woman in the nursery legend, who did not know if she were she herself, or somebody else, after her petticoats were cut.

I picture my readers in the same frame of mind as the French country servant who was brought by his employer to Paris, and told that he might go to the theatre. The next morning his master wanted to know how he enjoyed the play, and as he did not seem very enthusiastic about it he was asked to explain. "Well, sir," he said, "I went to the theatre, and after I had been seated a little time a curtain

went up, and two people came on the platform, and commenced talking of their own affairs. They didn't interest me, so I got up and left."

I find it has interested me to review the past. I hope that my many friends (alas, fewer now in number !) may be interested also. Well, to begin my Reminiscences—or, as Mrs. Kendal wittily calls them, Remi-nuisances—I was married in 1861 at the age of seventeen to Frank Romer, who at that time was in the Civil Service. Frank was one of the sons of a musical composer and publisher. Another became a Senior Wrangler, and ended his career as the distinguished Judge, Robert Romer. We lived in London; had two children; and no thought of an art career entered my head.

In 1865, Frank came home one day and said :

"How would you like to live in Paris ?" I opened wide eyes of astonishment. "Yes," Frank continued. "Bob [my brother-in-law] is giving up his secretaryship, and Baron de Rothschild has asked him to find a successor, so he has offered the post to me."

"How splendid !" I ejaculated. "But you don't know any French !"

"Neither did Bob when he went. But that doesn't matter, as the Baron, poor fellow, is blind. I have only to write letters, and read the English papers to him."

"Oh, let us go !" I cried.

And so it was settled.

One day, in 1867, Frank showed some pencil sketches of mine to the Baroness, who was a very clever water-colour artist.

"Your wife ought to take lessons," was her verdict.

So, stipulating that I should study as a professional, and not as an amateur, I entered the State Technical School near.

There I discovered that I was short-sighted, which fact, however, was rather a help than a hindrance to my studying

Art, the tendency of beginners being rather to see too much than too little.

When fitted with glasses, I realized, alas, that the world was not so beautiful as I had thought it! And, to my great regret, I also found blemishes in people I had hitherto admired.

A friend, hearing that I was studying seriously, gave me a letter of introduction to Monsieur Charles Chaplin, whose Studio for women students was the fashion just then. I found the great man in his Studio, palette in hand, before one of his decorative subjects—probably intended for the Tuileries. Monsieur Chaplin was tall and elegant. His fair hair and blue eyes showed his English origin. His mother was a Frenchwoman, and her son could only speak his mother-tongue. When he attempted English, the result was rather amusing. I remember he asked me one day, before the whole class:

"Est-ce que vous allez quelquefois aux 'zee bars'?"

I thought the two last words were in the French language, and not understanding them, I must have looked puzzled, for he impatiently said:

"Bains de mer!"

Monsieur Chaplin had a large following, for his was the only atelier at that time where all the students were women, so that careful mothers could send their daughters there without any fear of complications arising between the sexes.

Many of Monsieur Chaplin's pupils made their mark in the artistic world—notably Henriette Browne, an exceptionally gifted woman, who painted with a vigorous touch, placing her colours direct on to the canvas. Her work had great brilliancy, but looked at closely, it had a spotty appearance. One of her pictures was called "L'Enfant malade." It represented a Sister of Mercy holding a sick child wrapped in a blanket. I was at an Exhibition where this picture was exhibited. A peasant and his wife were looking at it.

" Qu'est-ce qu'il a, le pauvre petit ? " said the man.

" Mais on voit bien qu'il a la rougeole," the wife answered.

Henriette Browne would have been amused at her artistic touch being taken for the rash of measles.

When I entered the Atelier Chaplin I did so with all the trepidation of a novice, but I was soon put at my ease when a charming girl came forward ; told me where I could sit ; and procured me paper and charcoal. On my telling her that I had never drawn from life, she advised me that I must take care to make my portrait of the model the size of life. Beginners generally make their first drawings much too small.

To prove this mistake of theirs, take a piece of soap and draw your face, as you see it, in a looking-glass. You will be surprised to see how ridiculously small it looks.

I fell into the opposite error, for I drew my head as if it were the portrait of a giant, much to the amusement of the whole Atelier.

Having only had a month's training " from the flat," I found drawing from the " life " very difficult. Later my Master said to me :

" Vous faisiez des horreurs ! But," he continued, " I noticed that you were the first to come to the Studio and the last to leave, and I said to myself, ' Ah ! elle est sérieuse, cette petite, elle arrivera ' ! "

I shall never forget the moment when he let me perceive that he thought I was really improving. He looked at my drawing, and then at me, and said :

" Qu'est-ce que vous avez ce matin ? "

" Mais, monsieur, rien ! " I answered.

" C'est bien ! " he said, tapping the drawing. " Allez, continuez."

' Praise from Sir Charles Grandison was praise indeed ! '

After Monsieur Chaplin had left the Studio, the other pupils crowded round my easel to see the drawing that had

evoked the magic word "Continuez" from the lips of our severe Master.

Studio life was a strange experience to me. I had never been to a school of any sort, having always learnt with a governess at home.

I had not worked with other girls, save my own sisters, and it took me a little time to acclimatize myself. However, my companions were charming, and the fact of my being a foreigner, and the mother of the two pretty little boys who, with their nurse, used to fetch me from the Studio, made the other students take an affectionate interest in me.

It was glorious having so much opportunity for serious work. Only abroad can a working and a domestic life be carried on simultaneously with little effort.

In France one is expected to cultivate what little talent one possesses. How my relations in England would have stared, and thought me little less than mad, to entertain the idea of becoming a "professional"—I, a married woman!

A Miss Besley, an ex-pupil of Monsieur Chaplin, held a class for the study of the nude, at the early hour of 7 a.m. As I was keen about working hard, to make up for commencing my art education so late in life, I joined it. Those early walks I shall never forget! Paris strikes one as being such an essentially clean city. Men, in picturesque blue blouses, dip their long brooms into the running water that flows along the gutter, and wash away all the *débris* from the pavements.

I had sixteen delightful months of study at the beloved Atelier Chaplin. Sometimes the Master would invite a pupil to see the work upon which he was engaged in his Studio above ours. A reward for some of those who worked the hardest. As I was amongst these, I often had the chance of seeing the great man at work; and this was my best lesson.

What a happy life it was! How different from that I should have led in London! At this time, I knew of no girl, much less a married woman, who had studied Art.

There must have been some, though, because females had already made their way into the Academy Schools. The drawings sent up for approval are signed only with initials. Great must have been the surprise of the examiners when a girl first made her appearance amongst the youthful males! Brave pioneer! I wish I had been there to see her entry. Her name was Laura Herford. She was the aunt of the distinguished water-colour artist, Mrs. Allingham, R.W.S., who had previously been known as a clever black-and-white artist, under her maiden name of Emily Paterson. Restrictions, however, were made. A female student was not allowed to study from, what is euphoniously called, "the altogether." With such a handicap, is it surprising that for a time women lagged far behind men in the race for fame?

To a sane and healthy mind this prohibition savours of pruriency, and it was to this wrong way of looking at Nature that James Hinton, the philosopher, so strongly objected. It is no shock to a girl student to study from life. With youths it is, perhaps, different, owing to the survival of the monastic method of segregating them from girls of their own age.

When Sir Joshua Reynolds organized an Academy of painting and sculpture, two women were included: Mary Moser and Angelica Kauffmann. Zoffani, one of their members, painted a portrait group of the "Forty." It is amusing to see that the two lady members are only represented by their portraits on the wall of the room in which the male members are seated.

In 1867, I remember, the first French International Exhibiton was held. The celebrated singer of opera bouffe, Schneider, was in her zenith, enacting the principal rôles in Offenbach's operas. All Paris went mad over her impersonation of "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein."

Here is an instance of how she made use of the part. There were many entrances to the Exhibition, but one was

reserved for the Royalties of every country. Schneider, itting in her handsome carriage and pair, directed her coachman to drive through the Royal gate. The custodian demanded the name of the Royalty.

"Je suis la Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," she proudly replied.

The man, with a lowly obeisance, opened the gate for her. I imagine that she never played the rôle better. No wonder that the gatekeeper was taken in.

I worked steadily for a whole year at Monsieur Chaplin's. In the February of '69 I lost a beloved brother. I felt that I could not go and listen to the usual chaff and fun that went on amongst us all at the Atelier, so I stayed at home for a few days. There, I did two heads in *sanguine*—one from myself and one from my sister, who was living with me. When I returned, I summoned up courage to show them to Monsieur Chaplin, who said :

"They must go to the Salon."

Imagine my delight ! I looked for sympathy from my fellow-students, but, instead, I heard the scarcely modulated voice of one, informing those nearest to her : "It is all very well for people to come to an Atelier, and pretend that they are beginners, whilst all the time," etc. etc. Not pleasant to hear, but my philosophical soul told me that these aspersions on my character were compliments to my work. To my joy, my drawings were accepted, and hung on the line.

I was a proud woman when I received a ticket for the *Vernissage*. The French, with true politeness, include a friend in the invitation, so that a shy exhibitor has no occasion to feel lost amongst a crowd of strangers. The *Vernissage* includes the Private View, and it is far more amusing than when they are held separately. One sees celebrated artists, accompanied, perhaps, by their favourite models ; the *rapins du Louvre* who make a living by copying Old Masters ; famous

actresses surrounded by an admiring crowd; and all of fashion and beauty in the two worlds, the *haut* and the *demi-monde*.

I remember well that first day. In spite of my little success, I was plunged in black despair. The result fell so short of my ambition. Should I ever do anything better? Was I pursuing an *ignis fatuus*? I suppose that every one feels like that after any little achievement. The sole pleasure lies in the striving after success, not in the success itself.

And now I had to face a very bitter trial. We had to leave my beloved Paris. The fatal fascination of the Bourse proved too great for my husband. As speculation was forbidden to anybody in the employ of the Rothschilds, his secretaryship had to be given up. This put an end to my Art studies, as never after this had I the leisure, or the money, to continue them. I had to become my own instructor. Does not some one say that, if you teach yourself, you have a fool for a master?

I wrote to Monsieur Chaplin, who was at his country-place, to tell him that my days at the Studio were no longer possible, and that I had to bid him farewell. In answer I had this kind letter:

MA CHÈRE ÉLÈVE,

À mon retour de voyage, je trouve votre lettre. Je suis désolé de vous voir quitter la France, au moment où vous réussiez, et où vos efforts allaient être couronnés de succès. Qu'elle nécessité impérieuse vous oblige donc à habiter l'Angleterre? N'avez vous donc l'espoir de revenir avec nous? Dites-moi toujours ce que vous faites, et de loin, comme de près, soyez mon élève.

Je m'interesse à tous ce que vous faites, et il faut vous préparer à l'Exposition prochaine. Vous viendrez m'apporter ce que vous aurez composé, et nous verrons cela ensemble, comme aux beaux jours où vous veniez dans mon atelier.

Louise Josephine Flowers

Ma destinée à moi, est, de voir mes élèves me quitter, les unes parce qu'elles veulent un mari, les autres parce qu'elles en ont un. Mille bonnes amitiés au vôtre, et croyez moi votre maître bien affectionné. Ma femme et mes enfants vous envoient leur meilleurs souvenirs.

. If only I could have completed my studies with my appreciative master! I might have fulfilled his expectations of me. I could not acquaint him with the facts of the "imperious necessity" that compelled us to leave Paris, with, literally, only the clothes we wore.

We went to live at Greville Place, with my husband's parents. They were extraordinarily kind to us. It must have been no joke to have had a family of four suddenly planted upon them for an indefinite length of time. They never once made us feel that we were *de trop*.

At first I felt miserable! No paints; no brushes; and no money to buy them! And then, oh, joy! the goddess Luck befriended me!

Whilst I was at Greville Place, I was often invited to tea at the Bedford Hotel, where Mrs. Warner, the sister of my father-in-law, lived. There I met Shirley Brooks (afterwards the editor of "Punch"), who became one of my best friends. He knew that I was pining for my painting materials. One day he said to me:

"If I hear of anything that would be of advantage to you, where may I send a letter that would reach you only? Have you a post office near you?"

I said yes; and gave him the address.

"I shall direct it to 'L,'" he answered.

There is always something strangely exciting about anything mysterious, especially if unconventional, and I longed for the morning to come. When I entered the post office, I felt my heart beating a double tattoo, and in a low voice I asked:

"Have you a letter for 'L'?"

To my dismay and amusement, the man called out to another:

"Is there a letter for 'Hell'?"

My fearful soul trembled. Was it a prophetic warning, I wondered?

When I was given it, I recognized the picturesque writing of my kind friend. On opening the envelope, I found a £5 note, accompanied by a letter, expressing, in the most charming manner, his wish that I should accept it, as an advance upon a portrait that he hoped I would paint of him, for his wife. I, somehow, never painted that portrait. I should have loved to do it, for Shirley Brooks had a most picturesque head, with beautiful curly hair, and a merry genial twinkle in his blue eyes. His gift came as a godsend to me, for I at once engaged a little daily nursemaid to take my two little boys out walking, and I bought the necessary materials for study.

The Romer family were away for a summer holiday, so I utilized their pretty cook as a model. I painted her with a parrot on her finger, and the picture was appropriately called "Pretty Polly."

It was exhibited in the Suffolk Street Galleries, at a little Society called "The Corinthian," and actually found a purchaser; as did, by the by, one of the drawings I exhibited in Paris, and which I had called "Le Crépuscule." These monetary transactions gave me a certain status with my "in-laws," so I was encouraged to continue my beloved profession.

I was craving for more tuition, and I was very anxious to enter the Royal Academy Schools. Frith was approached, and he promised to come and see my work. Kind Shirley Brooks arranged this.

The whole household was in a flutter when the celebrated Academician came. He gave me very kind advice and, to my

urprise, advised me not to enter, as a pupil, the Academy chools. He explained: "She has originality, and she ıay lose it there." I was glad of his verdict, because, in ıy own mind, I was very doubtful whether I could have assed the preliminary examination. In those days, much ne stippling was required. And this was totally opposed o the broad method taught in the French School. However, y working alone, I missed the incitement to excel, which is iven by competition with other students.

I was busy, when Frith came, on a picture of two girls, hich I called "Consolation." When it was finished, I ravely sent it up to the forthcoming R.A. Exhibition. It as neither accepted nor rejected. It was in the "Doubtful" lass.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I will explain that hen the Council is sitting in judgment on the pictures sent ı by outsiders, a few are accepted, and are bound to be hung, nd they have the magic letter "A" chalked by one of the ssistants on the back of the canvas; others are summarily ejected, and have an ugly black cross marked on them. The est—more than could possibly be hung—are marked with "D," and are utilized to fill any vacant space.

In these "Doubtful" pictures Luck is a dominant ıctor. Sometimes, an inch too much in the size of a frame, reventing a vacant space being found for it, will ruin the rtist's chance for that year. My picture was eventually not ung. I had well named it, for "consolation" came to me, y some kind friends getting up a raffle, and handing me a heque for £42, which proved a welcome addition to the canty contents of my purse.

I started painting a three-quarter length of myself from ıy reflection in the mirror in my little bedroom; and this ecause my model cost me nothing, and never looked bored.

It was Frith who first advised me to do this. He said was the finest practice an artist could possibly have, and

in after years I used to make my pupils do similar studies. Millais, looking at an auto-portrait of mine, said :

" No one can seize the character of your face as well as you do."

I suppose it was due to reiterated practice. I used to be often chaffed about my " portrait expression," which, of course, I wanted to be pleasant. I never could interpret a mood unless I simulated it.

The mind unconsciously obeys the physical stimulus. I was delighted to find in a book by the great American scientist, William James, that he expounds the same theory.

When the cook was no longer available I joined, for the purposes of study, Leigh's School of Art, in Newman Street, where a model posed daily.

There I met and made lifelong friends of many dear people ; amongst the number Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, who was then devoting himself to Art, as a profession. Whilst I was at the School some private theatricals were given at the Egyptian Hall. Percy Macquoid, who was also studying at Heatherly's (the name by which the School was known), went with me to see them, as our fellow-student, Johnston, was acting. It was a costume play. The name I no longer remember ; but I shall never forget the vision of beauty that burst upon the audience as the slim and elegant youth appeared upon the scene. Johnston was a great success, and I fancy that that night determined his career and he became the actor, with the beautiful voice, who has given thousands of people so much pleasure.

There was also at the School that famous genius, Samuel Butler (best known by his book " Erewhon "), painting away as if he had done nothing else all his life. There was a fearsome attraction about him, as being the author of a book proving that the Gospel according to St. John was actually written three centuries after Christ's death. My recollection of Samuel Butler is that he was a thick-set man with dark hair,

spade-shape beard, and a moustache trimmed so as to ıow the mouth. This, with bushy eyebrows over his blue yes, gave him a fearless, straightforward expression. I emember Samuel Butler as a musician too. Mr. Heatherly, ıe Master of the School, had an organ in his own part of ıe house, and there we sometimes used to resort, after working ours, to hear Samuel Butler play. I wish I had cultivated is friendship more, but there were younger men studying at Newman Street, with whom, at that period, I had more ffinity.

Amongst these, there was a delightful man, a Captain ewin, who was home on leave from India, and who was tilizing his holiday by studying painting, for which he had natural talent. He was the nephew of the well-known Mrs. Grote, and brother of William Terriss, the actor.

We had a great deal in common—we both wrote poetry, oved literature and Art—and as we lived within a stone's-ırow of one another we found ourselves *en route* for the chool, or away from it, much about the same time. I ecame great friends with his family. Mrs. Lewin, his ıother, was a beautiful old lady, and her good looks were ıherited by her younger son, William, who, when he became n actor, took the name of Terriss.

Willy was that delightful mixture, a very handsome and et a very manly young fellow. He must have been very attered by women running after him, and yet it hadn't poiled him in the slightest. He had a certain native sim-licity in his character, which endeared him to all who became ıtimate with him.

His first engagement was with Marie Wilton's (Lady Bancroft's) company, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Vanting to go on the Stage, he called on her without any ıtroduction, and, his personality being so much in his favour, vas promptly enrolled amongst her company.

I saw a great deal also of Percy Macquoid, the talented

artist and decorator. One is always reminded of him when one looks at his graceful figures of the weather prophetesses in "The Daily Graphic." As a boy he had a keener sense of humour than anyone I ever met. I used really to rejoice in him. He was most refreshing.

Mark Lemon, the editor of "Punch," would always look at any little drawings I did that might be suitable for his paper. My prentice hand was only capable of evolving decorative initials, for which I received ten shillings. It was a proud moment for me when I earned thirty shillings for a more ambitious drawing. It represented the little girl whose nose had been pecked off by a blackbird, and her astonishment thereat, whilst she was "hanging out the clothes." The author of "The History of Punch" could not trace the artist who signed L. R. to it, and he was interested when I told him that I was L. R.

Encouraged to soar still higher, I wrote some verses, and attempted to illustrate them. I am afraid Mark Lemon did not think the drawing worth much, but he liked the verses, and sent them to "The Gentleman's Magazine," who promptly paid me two guineas for them. This was not the first time that my writing had earned me money. When I was fifteen, I wrote a little story, which the editor of "The Family Herald" published in the front page. And I got paid for it too.

The death of Mark Lemon preceded that of his friend, Charles Dickens, by about a week. Charles Dickens' death, sudden and dramatic as it was, came as a great shock to all his admirers and friends. To a public eagerly looking forward to the next instalment of the novel in serial form upon which Dickens was engaged, it seemed incredible that Death should choose that moment to stay the hand of the great novelist with his work still unfinished. It has always been a regret to me that, living at the time that I might have known Dickens, it was never my fate to meet him.

I think we stayed about eight months as guests in my father-in-law's house. In spite of the kindness shown us, it was an uncomfortable position for one who had reigned supreme in her own home. Still, had it not been for their kind hospitality, I might never have made the many friends who were so instrumental in helping me on in my profession.

Frank was lucky enough to get a post as secretary to a Member of Parliament. This enabled us to start a little home of our own once more. We took unfurnished apartments in Shrewsbury Road, Bayswater. The front drawing-room made me an excellent Studio.

For a few short months we were very happy there. I, working on portraits I was lucky enough to get, and on my three-quarter life-sized canvas, destined, I hoped, for the Academy.

Work was interrupted in December '69 by the illness and death of one of my beloved children, my darling Geoffrey. I cannot write about my feelings at that time. I know of no greater sorrow than the loss of a child.

Thank God, however, for work, the necessity of which enabled me to bear with more fortitude my bitter sorrow.

CHAPTER II

THE picture I painted of myself I called "Bud and Bloom." It was accepted, and hung in the Royal Academy the following spring. No one was more pleased than my dear friend, Shirley Brooks. He wrote me a characteristic letter in red ink as follows :

R.A.
Sincerest congratulations.
S. B.
6 Ap. '70. A Red Letter Day.

To get so soon a picture into the Royal Academy was a great spur to my ambition. It was with much inward excitement that I mounted the stairs leading to the Picture Galleries on Varnishing Day. I felt quite lost until I came across Mr. Elmore, R.A., whom I had met elsewhere. He took me under his wing and introduced me to many artists, who were all so very kind and encouraging, and their praise was a great stimulus.

The women I met—few in those days—were encouraging too: Mrs. E. M. Ward; Miss M. E. Edwards; and the Misses Mutrie, the clever painters of flowers.

The artist who interested me most at that first Exhibition was Frederick Walker. His painting struck a new note in the world of Art. He was full of imagination and originality. He was also a splendid illustrator. I remember some delightful drawings of his in Thackeray's "Philip on his

BUD AND BLOOM

Voyage through the World." Because Fred Walker did not shine in general conversation, he was affectionately called "The Inspired Idiot," a name given him by the students of the Royal Academy Schools.

Other friends I made on that never-to-be-forgotten day: Ansdell, who had married a Romer; George Chester, the landscape painter, whose strong work reminded one of Constable's; the burly, good-natured Prinsep; Pettie, the Scotsman; and H. S. Marks, the only humorous painter at that time. I remember Sir Henry Thompson, the clever surgeon and amateur artist, was there also.

Now that Frank had work to do, and I was getting orders for portraits and also selling my pictures, we considered that we were justified in taking a house, particularly as the advent of another child was expected.

After many searchings, we found one at 21 Scarsdale Villas, Kensington.

I set up my easel in the drawing-room, on the first floor, and found I was the neighbour of an artist, who had, as his studio, a similar room to mine. When one is young, one makes friends easily, and it was not long before the two households became intimately acquainted. John Morgan was a charming painter of genre subjects. He turned them out so easily that his soul longed for higher flights. Holman Hunt's painting of the East enthralled him; and, from dainty little domestic subjects, he aspired to paint those that were inspired by Religion. He considered that Christ was portrayed in garments of too classical a shape, unfit for anyone practising the trade of a carpenter. To study on the spot the garments worn by the peasantry of Judea, which would, no doubt, be similar to those in the time of Jesus Christ—the East changing a little—he departed for Palestine, and, in a few weeks, brought back a life-sized picture of our Saviour. The outward semblance was there, but not the Spirit within. I never heard what the ultimate fate of the picture was.

I saw a great deal of kind Mr. Elmore, who always welcomed me to his Studio. I remember, one day, I met there Sir Squire Bancroft, who was then acting with Marie Wilton at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. He was always exquisitely groomed, and thoroughly representative of the man about town. A "Punch" anecdote, illustrated by George Du Maurier, was supposed to imitate Sir Squire Bancroft's style of speech: "Haw! awfully glad, that you are glad, that I am glad!"

The fortune that he has made proves that he is a splendid man of business. There is a story told of him—true or false—that an actor in his company asked for a rise in salary. "What do you want it for?" Bancroft was accredited with saying. "You would only spend it, you know"—which reasoning apparently satisfied the suppliant, who withdrew his request.

Through Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor I had many opportunities of going to the theatre. I remember seeing Sothern act in "Home," and that handsome woman, Ada Cavendish, acted with him. I am glad I saw her in her prime. More than forty years after, I heard her recite at Sir Frederick Cook's Picture Gallery in Richmond, and oh, what a falling off was there! Age has much to answer for. Sothern created the character of Lord Dundreary. The author intended it only as a subordinate part, but Sothern, by his genius, transformed it into the most important. The name of the play is remembered by very few; but Sothern's part has become immortal.

At our new place of abode I started at once upon another picture—again from myself, which I called "Hilda." It was exhibited in the Old Bond Street Gallery, and George Augustus Sala gave me a flaming notice in "The Daily Telegraph." I afterwards sent it to the Paris Salon, where a French critic paid me a compliment, by saying that my work reminded him of the late regretted Ricard, and that the

mile upon the lips was vague and mysterious, like that upon Leonardo da Vinci's "La Giaconda."

This picture had a tragic ending. It was bought by a friend of mine who, at one time, wished to marry me; and, when later he became engaged, his fiancée insisted upon his destroying it. It might have been safe in the custody of Captain J. W. Clayton, F.R.G.S., who had wished to purchase it.

A picture I called "The Mendicant" I also sent to the Old Bond Street Gallery. It was sold, and another would-be purchaser gave me an order for a similar type of picture.

At the Suffolk Street Galleries I sent a life-sized head that I had painted from a pretty model. I had just been reading a charming novel written by John Saunders, the heroine in which was called "Hirell." I christened my picture after it. It was seen there by the author, who wrote to me, saying that my presentment of his heroine was exactly like the one he had in his mind, when he wrote his book, and might he call?

Mr. Saunders came often to see me, and talked of his talented daughter, Katherine, who had written a never sensational Christmas story that was the talk of London.

I had a strange experience when painting the portrait of a very old lady who always fell asleep in a most distracting manner whilst I was intent upon seizing a likeness. I racked my brains for some topic that would interest her. At last I found a subject.

"Oh," I said, "what a dreadful thing your nephew dying so suddenly!"

"My nephew?" she exclaimed wonderingly, now thoroughly wide awake.

"Yes; your nephew, Charles. Hasn't he just died unexpectedly?"

"Oh, no. He is quite well. I saw him only yesterday, and I should have heard if anything had happened to him. What made you think so?"

"I don't know; but I was under the impression that he had gone to bed quite well, and his butler the next morning found him dead."

She laughed at me for my vivid impression.

A week after this, the poor man's death happened as I had imagined it.

I was speaking of this to an ardent spiritualist, and I said:

"Now what was the use of my having foretold this? It had nothing to do with me."

"I can see why," he answered. "The aunt was old, and if her nephew's sudden death had been told her abruptly the shock might have proved fatal. As it was, her mind could only grasp the fact that you had told her, for, you tell me, her first words were, on hearing the news, 'Why, that's what Mrs. Frank Romer dreamt the other day.'"

She persisted in thinking that I had dreamt it.

Another instance occurs to me. A daughter of Mark Lemon, with the good, old-fashioned name of Polly, had a most lovely voice. Some one said of her that "she looked like a Queen, and sang like an Angel." Her mother was a Romer, so that this was not to be wondered at—a Miss Romer had been a celebrated prima donna. Poor Polly! She had a tragic fate, and connected, somehow, with her beautiful voice. She had come up from Crawley—where she lived—to stay the night with her cousins, the Williamses in Bedford Square, as she was going on the river with them the next day. She had a very disturbed night, waking up, and falling asleep to dream, three times running, that she saw a veiled figure, on the opposite side of a river, motioning her to go away. The dream had such an effect upon her that she told her cousins she felt it was a warning to her, and she would

rather not go to the picnic, as she was sure that something would happen.

The cousins chaffed her about paying such attention to a mere dream, and persuaded her not to spoil their party by abstaining from going.

So she went, and the mysterious warning was realized.

As she and her companions were sailing up one of the reaches of the Thames, the boat upset, and they found themselves clinging to the upturned boat for dear life. Her companions begged her to call for help, and her wonderful voice travelling down the river was heard a very long way off by some people who came as quickly as they could to the rescue. She must have been shouting for quite two hours, at the top of her voice, and in a constrained and alarming position, and, although she didn't seem any the worse for it at the time, she died three months afterwards. The doctor certified that her death was through an abscess on the brain, from the breaking of a small blood vessel when she over-strained her voice in her cries for help.

In June, my dear little girl was born. I gave her the name of Hilda Shirley. Hilda, after the picture I had painted, and Shirley, after her godfather, Shirley Brooks. In his Diary—which Mr. Clement Shorter kindly lent me—I see the following note :

"To St. Pancras Church where I have not been for years. Louise Romer's baby to be christened, and I had promised to be godfather, for I like this struggling, clever little artist."

Afterwards I went for a month to Ramsgate to recruit, where I met with an amusing incident.

Whilst on the pier, in the waiting-room, attending to the pants of my infant, with my respectable monthly nurse and my four-year-old little boy, two old ladies came in, and went into raptures over my baby.

One of them asked me, in a most sympathetic voice :

"And have you lost your own?"

"Why, this is mine," I replied.

They were covered with confusion for taking me for a wet nurse, who, in those days, was so often an immoral character.

After my return, my friend, Willert Beale, whom I had met at my husband's cousins', the Williamses, brought Joseph Hatton, the editor of "The Gentleman's Magazine," to have his portrait painted. Mr. Beale was an amateur painter himself, and was intensely interested in each phase of a picture. He would stand behind my chair, with his hands on the back of it, and watch each stroke that I made. For a young beginner, this is a paralysing experience, especially when the onlooker hums some well-known air, in a spasmodic manner, as Willert was fond of doing. However, I could have forgiven him this if he had not at the same time leant on the back of my chair, which gave me an odd sensation—as if a magnetic current passed from the onlooker's hand down my spine, which glued me to my chair, and paralysed my arms.

Unwilling to tell Willert not to touch my chair, I bore with it, and this fight against outward influences served me in good stead in later years, when I could paint a head before twenty or thirty students without a trace of self-consciousness. I feel I owe this to dear Willert Beale's annoying habit.

Whilst things looked promising for me in the world of Art, they did not, alas, in my domestic one!

Money needed for the house found its way into the hands of bookmakers, and so there was none for the rent. There were other trials, that I do not care to dwell upon, but they vanished when my husband left us.

When the broker's men entered to take possession for the owing rent, I and my faithful nurse, Emily Baldwin, with the two children, went to some rooms in Alfred Place,

Bloomsbury. They were near to Bedford Square, where the Williamses lived, whose behaviour towards me in this crisis of my affairs was kindly and affectionate.

From this time onwards, Frank and I lived separate lives.

CHAPTER III

IT was with very mixed feelings that I entered upon the New Year.

Deserted; with grave responsibilities; an uncertain future — the success or failure of which would depend upon my precarious health—the outlook was not exhilarating.

Against these drawbacks, I could count upon loyal friends; dogged determination to succeed in my profession—and we all know that "it's dogged that does it"—and a devotion to my children that made working for them a pleasure and a delight.

Lewis Carroll used to write down, on every successive New Year's Eve, "good resolutions" for the coming year. I didn't write mine, but I hope I made them all the same.

I couldn't help wondering what the future had in store for me. I was drifting on an unknown sea, and Heaven only knew whether I should be able to steer my barque into safe harbourage. The first thing to do was to take a furnished Studio, in order to finish the pictures I intended sending to the Royal Academy.

One I called "The Betrothal," for which dear Willie Lewin and his sister sat for me; a head, from my sister, Mrs. Cockell, called "La Mantille blanche," which Tom Taylor bought; and another, a still life. A velvet pall, crucifix, and some yellow and white chrysanthemums composed the picture. It was painted in memory of my dear little Geoffrey, and I called it "In Memoriam." The three pictures were

children and my work could be together. The Williamses kindly asked me to stay with them. The children and their nurse I sent down to a farm-house in the country, and boarded them there, until I had prepared a nest for them. Every week-end I went down to see them. The farm was seven miles from the station, and the only means of getting there was to go, like a parcel, in the carrier's van.

To this day I remember those drives!

It was my first experience of the country since my marriage, and the seven-mile-long drive, with its frequent stoppages, seemed all too short. It was in the spring-time too, and all the earth was full of promise. The tender green of the budding trees; the bewildering peeps of the pale yellow primroses that starred the ground; the brighter colour of the gorse, which like "kissing time" is always in season, enchanted me.

"Oh, why do I not paint landscape instead of being a portrait painter?" I exclaimed inwardly.

But one cannot choose one's way in life: circumstances are our master. I had to follow along the path that gave me the wherewithal to pay the grocer, the butcher, and the baker. Overtures had been made to me, by my husband's family, that I should ignore the past and live with Frank again. But that seemed to me impossible at the time. Looking back, through the vista of years, I still think so. One thing is incumbent upon parents, and that is to give a happy home to the children that they bring into the world.

Subsequently a citation was served on Frank for a divorce. Although I was very happy in my unfettered state, I was driven to these extreme steps by a threat to take my children away from me, and to commandeer any money I had in the Bank.

This was before the Married Women's Property Act, and in those days no money belonged to the wife, even if it had been left to her by will.

I remember, when I was twenty-one, I had a small legacy of about two hundred pounds, of which I did not receive the value of a pair of gloves. This influenced me in wishing to have entire control of my children, and, of course, of the money that I earned.

The only way to accomplish these two objects was to sue for a divorce, for which, unfortunately, there were ample grounds.

Of course, when the citation was served, I had to go through terrible scenes, but nothing would alter my determination to have the custody of my children.

The threat to take them from me had aroused all my fighting spirit.

Shirley Brooks in his Diary mentions this episode :

" Mrs. Warner says that Bob Romer is very savage against Louise Romer. Asserts that her conduct is the cause of his brother's folly, and the latter menaces the taking her pictures, or their price. Bob should have more sense : from Frank one expects neither sense nor manliness. *Entre nous*, i.e. S. B. and his book, I dare say she is aggravating, but she should be left alone. Frith had been to see her, and was shocked at her looks."

I may have been aggravating, but it was for my children's sake.

I found out from my lawyer, Mr. Day, who was introduced to me by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, the novelist, that a judicial separation would serve my purpose just as well ; so I applied for that, instead of the divorce.

I was too much in love with my profession to run the risk of abandoning it by marrying again ; and I was glad of the restraining bar that a separation afforded.

In July I heard that Frank had gone to America, where a lucrative position awaited him. The family lawyer, Mr. Rockingham Gill, tried his best to arrange something definite about the maintenance of the children, which, at that time,

and ultimately, fell entirely on me, to my great and constant happiness. In the *pourparlers* that took place I was obliged to be often at Mr. Gill's office, and there I met Albert Fleming, who became a lifelong friend of mine. Albert Fleming at that time was studying law in Mr. Gill's office. Albert had chambers in that delightful old-world place, Gray's Inn. His ultimate home was in the Lake District, on a high crag at Lough Rigg, where from his windows he had a magnificent view over the lake of Elterwater.

He was a devotee of Ruskin's, who inspired him to learn, and teach the villagers round about, the disused art of spinning. It became a fashionable craze. In one of Albert's letters to me, he writes: "Before I left London I lunched at Lord Brownlow's and gave a spinning lesson to eight Countesses, three Duchesses, and three Princesses."

Albert had a genius for friendship, and many were the friends he gathered round him in his lovely Westmorland home.

When he died, he directed that he should be cremated, and that his ashes should be strewn over the lovely crag that his friend Ruskin so much admired. All the friends who attended his funeral, he wished should be attired in their brightest garments.

My son and I, one summer, were staying with him at his charming house in the Lake District, and I told him that a publisher had been pressing me to write my Reminiscences.

"How on earth," said I, "can I possibly remember everything that happened so long ago?"

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I have kept every one of the letters you have ever written me, and you can have them all to refresh your memory."

"Splendid!" I answered. "Then I will commence at once."

This was some years ago, and I was then much too busy painting to devote myself to writing. But now that I am

" in the sere and yellow leaf," it gives me a delightful occupation for my old age.

This must have been one of my first letters to Albert Fleming, written from Bedford Square, where I was then staying :

I hope you do not think that it is because I do not care that I have not answered your charmingly long letter ; for, believe me, it is not so. Whilst I am here, I have very little time to myself. First of all, directly I have swallowed my breakfast, I start off to my Studio in Newman Street, and allow myself to do nothing else but paint. Letters I never write in the daytime, unless it is hurried business scrawls, such as I should never write to you. Half-past five comes, and it is dark. I have but little time to clean my palette and brushes, and to dress at half-past six, for the dinner here ; and after that, *que voulez vous* ? Six nights out of the seven we (Emma, Lucy, and I) are out at a theatre, or concert, and when we are home, music, singing, and talking goes on, that it becomes next to impossible to sit down quietly and write. . . .

Do not think that I dislike " talking shop," as you profanely call it ; but it must be in my own way, when I can thoroughly enjoy it, *à deux*, and not before a crowd of listeners. Like the Jewish Temple, I possess a " hidden sanctuary," which unhallowed persons may not pollute. Of course you will let me see the poetry that you have written. I am curious to know the ideas prompted by any brain work or handiwork of my own. I experience a feeling of property in them. Send me your lines, please.

22 NEWMAN ST.,
February 20th, 1871.

. . . What about the piano ? Don't forget it. So much pleasure is shut out from me for the want of it, and, as I do

not find this earth a bed of roses, I cannot easily dispense with any that is within my reach.

I fully anticipated that you would come round to my Studio on Friday. "Marie Louise" is considered charming in her new head-gear, and I am going to exhibit it.

40 BEDFORD SQUARE,
Sunday (Morning Service),
March 1871.

. . . I am in despair; I am like one famous in history, who "knew not where to lay his head."

I do nothing, day or night, but search for apartments. In the daytime, my unwilling body is forcibly propelled by the spirit within me to drag up and down stairs, and always without meeting with any success; and, at night, when my tired limbs attempt to free themselves from their aches and pains, it again wanders back to the places it visited in the day, and in dreams revels in hideous imaginations of witches who take the shapes of landladies, and torture me so, that, like Clarence,

> "I trembled, waked, and for a season after,
> Could not believe but that I was in hell,
> Such terrible impression made my dream."

It was in April that I left the pleasant home and kind friends at Bedford Square, and once more installed my Lares and Penates on my own hearth, at 8 Coleherne Terrace. The Williams girls helped me to move in, and I had the delight of sending for my little ones, and having them once more with me. As in Scarsdale Villas, I had not a real Studio. The front room, with a north light, served admirably.

After I had left it, and gone elsewhere, Percy Macquoid took the room. I believe it was his first Studio away from the parental roof.

CHAPTER IV

o Albert Fleming :

8 Coleherne Terrace,
18 *June* 1871.

. . . I have to thank you very sincerely for the criticisms ou so kindly gave me. I enjoy being hard hit. It is the ly true test of one's own strength.

What sweet lines you have sent me ! Ah ! but are they ot inspired by Mrs. Rousby ? One can easily discern the unt of your inspiration ! "Thine eyelids rule all future ings ! "

But how clever you are to reproduce, from memory, a inting of a head you had only seen once ! I would prophesy eat things of you, were you to study under a good master.

I had what might have been a tragic experience re.

I was returning solus home, after having been to a theatre th some friends, and I was just paying the cabman, when I ard a rush of feet down the quiet street, and an agonized ice calling out :

" Stop him ! He has a knife in his hand ! "

I had unfortunately been threatened, so of course I ought that the knife was intended for me. I had a key, d I saw the keyhole clearly, in spite of my error.

The next morning we heard that a drunk-mad man had ally taken me for his faithless partner, and had I not been

very expeditious the knife that he held might have ended my career.

About this time, I asked my friend, Mrs. Williams of Bedford Square, to sit to me for a picture I intended painting of "Vashti," a Queen who always had a great attraction for me, as the originator and victim of "Women's Rights." I wrote to Albert Fleming:

June '71.

You wish to hear of Vashti? She is but in an embryo state at present. If she ever emerge from it, I will then talk of her.

I went last Wednesday to the British Museum, on her account. What an enchanted land! Peopled with living memories of the Past! I wish that my profession were not so exigeante, and would allow me to spend whole days there. Yes, "words fail us," as Gladstone said in the House the other night, to express one's indignation and contempt for the inhuman barbarians who have ruined the City of Cities.

The Louvre, thank Heaven, is partially saved; but, then, what other losses! the Sainte Chapelle; the Tuileries; the Palais Royal; oh, the list sickens me! . . .

Read your poem, and see how natural it was for Mrs. Rousby to *me sauter aux yeux*. You will be amused to hear that I was actually taken for her, by some one, be it said, who had never seen her!

I was at Frith's Studio, on Show Sunday, and he asked me whether I should like to see Thomas Faed's work. "You won't see him," said Frith; "because he is a very religious man, and won't enter his Studio on a Sunday." He didn't mind looking at his visitors' cards, though!

Frith had not written my name very legibly on the card he gave me, so I suppose Faed jumped to the conclusion that it was Mrs. Rousby, as she is sitting to him. We were all astonished to see him come into the Studio, and more so when he devoted himself entirely to me. I wonder what he felt when Frith disillusioned him!

I seem fated to be taken for some one else. The other day, I called upon Mr. Frith, at nine in the morning. I wanted him to come and see my work. The maid, on opening the door, said, in a most supercilious manner, "The model's entrance is round the corner!"

All the papers of the International Exhibition are at your service. I do not intend to read them until I am obliged to refer to them, in the case of my sending a picture to it. . . . I have not much respect for Mrs. Grundy; still, it will certainly be to my advantage to act as if I had.

Were I to consult my own feelings, I should go to the theatre with you; but discretion, which you know is the better part of valour, whispers me not to outrage that respectable old lady's feelings, as, were I to, she has a host of servitors, much given to "evil speaking, lying, and slandering," who would gladly avenge her.

You would not care, I fancy, to be dubbed, one of these days, as that mysterious individual, a Co-respondent?

What do you say to my sister Alice coming also? She has promised to spend Wednesday evening with me. You know, I never accept any invitation to go to any theatre whatsoever with a man alone.

However careless I may be of my reputation, still I draw the line somewhere. Were I to be seen at half a dozen different theatres, with half a dozen different men, I could not blame Mrs. Grundy if she treated my name with but slight respect.

Think it over a little yourself, and tell me what you would think if you saw a woman who has had all her life a reputation for flirting, who is separated from her husband, and whom you see alone at a theatre with a man.

What would suggest itself to you?

This is how we thought in the seventies!

The first International Exhibition of Pictures proved a

huge success. This Exhibition was held in a building erected between Queen's Gate and Exhibition Road, as also were the "Fisheries," and other like Exhibitions in succeeding years. The space is now occupied by permanent buildings. I sent the portrait of myself called "Hilda." It was hung on the line. Sir Coutts Lindsay told me, years afterwards, that he was one of the judges, and that he admired it so much that he went home and told Lady Lindsay that there was a very clever head by a woman artist.

The Varnishing Day I found very amusing.

As it was an International Exhibition, there were numerous foreign artists there. I was talking to Alfred Elmore when two very smart, good-looking men came up to us. One of them, speaking with a slightly foreign accent, made me think that they were French, and my heart went out to them at once, and I gaily joined in the conversation.

The younger of the two I sent perambulating down the length of the Gallery to find out for me, by the signature, the name of the artist whose picture we were all admiring.

After they had left us, Elmore, in a most impressive and rebuking tone, asked me:

"Do you know to whom you were talking?"

"No," I said. "Weren't they French artists?"

"No, indeed. They were Prince Arthur and Prince Teck!"

On this Varnishing Day I met other celebrities, amongst them the wonderful illustrator, George Cruikshank, who was also a great Apostle of Temperance. He used to boast that he could subsist all day without any liquid, excepting one orange. He said that, in consequence, he never suffered from thirst, and, if it be true that, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, it must equally be so if applied to thirst. Cruikshank was, as might be expected, a very spare man. I think he was very proud of his great age, for he wore a lock on his forehead similar to that with which Father Time is represented.

When "This Wicked World," by W. S. Gilbert, was pro

duced, Mr. Purnell, a dramatic critic, very kindly sent me his seat for the dress circle. I didn't relish the idea of going quite alone, so I made my sister Alice accompany me on the off-chance of my being able to get a ticket for her at the box office.

I had no knowledge of first nights then, and I was rather taken aback when I found that the house was packed, and not a vacant seat to be had. I must have softened the heart of the box-keeper when I declared that I could not possibly be alone in a theatre. He conducted us upstairs, with the promise that he would see if he could not improvise a seat in the gangway. Joe Comyns Carr, who happened to have the next seat to mine, promptly gave it up to Alice, and he spent the rest of the evening on one of the steps of the stair. When I met him, years afterwards, he reminded me of the persistence with which I managed to get an extra seat; which, thanks to his courtesy, I obtained.

It was a great delight to me to see the celebrated Madge Kendal.

I think it was after this that I saw her in "Pygmalion and Galatea," where the sound of her lovely voice, calling upon her lover, Pygmalion, as she returned to her marble state, moved me to tears. I had to hide myself in the depths of the box before I could restrain my sobs.

Nothing more pathetic was ever heard.

On one of my Saturday evenings in my Studio, Willert Beale brought her handsome young husband, Willie Kendal, to see me. I can't remember whether Madge came too. She might have been acting; but, as she seldom acted without her husband, I doubt it.

In August, I went down to stay with the Williamses at Barmouth, where they had a charming house. We had a delightful time of sketching and bathing. It was there I learnt to swim.

Never shall I forget how my knees shook under me when

I stood on the perilous edge of a boat for my first dive into deep water. However, in I went, and, in my excessive fright, I opened my eyes wide to see what was happening to me. And then, I nearly opened my mouth wide—which might have had disastrous results—in delighted astonishment. I was in an under world of translucent green light.

It was so beautiful that I longed to linger beneath the surface, to revel in the dazzling sight. But no; up my stupid body came, as fast as it possibly could, and there I was, in the prosaic, cold, grey, upper world again. The next time I dived, I promised myself a similar treat, but, alas, I was no longer frightened, and I could never open my eyes quickly enough again.

Another experience I remember. Emmy and Lou Williams always sang in the choir of the parish church, and I, when there, did the same.

One morning, for some reason or other, I was the only one who went to the morning service, and I found myself with three men in the choir pew.

It was a very hot morning, which, perhaps, accounted for one of the men falling down in a fit. The two others carried the poor man out, and there was I left alone in my glory, or, rather, misery.

When the Litany commenced, I naturally thought that, under the circumstances, the clerk would read the responses. But not a bit of it.

After the clergyman had done his part, there was a pause, and I felt the eyes of the congregation all centred upon poor me, waiting for me to intone, "O God, the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" which I summoned up enough courage to do in, I am sure, a very weak and trembling voice. I felt like the scapegoat, and longed to fly away into the wilderness, with the sins of the congregation upon my shoulders, instead of having to intercede for them audibly, with the Trinity.

Thank Heaven, before I had finished the whole of the Litany the two men returned, and I was manfully supported for the rest of the service.

A letter to Albert Fleming reminds me that he had asked my advice as to how to paint ; and I reply—in this wise :

Now for the hints anent painting. I am glad to recognize so much courage and perseverance in a brother brush. Anything I can do to help you, I will willingly. If you intend to "go in" for it seriously, I should strongly recommend that you draw as much as possible. Do not be led away by the fascination that Colour always possesses for one. Don't look into any book that professes to teach you "How to Paint." You might just as well think that you can write good letters by studying "The Complete Letter Writer." If you haven't got it in you, it is impossible to acquire it by such means. Do not trouble yourself about the technicalities of your Art. Learn only to paint. As for glazing—it is a myth. I have never learnt how to do it ; nor do I do it ; yet people will often say, in looking at one of my pictures : 'How beautifully you have glazed your colour!" All that will come to you at the right moment. Take the three bottles that you have found in your paint-box and lock them up. They are of no earthly use to you. The only rules that I am guided by are these. Draw your figure in as correctly as you possibly can with charcoal. When you are satisfied with your drawing, go over it with red chalk-stone, not composition. The French call it *sanguine*. You can get it at Lechertier Barbe. Blow or flick off the loose charcoal. Then, with a little burnt sienna, or crimson madder, paint over your red chalk lines. Do this firmly, and with decision, for the correctness of your drawing in the preliminary stage will help you immensely when you come to the colour. Then look for your extreme darks, and put them in—being careful of their form—with transparent colour, avoiding any opaque ones.

Then put in your extreme light—the highest one, I mean. Thus you will have your oppositions, and these balance your intermediate tints, and help you in your comparisons, which are so essential to your colour.

Be careful in putting on your extreme light that you do so correctly, and with clean colours, for, once you have put it on, it ought never to be altered. It is very difficult, however, to hit upon the exact tint, but one must always try to do so.

Painting at night is bad, and confuses the judgment, and affects the trueness of eye that an artist should possess.

These are all the hints that I can give you. When you are in a difficulty, tell me of it, and I will do my best to get you out of it, if I possibly can. I am thoroughly enjoying the bathing, and I am going after I have written this to have a dip, and a swim.

I try to do some painting, but I am never satisfied with what I do out of my own Studio. I cannot feel at home out of doors, and yet it is much more enjoyable painting in the open air than in a close, four-walled Studio. I have been copying music all the morning—a thing I hate. Lou and I sang in the choir yesterday. A Mr. Howe preached. He has published some religious works.

I do not remember hearing a sermon I liked better. It was not a clever, dashing bit of rhetoric, nor was the style of its delivery anything out of the common. It was its goodness which impressed me, and the genuine earnestness of the preacher. He gave us a text, and kept to it, never wandering from the point he wished to impress us with. One listened to every word and, what is more, one felt everything he said. He did not seem to address us as a mass, and simply as a congregation before him; but he seemed to speak to each one of us individually, and so brought home more vividly before us the points of his sermon.

When you feel only a unit in an assembly, you are apt

to shift off any personal responsibility to the shoulders of the mass. You speak of it as "they," and, even if you use the word "us," you do not realize that "you" yourself form a component part of it.

By the by, I have had a quotation from one of my letters sent to me, and I am convinced that I wrote it to you. Is this the way you betray my confidence?

. . . . . .

My remarks upon painting ought not to have discouraged you, for this reason, that I am not infallible; and Art, like heaven, has many roads leading to it. The grand thing is to arrive, no matter how. Do as it seems best, and according to the light granted you. You see I am consistent, and in Art, as in Religion, I am not bigoted.

Don't ask to see my Barmouth sketches. I get hot, and irritable, when I think of my futile attempts to render Nature as I see her. To be impressed as I am with the beauty of the outer world, the richness and variety of colour, the life pervading every object, and then to sit down, with my scrubby brush, and bit of canvas, and dare to attempt to render even a faint reflection of God's inimitable handiwork! It is sacrilege, and I am cross with myself for being fool enough to prove my utter powerlessness, and with you for reminding me of it!

. . . . . .

Why do you beg my pardon for the adjective you apply to the men of old? Rather do it for substituting, in its place, one so foreign to my ideas as "commonplace"! Were I the greatest atheist alive (which I am not) my intellect would never allow me to do anything but regard with admiration men who were far above the common run of others—men who had the power of leaving ineffaceable marks "upon the sands of time," men who led men's minds, who had a purpose in their lives, who dared all, and achieved all, for that one purpose. I honour and respect them, and I

would consider it sacrilege to dub them by the atrocious epithet of "commonplace."

But, you know, I think you are a bit of a bigot, and, being so, you cannot understand how one may often differ with people, and at the same time possess a reverence and admiration for their beliefs.

Yes; Watts's portraits are very fine; although, to his portrait of Carlyle I infinitely prefer the photograph from which the engraving is taken, which accompanies the "Sartor Resartus." There, he is a man of thought, world-worn and weary. His head, which he leans upon his hand, seems heavy with weighty care for others, and on his brow are touching lines of sadness, and Sorrow has laid her hand upon him.

In the portrait by Watts he is represented as a peevish, discontented man. His head is not grand, nor does it strike you as that of a man gifted with power. These essentials of Carlyle are wanting to the perfect representation of him.

I conveyed as delicately as I could, and strongly diluted, the above opinion to Watts himself! He told me that Carlyle hated sitting for his portrait; got tired and weary of it; and so this—and I well understood it—had its effect upon the painter, and, behold, a portrait *manqué*.

Watts has asked me to come and see his Studio, a treat of which I shall avail myself.

I enjoyed myself at the "Opening" of the International immensely. I had a capital place for the Concert, in Sir Joseph Whitworth's box. Professor Huxley was there also. Gounod's music was very fine. He conducted it himself. He had chosen words out of the Bible, typical of the present state of Paris, commencing: "How is thy glory fallen!" Their touching application made the whole mass of listeners sympathetic: and he was immensely applauded at the end.

I went yesterday with Tom Taylor to the Foreign Gallery of the International, and enjoyed his instructive society, as I always do, although I was tired to the death, but it

vas through my own fault, so I have no right to ease nyself by complaining. It was rather fun. I again met Prince Teck, who bowed to me, much to Tom Taylor's stonishment!

If A thinks one thing of me, and B another, only one of hem must be right; whereas, in criticizing my personal ppearance, both can be equally right. If A thinks me *avissante*, I am so to him; and, if B thinks me *affreuse*, well, o I am, as far as he is concerned.

How on earth can your truth be the only one, when there re so many so-called truths in the world? Travel in it, nd you will find that there are other beliefs, besides that of he Church, which hold votaries as fanatic, and more so, han you are, and who are as ready to die for their faith. A mere savage would use the self-same words as you do, bout the responsibility of his faith—a different one to yours.

I find that the highest intelligences experience this moral blindness and this want of Catholicity in their ideas.

I do not "know what friendship is"? I, being a woman, suppose! Jonathans and Davids can be found in the female ex. What is finer than the friendship that existed between Ruth and Naomi? Between the opposite sexes, I have only o point to Mary Magdalene and our Saviour; to Abelard nd Héloïse, even after they were separated. What years of riendship! Platonic love in its purest form.

"Women never rise above Love" is a sweeping assertion, nd which argument you cannot maintain. Women are apable of maternal love, which is a feeling as deep as any exual love, and far purer, and more unselfish, and which nen—you may retaliate, and call this a sweeping assertion n my part—in their feelings of *père de famille* never surpass, r equal.

I do not see why, if an art critic notices a work, he should

not be allowed to enter into a little discourse about the artist. After all, in criticizing a production, it is always the artist who is reflected upon through his work, and not so much the work itself.

I hesitate to accept the praise that you are good enough to give me, although "praise is pleasant, and the savour thereof is sweet."

Don't you think I am very strong-minded indeed to acknowledge such a sentiment? I ought, by all the rules of heroineship, to stand upon a pedestal, and trample such weakness as susceptibility to flattery under my feet. But I acknowledge my humanity, or, perhaps, as you would say, my "femineity."

I have read bits of Miss Thackeray's "Village on the Cliff"—a bad way of forming an opinion upon the merits or demerits of a book. Unfair to the authoress, who cannot impress you with the unity of her idea if you do not take it as a whole. It would be like seeing a picture in parts. For this reason, I think serial novels are a mistake, except, of course, from a monetary point of view. Did you read a short story that appeared in the same magazine as "The Village"? It was called "A Visit to a French Country House." Was it not delightfully written? Full of interest, and the characters well drawn? I don't know by whom it is.

(In after years I discovered my unknown authoress was Mrs. Sartoris, who before her marriage was Adelaide Kemble, the actress.)

It is a very rare thing, a long-continued friendship, I think. I don't mean to say an acquaintanceship, because, of course, you can keep up that for a lifetime, but true friendship *pur et simple*. It is much more rare than Love, and infinitely more valuable. Love depends upon so many accidental happenings, so much upon mere chance, that it

is not the test of a person's character, who, or how many are, to use a hackneyed phrase, "in love" with her. It is the friendships which are formed by one which is the higher test.

Montaigne, I believe, says: "Dis-moi ceux que tu aime, et je te dirai ce que tu es." He ought to have said also: "Tell me those who love you, and I will tell you what you are."

How Capoul must have changed! All the women in Paris used to be mad about him! He was continually the hero of some scandal.

I was at the Temple to-day and heard a magnificent service. They certainly know how to get it up in style. That expression of mine will jar upon you, I know.

I cannot write of my work. I am so disgusted with it. Is it not a wretched feeling?

Still work went on. I painted a study of my little model at lunch. I took much less time at mine, so I utilized it by painting her as she sat at the table. This was exhibited, and sold, at the Dudley Gallery. I named it "The Model's Lunch."

I was fascinated with the word-portrait that Lawrence Sterne drew of "Maria," and, I think, I succeeded in giving the hopeless, mad look of the poor demented creature. Some one bought my picture. I forget who. I was feeling rather sad this year, and none but pathetic subjects attracted me. Amongst the portraits I painted was one for Captain Lewin, of his beautiful old mother. Also, one of Mr. Day, my lawyer, who proved the kindest of friends to me. He had a splendid head, rather like a Spanish hidalgo; or, more strictly perhaps, like my idea of one.

The portrait, when finished, was hung in his office, and it got me an order to paint some clients of his. A man and his wife, and their little child. They were all charming

subjects. He, a very handsome man, and she, a striking-looking woman. I was invited down to their country-house, in Wiltshire, to paint their portraits there. It was the first time that I had painted in a stranger's house, and I felt inwardly very shy.

I painted the wife and the boy first, and then returned to town, and went down later to paint the husband's portrait. The wife, I found, had had to remain in town, and in her place, to play propriety, was the husband's stepmother. I think she thought it rather a risky thing for a very good-looking man to be painted by one of the opposite sex.

One evening, just before going upstairs to bed, I happened to tell my host that I was in want of some turpentine.

"All right," he said, "I will bring it up to your room," which he promptly did, handing it in to me at the door.

When I was half-way through my toilet for the night, I heard a timid knock, and in entered the stepmother. With many hesitations, she said :

"I hope you won't mind my asking you, but please do not let Mr. —— into your room when he brings you the turpentine."

And then, by way of excuse for making such a request, and a salve to my feelings, I suppose, she made many complimentary remarks about our both being so young, and so good-looking, etc. etc. I tried my best to look hurt and indignant, but my sense of humour was too strong for me, and I merely smiled in her face when telling her that my host had not attempted to enter my room.

Another time, she was again much disturbed, poor lady.

It was the fashion, in those days, to wear a broad band of velvet round the neck, and it would have been considered indecent if, with a low, square-cut bodice, it had been omitted. As I was dressing for dinner, I saw in the glass how very much more attractive a bare throat looked. So, naturally, the velvet was discarded. When I entered the dining-room,

and just as I was sitting down to dinner, I saw two pairs of eyes riveted upon my neck.

"Oh!" breathed the chaperon, in a shocked tone of voice. "You have forgotten your velvet!"

"Oh, so I have!" I replied, as I felt my throat and then calmly went on with my dinner.

I am sure she expected me to be covered with confusion and to rush upstairs for the missing velvet. I could see my host's eyes twinkling with amusement at the scene.

After the portraits were finished, I had a longing to go to Paris, and see for myself the ravages that the mad populace had wrought on her fair face. A friend was going over there, about this time, and promised to look after me. I wrote and told Albert Fleming of my intention:

8 COLEHERNE TERRACE.

. . . I am going to follow your example, and go abroad to see this beautiful, ruined Paris. And yet, not for that only, but to make the acquaintance, perhaps friendship, of one of the world's famous men—Gérome.

I go, I think, Thursday week—a sudden resolution of mine. You know, I am given to them, and to acting upon them.

I was away only a week, but how I enjoyed seeing my old Master, Charles Chaplin, and some of my former friends. I wrote from Paris to Albert Fleming:

Oct. 14, '71.

Well, I am in Paris again. I feel as if I had never left it. All the people I used to know recognize me at once, and seem glad to see me. Our house is as it always was, and with the same concierge. I sometimes feel as if I were in a dream, and that all that has happened since I left is as if it had never been.

Life is made up of queer incidents. What, I wonder,

should I have thought could I have foreseen the future, three years ago ?

It is dreadful to see the Tuileries and the Palais Royal. Looking at them, one might imagine that it was the ruin of ages, instead of a few hours. O People of Paris, what have you not to answer for ! I am seeing so many splendid pictures that I nearly despair of ever becoming an artist. I seem so very far from being one—in my drawing, especially, which is the most important thing.

However, I suppose I can console myself with the trite saying that Rome was not built in a day. I cannot get this Paris out of my head. It is pitiable to see this beautiful city disfigured by ruins that look like gaping wounds in her beautiful body.

When I was home I wrote again :

15 *Nov.* '71.

I fear you have quite given me up as a good correspondent. I am so sorry. I never like losing anyone's good opinion, and still less a friend's. It is no use giving you excuses, I suppose. But, indeed, for any voluntary recreation I find but little time. Some have " greatness thrust upon them." But I—I have my pleasure forced upon me.

My leisure time is generally disposed of for me, and by friends to whom I do not like to deny myself ; added to which, I work hard all day, and when bedtime arrives, I am only too willing to rest my head upon the pillow, and to shut my eyes to all the worries and anxieties of this life.

The straw which is breaking my back, however, is the maddening sound of the piano downstairs.

Were I a man, I would swear, and see if that would relieve my feelings in any way. I certainly should, without hesitation, if I were a Saint. Being only a woman, I cannot, and so I am inwardly fretting and fuming, without anyone to vent my ill temper upon.

Dieu! what a life ours is! Have you found an answer to the riddle of it yet? I haven't.

It is my birthday on Thursday. Do you want to know how old I shall be? Twenty-eight!

17th November 1871,
12.45 *midnight.*

DEAR MR. FLEMING,

Don't tell me not to write, at such and such a time, etc. I am like a Quaker, or Quakeress, I suppose I ought to say, and must write when the spirit moves me. Look at the hour! A quarter to one—and yet I could not sleep peaceably, knowing that I had not acknowledged your kind present. I am afraid mentioning my birthday in my last letter looked like a very broad hint, didn't it? If I think of you each time I open your pretty purse, I shall do so often, because I have so many calls upon it.

I fail to find the episode in Madame Roland's Life to which you refer. I am fresh from reading about her, and her biographer pointedly declares that all her friendships with her male admirers were simply platonic, and that her would-be lovers despaired of ever making her reciprocate their feelings. Where do you get your "facts" from? It seems to me, that being young and pretty, as she was, she would not get the credit of being virtuous: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

I think I have already quoted this to you before.

Yes; seen the Museum—love my Studio—and am Ever yours sincerely.

CHAPTER V

IT was about this time—1871—that I made the acquaintance of Arthur Sullivan. I met him at the Lewins'. A cousin of theirs, a Lewin, who was then at the University, was a great friend of Sullivan, and wrote the words of several of his songs.

I remember so vividly that evening, Bella Lewin and the married daughter, Mrs. Tomlin, and I singing. The evening was fast approaching night when we prepared to leave. Impossible to get a conveyance, so Arthur Sullivan and a friend of his escorted my sister Alice and me home, all the way from Talbot Road, in Bayswater, to Coleherne Terrace.

Arthur Sullivan used to play the organ every Sunday at a church in Onslow Gardens. I became an habituée of the organ loft, and if it happened to be a wet Sunday, Arthur used to send his cab for me. I longed to write verses for him to set to music. He told me to send him some, and this was his answer when I ventured to do so :

TRÈS CHÈRE MADAME,

I couldn't write to you yesterday, because I was hard at work. I had not a second for myself—business first, pleasure afterwards. The words you sent are charming—at least I think so, *sans compliment*, but I do not see my way to setting them to music. They are a little too delicate and fibrous. The end would be fatal to a song, I think. Why do

ou make it a tragedy, when you make us think it is going o be pleasant and happy ?

Did you speak to Millais at the Private View ? And when hall we meet ?

It was at this Private View Arthur Sullivan mentions that first saw Millais. I was walking with the artist, Val Prinsep.

" Here comes Millais," he said.

I was tremendously excited at having the chance of seeing ne great man, and I gazed at him with respectful admiration. 'al said in passing :

" Good show of Old Masters."

" Old Masters be bothered ! " riposted Millais, as, with winkling eyes, he looked at me, " I prefer the young Iistresses ! "

Val roared with laughter.

" There is only Johnny Millais who would dare to make remark like that," he said.

John Everett Millais was the soul of good nature, and ntirely without vanity, either personal or about his work. remember when I was sitting to him for my portrait, he ld me of an amusing little incident that had happened to mself. He was dining out one evening, and he was intro- uced to a charmingly pretty woman, whom he was to take to dinner.

Being May-time, the subject of the conversation was the cademy.

" Isn't Millais dreadful this year ? " said his pretty neigh- our. And then, before he could answer, she said : " Oh, ok at our hostess looking daggers at me ! I wonder why ? "

" Well, drink a glass of sherry, then I will tell you," said illais, pouring out a glassful. " It will help you to bear e shock ! "

She laughed, and drank it.

" Now, tell me ; I can bear anything."

Millais said nothing, but just tapped himself on the chest, and it dawned upon her that he was the man of whose work she had made such a sweeping assertion.

Millais' delightful way of taking her adverse criticism put her completely at her ease, and she was able to join him in his good-natured laugh at her expense.

Millais, in appearance, was like the beau-ideal of an English Squire. He had nothing of the conventional artist about him.

When I saw him at that Private View, I little thought that I should get to know him so intimately in after years.

This year, 1871, ends, I see, with a letter from Shirley Brooks, who writes :

It is an age, and seems an æon since we met, and I do not ever hear much about you, though I always ask. But I do hear one thing, namely, that you work hard, and that you are prospering, and that is chiefly what I desire to hear.

In the January of '72, I remember that I was overworked and ill.

In February I write to Albert Fleming :

I feel very strange in this enforced idleness, as if some one had pushed me out of the race of life, and I had become a mere spectator, instead of being one of the runners.

Frankly, I do not like it : life seems to me now only a question of getting up, eating meals, and going to bed again. When I awake, my first sensation is one of fatigue at the bare idea of going through the same sickening routine. Truly there is nothing so tiring as doing nothing. I have just read "Pendennis." Do you like Thackeray ? I love him ; and am now going to read "The Newcomes." There is a vein of cynicism running through his works which I thoroughly appreciate ; and yet, with it all, Thackeray has not lost the reverence and love for things true and noble. He is touched

more with sorrow than with anger at the follies and vices of mankind. Do you know that I have not seen you for a very long time? I think it one of the enigmas of this life, how friends may be all in all to each other, for a short time—or even for a long time—and then comes absence—the veriest strangers cannot be more apart than they are; cannot feel less sympathy, or more awkwardness in meeting. Scattered drops of water cannot reunite; a broken thread is broken ever.

However, in spite of this wail, I managed to get three pictures ready for the Academy, and they were accepted and hung.

One was "Queen Vashti"; the second, "Golden Locks," for which a pretty friend of Tom Taylor's sat; and the third a portrait of Maria Romer, a cousin by marriage.

After the Varnishing and Private View Days were over, I set about finding a home for myself, and my little family, where I should be able to build a Studio to my liking.

I found one in Gloucester Grove West, leading out of Old Brompton Road, and in a turning between Gloucester Road and Queen's Gate. It was a tiny house, just suited to my means; the garden at the back was admirably adapted for the erection of a large Studio.

There were so many Gloucesters of varying descriptions, that I wrote and inquired of the authorities whether the little Grove could be rechristened? One day I saw "Clareville Grove" being placed at the corner of the road.

"Why Clareville?" I inquired.

I learnt that it was called after the house in which the celebrated Swedish singer, Jenny Lind, used to live, just close by, in Old Brompton Road. Hers was a picturesque old house, with a large garden and massive gates. Now, not a vestige of it remains. It is all built over, and the sweet sounds, both without and within, of birds and of the Swedish Nightingale, as Jenny Lind was christened, are heard no

longer. The only remembrance of Clareville is the pretty Grove.

Being so near Queen's Gate, I considered myself in the midst of the fashionable world, until I was undeceived, when I heard the man who was painting the outside of my little house say to his mate: "I hate these damned suburban jobs!"

Albert Fleming seems to have sent me some verses, by my acknowledgment of them:

I thought the verses very charming. To a vain woman, they would be complimentary, I suppose, but I don't like to be judged by so hard a standard. I feel sorry to think that I convey such an impression of myself to anyone. Is there not something better than that in me? Could you find nothing to inspire your muse save sentiments which would apply to any passable-looking woman, given to a little harmless flirtation? Ah, well-a-day! Our best friends never know us as we are, and perhaps it is as well.

A truce to sentiment! I am bound for the new house this morning to occupy myself with the distracting task of choosing wall-papers. Beggars, they say, cannot be choosers, and when you talk of tapestry hangings you might as well tell me that I shall get the moon by wishing for it.

I think it was in this year—'72—that I met that delightful man, James Hinton. He was an aurist by profession, and a philosopher by inclination. I had something the matter with my ear, which he very quickly cured. Sir Henry Thompson gave me a letter of introduction to him, and he very kindly put me on his free list. He was a most original thinker and talker, as well as an able writer.

I should have liked to have seen more of him, as his was a mind that was wonderfully stimulating to others; but when one has a profession, and the need for making money

as I had, one has very little time to spend upon the beautiful embroideries of life. The "plain sewing," which is also beautiful in its way, has to be attended to, first and foremost.

Hinton, I remember, gave me a book he had written, "The Physiology of Health." I am sorry that it is out of print.

I spent another happy month at Barmouth, with my friends the Williamses, as I see by a letter to Albert Fleming:

July '72.

A wet night. Four women, and two men. I wonder whether I shall be able to write a coherent letter. Willert singing (we have made it up), Lucy on the sofa. Florence, Miss Elliot, Kitty Crawford, and I bunched together (as your Cousin Horace would say) in a window-seat. Such a Concert we are going to have! Of course I have modestly retired. With such talent as we have here, it is of no use competing. . . .

I was interrupted, as I foretold, and this is the day after the Concert. It went splendidly. I never heard a better one.

Let me see what you say. That I am enjoying myself? Yes—to use your favourite expression—immensely. Flirting? Well, I leave you to imagine. Dressing? Not much of that. Bathing? Still less. Letter-writing? No; thank Heaven I have eschewed that until to-day, when, don't be shocked, I have stayed away from church purposely, to make up a few little arrears. As to painting, I really think I have been very good. I am, I believe, one of the sights of the village—with an easel in the garden of Bellevue, a large white umbrella (which a gallant Captain holds over me), a Youth and Maiden standing to me as models. People come and stare in at the gate; opera-glasses are levelled at us in the distance, and strangers come and beg for a peep, and altogether it is very amusing.

The German Reed girls are so jolly—some handsome and some pretty. We are great chums.

On my return to town I thought it would be a good opportunity, whilst my Studio was building, to gratify my ambition to see Rome.

My dear boy, Percy, was invited to Wales by an aunt of mine, and my little girl I left with my youngest sister, Florence, and my faithful nurse, at Clareville Grove.

I had the Wiltshire portraits to finish before starting, and then Alice and I gaily set off on our travels, with no shadow of the cloud that was gathering on my horizon to damp our spirits.

And, after all, we did not go to Rome. Paris seduced us. We knew her so well, and we felt so much at home there, that we gave up the idea of going any farther. I decided to take a Studio and work at my next Academy picture. We went up to the Batignolles quarter, where the rent of Studios was not expensive, and we got a large Studio and a double-bedded room for very reasonable terms.

It was very near to that of the celebrated Belgian painter, Alfred Stevens, whom I had met on my last visit to Paris. He was very kind to me. He would come in and criticize my work whenever I asked him to do so. And, what was better still, he would let me go into his Studio and watch him at work. I learnt a great deal in this way. I remember, one day, a model coming in and, regardless of my presence, pouring out her domestic troubles to him—troubles caused by the heartless conduct of an artist acquaintance, who had left her to bear alone the consequences of her amiability in giving way to his desires. It struck me at the time, what a sympathetic friend Alfred Stevens could be. He had a most delightful Studio, with an inner room beyond lighted from the top, the interior arranged as a background to the pretty women he painted. It was furnished with exquisite taste.

The *motif* of his pictures was nothing out of the ordinary; but his beautiful rich colouring, and the original treatment of the whole, gave him a world-wide reputation. My dear Chaplin would also come of a morning to look after his former pupil. One day he took me to Muncaksy's Studio, and left me there, to gather as many hints as I could from his method of painting, which happened to be entirely different from that of Monsieur Chaplin's. Muncaksy was then employed on his wonderful picture of "The Crucifixion."

Alice and I had a delightful time in Paris, although, poor dear, I victimized her as a model for one of my pictures. I painted her in white, reclining on a lovely old yellow couch. The picture was afterwards exhibited at the Dudley Art Gallery, and was sold on the Private View Day.

Some one had given me a letter to a wholesale merchant for Japanese goods, and the sight of the beautiful colours in the robes filled me with a longing to reproduce them on canvas.

I bought as many as my slender means would allow, and started to paint a life-sized study of a Japanese maiden.

It was the year after the Franco-Prussian War, and there was much Prussiaphobia exhibited everywhere. I happened to have a German woman as a model. She had fallen in love with a French prisoner of war. When he was a free man again he brought her to Paris. She confided to me that she was having a miserable time. Everybody was so rude and unkind to her, because she belonged to the victorious and hated enemy. Often in going to her work, when riding in an omnibus, she was taken far beyond her destination, because no one would tell her when to get out.

As I was in Paris, I felt I must be represented at the Paris Salon, so I borrowed from Tom Taylor "Golden Locks," and my portrait of "Hilda" from its owner. I also painted the portrait of a charming-looking man, the Vicomte Peterkin.

Alice and I led the real student life. I had my model from eight o'clock to twelve, the usual hours in Paris, and then after lunch until five or six. Dinner at a café, or, if wet, sent in piping hot from a restaurant.

I had nearly finished my large picture when, one morning, a letter from my sister Florence told me that my little girl was seriously ill. I dispatched Alice off at once, whilst I saw to the packing of my pictures. Unfortunately, the anxiety I was in seriously affected my health, and a Doctor had to be called in, who absolutely forbade me to travel. In fact, I was so ill that he, like a good Samaritan, took me into his own house, and with the aid of his pleasant mother took every care of me.

One morning the Doctor, before going on his rounds, rushed into my room, and exclaimed :

" There is a gentleman who says that he must see you. I have told him he cannot ; but he insists. He says your husband is dead."

And in this abrupt way I heard of poor Frank's death.

I was sincerely sorry that he had died so far away from all his friends. The regrets that always assail one, when the inevitable happens, overwhelmed me ; but I tried to think only of the happy days that we had spent together.

In answer to a letter from Albert, I find I wrote :

Indeed, yes ; I have been feeling very much Frank's death. My thoughts travel very far backwards, and retrospection only shows me the good and the best of his nature. He was the lover of my youth ; the father of my children ; and, like the blood on Lady Macbeth's hand, these things are ineffaceable, even by any amount of wrongdoing. Of course we do not know yet, but I imagine, till quite the last, he was ignorant of his approaching end. I have seen three of his letters from America to a friend of his here, in Paris, and they are written in a thoroughly happy strain, and with

unbounded confidence in his well-doing in the future. I should not like to think of his having died in want, away from his own people. It will, of course, be to me an unceasing regret that, after having lived together for ten years, our last parting should have been in enmity. But, long ago, I had borne him no malice, and I trust that his last thoughts of me were not unkind.

You say, "So you are free at last." Indeed, I had no wish to be. What difference does it make to me? I inherit no fortune, and, as I do not wish to marry again, it does me no good in that way.

I do not quite understand your ideas about Frank's death 'putting an end to vile gossip, slander, and evil-speaking." My dear Albert, it would be another world if that were possible. Show me the happy mortal who can walk through it without experiencing one, if not all, of the three. You write, "And I know that you are too weary of it all ever to let the tongues wagging again." How did I set them going? Believe me, I do not consider myself so omnipotent as to make them speak, or be silent at my will. If I have been a fair mark for gossip, I shall be so just the same now, for I only recognize my own views of right or wrong, and not what the world chooses to say about what I do.

As to marrying again, I shall do so only when I have no longer the power, as I have now, of earning my own bread. I have tasted for too long a time, and have too keen a relish for the bread of independence ever to exchange it for the rickshaws of dependence.

What bad arguments you choose! "For your own peace' sake!" Peace has never reigned so thoroughly within our little home as in the last two years. It is the inner home one must study, and not the outside of its walls. Can you show me any household in which it has been better for the children when a second marriage has been entered upon?

If the mother and the children were on the verge of

starvation, I grant you, yes. But, otherwise, is there not more jealousy, dissension, and unhappiness brought about by a second husband, and a second family, than any good that is done by it, or "peace" won? Would my children love me any better, do you think? Do you know that I would sacrifice the whole of the world's opinion to my children's love?

Again; for my "position's sake." I do not care to owe it to another person. I shall stand or fall by my own making, or my own marring. And for my "Art's sake." Oh, what, in Heaven's name, can you adduce in support of that opinion? Do you know that I should, by marrying again, be simply cutting my own throat, as far as my profession goes?

I should be loading myself with extra duties, and all these duties would be as iron bars to my success. If I married a man, do you not think he would require some of my time, some of my thoughts? God knows I have enough to think of as it is. With children coming every second year, where would be my time or strength for work? You must, in your heart, think me incapable of any further success to give such counsel.

No; I am perfectly happy with my work, my children, and the love of my sisters. If all the world chose to turn its back upon me, and cast me out, I should still be happy with these three things.

No; I have no fear of the future, and my only *bête noire* is a second marriage. Ill-health is the one adversary that would prove too strong for me. I know of no other. Were I alone, and childless, it would be different perhaps; but with my boy and girl I can never be lonely. Gainsay me if you can, Monsieur!

Yes; if ever I want a friend I shall take you at your word.

Soon, alas, I was to be left with only one child. Disquieting accounts continued to reach me of the health of

my little girl, and I was unable to get to her. Alice wrote one day, and told me she was no more.

I was the most unfortunate of mothers. Already I had lost three of my beloved children. As soon as the Doctor permitted me to return home, I was welcomed by my sister Alice, but, alas, by no baby voice.

Before leaving Paris I acknowledged a kind letter from Albert Fleming :

If every one knew how much good "a word spoken in season" does, I think there would be more "letters of condolence" written than there are. A hand stretched out to us in trouble, how good it is !

Your kind words were forwarded on to me here. I leave Paris on Saturday, and Alice and Dr. Oliver meet me at Calais, where I stay the night.

I think young Fred Romer (Charles Romer's son) will be in Paris this week, and if so, he will escort me as far as Calais.

After so long an illness, travelling is certain to knock me up a little, but, you see, I am sure to be well taken care of.

Now that I am no longer torn by doubt, suspense, and anxiety, I think I am getting better, but my future does not quite look the same to me. Ah, my "logic was feminine" ! I have no spirit left for contradiction. Nothing, you know, is sure in this life, except that Death cometh to us all, and by his side everything else, even "honour, love, and troops of friends," seems of comparatively small importance. . . .

P.S.—Did I tell you ? Poor Frank had burst a blood vessel. He had made many kind friends during his stay in New York, and he was well and tenderly looked after in his last illness.

Before starting for Paris I had finished two pictures, which were to be sent up to the Academy, and my first outing,

on my return home, was to go there and see how they were placed. One of them was a portrait of Miss Elmore, the daughter of the Academician, and the other was the mother and child that I had painted in Wiltshire. I had also sent pictures to the British Artists. In those days the Society was not a close Borough. It admitted outsiders.

To the Dudley Gallery I sent one of the pictures that I had painted in Paris—"She Sleeps! My Lady Sleeps!" I called it—and two portraits of heads. These I forget all about, but I see, in an old newspaper criticism, that I called one "Thérèse," and the other "Beatrice." At this exhibition, I remember, Luke Fildes had a charming little picture of a girl standing up in a boat singing. My three pictures were lucky enough to find purchasers.

I remained in town until after the Academy Soirée, to which I went, and met there that extraordinarily clever French artist, James Tissot. A picture of his made a great sensation that year. It was called "The First Arrivals." It represented an old gentleman chaperoning his young daughters to a ball. The empty ballroom was most beautifully painted. At one end of the room you saw the musicians, patiently waiting to begin, and the only other people in the room were "the early arrivals," looking shy and self-conscious. The hostess, evidently, had not put in an appearance. It was a new departure in Art, this witty representation of modern life.

James Tissot was a charming man, very handsome, extraordinarily like the Duke of Teck, or rather the Prince, as was then his title.

He was always well groomed, and had nothing of artistic carelessness either in his dress or demeanour. He admired my sister Alice very much, and he asked her to sit to him, in the pretty house in St. John's Wood, which afterwards became the home of Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema.

At one time James Tissot was very hospitable, and

delightful were the dinners he gave. But these ceased when he became absorbed in a *grande passion* with a married woman, who, to his great grief, died, after he had known her but a brief time. After her death, he came across some spiritualists, who easily persuaded him that he could get into communication with his *chère amie*. He used to hold séances every afternoon, after his day's work was over.

Leaving London, he went to Rome, and joined the Society of Trappist monks. I believe they take a vow of silence, and one of their occupations is to dig their own graves. He did not, however, abandon his Art, for I saw some years afterwards an Exhibition of the illustrations that he had done for a new edition of the Bible. The Life of Christ was treated from a spiritualist's point of view, and very remarkable the drawings were. I remember one picture of the dead Christ surrounded by a multitude of hands, with their fingers extended towards the Holy Body. It had a weird, mystical effect, haunting in its beauty.

CHAPTER VI

VARNISHING DAY at the Royal Academy is a great meeting-place for artists, who see each other every year, but perhaps on no other occasion. I used to notice one, who rather annoyed me by his persistent staring. One day in '72 my friend, Bella Lewin, asked me to meet her at an artist's Studio in Piccadilly. Being a punctual woman, I arrived the first, and found myself face to face with my persistent starer. Being fellow-artists, of course our acquaintanceship made rapid progress, and before my friend's arrival I had consented to sit for my portrait to Mr. Jopling. Later, he used to chaff me about arriving first, " on purpose to entangle " him.

Mr. Jopling was a very clever water-colour artist, and a member of the Old Water-Colour Society. Before I knew him he had retired from the Civil Service, in which he held a post in the Adjutant-General's Office at Whitehall, in order to devote himself to the profession of Art. He was well known as a rifle shot, having won the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon in '61, and also the St. George's Challenge Cup given by Colonel the Hon. Charles Lindsay, the father of the Duchess of Rutland, and held for one year. Colonel Charles also gave with it a most decorative cross of red and gold, in the centre of which was a figure of St. George slaying the mythical Dragon, in white enamel. Mr. Jopling had it made into a brooch for me, and it is one of my favourite ornaments. Colonel Charles was always delighted when he saw me wearing it. A friend of Mr. Jopling's, a clergyman,

was with him when he made the bull's eye that gave him the Queen's Prize.

"How on earth did you manage to do that, Joe?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I shut my eyes and prayed like hell!" was the ribald answer, much to the amusement of the crowd which surrounded the hero, preparatory to chairing him.

Whilst sitting for my portrait, I had plenty of time to study Joe Jopling's appearance. He had very blue eyes, which, on account of the fairness of his eyelashes, had a very penetrating look. He had an ugly, clever nose; a beautifully curved mouth, slightly hidden by a small moustache. He had a great gift of friendship, and one of the friends that he was most devoted to was John Everett Millais.

Although I had been to Sir John's Studio with Tom Taylor, it was Joe who first brought him to mine; one that was lent to me by a clever amateur, Mr. Arthur Payne, who lived quite close to Millais' house in Cromwell Place. I remember so well opening the Studio door to the two men.

I thought Millais strikingly handsome: good features and a splendid figure. I don't remember the pictures I had in hand at the time. I remember only Millais.

Mrs. Arthur Payne was a pretty, bright little woman. She told me an amusing story of one of her friends who, whilst calling on her, said that he had just seen the funniest sight—a girl in a hansom cab, with her feet hanging outside the door, instead of inside. She was evidently taking a ride for the first time in her life, and did not realize that the doors could open! I must explain that the original hansom cabs were much smaller in body than those of the present day, and the doors were much lower. It would have been quite a feasible thing to sink over the closed doors on to the seat of the cab.

As he was telling this to his hostess, in walked the very girl of whom he was speaking. He and she were introduced,

and marriage bells were the result. I think there must be no doubt about the fact that she had pretty ankles.

I went that summer to where my sisters were staying at Saundersfoot, and who should arrive there but Mr. Jopling, attracted, so he said, by our description of the little place.

We introduced him to a Miss Brough, a member of the clever theatrical family. She lived quite alone in a little cottage, and amused herself by keeping a cow and getting up at five o'clock to milk it.

She dressed very much like a man, which, in those days, was considered an eccentric thing to do, and her conversation was racy and witty.

She used to warn Mr. Jopling, saying, "Widows are the very devil!"

I am afraid, in his case, the warning came too late.

He and I kept up a correspondence after he had left Saundersfoot, and I find, in one of my letters to him, I say:

Painting is so difficult; it discourages me dreadfully—besides, I hate being a woman. Women never do anything. I am commencing a portrait of Marie's little baby girl. She is so like a kitten that I am painting her with one. If you "hate dark women, widows, and lady artists," I know what I can do to gain your affections—dye my hair, marry somebody, and drop the profession. Will that suit you? And shall I?

This seems rather like fishing for a proposal!

After my return to town, the Sunday sittings were continued, that being the only day I could give him.

Having one's portrait painted is often productive of great intimacy between artist and sitter, and before the sittings were over Joe and I became engaged. It seems strange to realize nowadays that outside Joe's chambers in Piccadilly—that urban district—there grew a luxuriant passion flower.

FOUR SISTERS

I wrote to my constant correspondent, Albert Fleming, to tell him of my changed views on the remarriage question.

I hope to sell at the Dudley, as one of my pictures has a splendid place on the line, and the Committee, I am told, think very highly of it. I commence an order for a big portrait this week.

The world, "this wicked world," still delights in warring with me, and, miracle of miracles, it has forced me to acknowledge the wisdom of your advice, at which I protested, I remember, once so hotly; and now I think with you that the best thing I can do for my reputation's sake, and for my boy's, is to marry again. Own that I possess one virtue. I can acknowledge myself mistaken. The M——s spent an evening here, brimful of reports about me, too farcical to listen to. They tell me that all my friends (!) do, though. God help us! The weak must go to the wall in this world, and in the next—how shall it be?

I think the hardest letter I had to write was to a friend in India. As soon as he knew that I was free, he wrote and asked me to marry him, and for a month or two we were practically engaged.

The little "rift within the lute" came when he wrote, and said: "Our life would be much happier together if you would consent to let your Percy live with his grandparents"; adding: "He is too like his father for me ever to care for him." What mother would marry a man under these circumstances? I least of any.

Nothing tore my heart-strings more than ending my friendship with this man so abruptly, for of course I never saw him again.

Much as it cost me, I had to write "Finis" to that chapter of my life. On receipt of my letter to him, he telegraphed:

"Am starting for England."

I wired back:

"Don't come. Too late."

I am afraid the Indian Babu wrote it:

"Don't come too late."

The ambiguity of the message gave Miss Hepworth Dixon the idea for a short story in "The World," in which I was amused to find the facts more or less represented.

More telegrams went backwards and forwards, until my last, which ran:

"Married on the 24th."

This was in January 1874.

Edmund Yates, in one of his chatty paragraphs in "The World," announced just before our marriage:

"Oil and water-colour are to be pleasantly and completely blended in the union of a young widow, who has made a position as a painter in oils, and a rising water-colour artist."

My one-time neighbour and friend, Mrs. Morgan, wrote to me:

"Louise Jopling isn't so pretty as Louise Romer, but what's in a name?"

CHAPTER VII

OURS was a very quiet wedding. We were married in the church at The Boltons, South Kensington.

Sir John Millais came, and was full of fun. He was struck by the good looks of my sister, Mrs. Cockell, and, putting her arm under his, he said :

" We are the best-looking couple here, so we must walk out, arm in arm."

After a very hurried lunch at Clareville Grove, Joe and I took the train to Dover, and added one more couple to the many who passed their wedding night there.

Sophie Caird, Lady Millais' sister, found us rooms in Paris. Sophie was the wife of the millionaire, Sir James Caird, the great Scottish jute merchant. Her younger sister, Alice, who was married to Mr. Stibbard two days after our own marriage, came also to spend her honeymoon in Paris. So that we were three newly married couples, for Sophie was still on a lengthened honeymoon, and we met every evening to dine somewhere together. The Cairds were a delightful couple, and she was one of the most fascinating women I have ever met. She had an inimitable manner of describing people, and events, that made them live before you.

I often said to her :

" Oh, Sophie, why don't you write a book ? You describe everything so well."

" All my ideas seem to go when I write," she answered.

And indeed her letters were not half so interesting as her talk.

We two workers could not afford more than a fortnight in Paris, as the Academy work had to be started.

When we returned to Clareville Grove, I found the little house quite transformed, as all Joe's belongings had been brought there from his chambers in Piccadilly; and as they were both picturesque and comfortable, they made a welcome addition.

It was an odd sensation to me, having worked so long alone, to have a fellow-worker. I am afraid that, as an oil painter, I took the lion's share (although we each had our own model every other day), particularly as I started a big canvas, six feet by four, on which I painted "Five o'Clock Tea"—a bevy of Japanese maidens, seated on the floor, drinking tea. In this picture I utilized the pretty dresses that I had bought at the Japanese warehouse when I was in Paris.

It was great fun painting this picture. I made my girl friends pose for me, and afterwards I regaled them with real tea.

Another picture was from myself in Japanese attire.

These two pictures were accepted at the Academy, and both were well hung. I sent them in under my prettier name of "Louise Romer." However, my husband begged me on Varnishing Day to change it to "Louise Jopling." He was so genuinely interested in my success as an artist that I was only too glad to accede to his wishes.

Soon after the Private View, I was taken in to dinner by Sir Frederic Leighton, who said, as he gave me his arm, "But not to 'five o'clock tea,'" which was a charming way of saying that he had noticed my picture. But, then, kindness was one of Sir Frederic Leighton's most charming qualities.

"Five o'Clock Tea" was purchased by Messrs. Agnew

for £400. In the same Exhibition was the brilliant picture "The Roll Call," painted by Elizabeth Thompson (now Lady Butler). It was so popular that the coveted railing had to be placed in front, so great were the crowds that surrounded it. I heard that, when passed by the Council, the members took off their hats to it, if not in fact, metaphorically so.

Elizabeth Thompson was very nearly elected a member of the R.A., after this great successs, and I heard that it was chiefly the determined opposition of Sir John Gilbert, R.A., that prevented her being elected. Sir John is credited with declaring that he didn't "want any women in." Needless to say that he was an old bachelor.

Miss Thompson's election was such a close shave, however, that a law was passed that, if women were elected, the right to go to the Annual Dinner was to be denied to them!

Amongst many notices of my pictures, one amused me, in which I was described as "Mrs. Louise Jopling (*née* Mrs. Romer)." I was much chaffed about my precocity in being married at such a phenomenally early date!

This Varnishing Day I made the acquaintance of many of my husband's artist friends, most of them members of the Arts Club—then domiciled in Hanover Square.

Above my picture was hung another Japanese subject, by W. G. Wills, known to the public chiefly as a dramatic author. Henry Irving acted in, and produced, many of his plays. Rather unkind stories were told of his averred aversion to water. It was believed that some one had pointed out to him that there were the remains of some egg on his beard. "Impossible, my dear fellow. I haven't eaten an egg these last three days." He was a true Bohemian. I was told that he wrote all his plays whilst lying in bed.

One of the Academicians to whom I was introduced was quite a character. He always spoke in the intonation of a foreigner. It is said that one day he went to Boulogne, and afterwards could only speak in broken English.

I introduced him at a Private View to my sister, Mrs. Cockell. He addressed her with :

"You also paint—like your sister ?"

On her avowing that she did not :

"Ah ! Then perhaps you are a Bird of Song !"

We were talking of the East. Mr. Eaton, the then Secretary of the Royal Academy, passed by.

"Ah !" said my friend. "He also has eaten of the Lotus."

We never spoke of Mr. Eaton afterwards but as "Eaton of the Lotus."

I cannot remember when I first knew John Tenniel. Probably at the usual rendezvous for artists, the Varnishing Day.

Although drawings do not need to be varnished, black-and-white artists like to meet their friends. Du Maurier was once asked why he went to Varnishing Days ; he replied :

"Oh, to talk with Mrs. Perugini and Mrs. Jopling."

I was at a conversazione one evening with a friend, who lived in the country. She asked me to point her out the celebrities.

"There is Tenniel," I said.

"I should love to know him. Do introduce me," she begged.

"I will ; as soon as he has finished his talk with the woman he has just met."

I continued pointing out other celebrities to her.

When I saw that Tenniel was alone, I took her up to him, but, at the moment, I couldn't for the life of me remember his name. I laughed, and told him so.

"Try Du Maurier," he said, putting me on the right track.

One afternoon Joe said to me :

"We will go and see Jimmy Whistler."

Whistler, at that time, lived in a house in Lindsay Row,

Chelsea. It commanded a beautiful view of the river, just at the commencement of Battersea Reach.

We were shown into a nearly empty drawing-room, with only a large sofa, one or two occasional chairs, and a small Chippendale table. The floor was covered with fine, pale, straw-coloured matting.

Some priceless blue china was distributed about the room, which had a wonderful air of refined simplicity.

The door opened, and a slight, black-haired, blue-eyed man entered. I recognized him as some one I had seen at a Soirée given by the Arts Club. I particularly noticed him on that occasion, as he seemed unaware that a white feather had settled upon his raven locks.

"Won't some one tell that man that he has got a feather on his head?" I asked; and then I was told that it was entirely natural, and that the owner was very proud of it, as it was an inherited peculiarity.

He and I became great friends. He took to me, I think, because he said I was so like a Japanese, a people whose art he much appreciated, and on which his own was modelled.

The first work I saw of his was a portrait of himself, painted when he lived in Paris, where he had studied in the same atelier as Du Maurier. I was struck with the masterly manner in which it was painted. Whistler was always a welcomed and honoured guest at our house. We were continually at his, and it was most interesting to see him print his celebrated etchings. At one of the "breakfasts" for which he was famous, a guest expressed a desire to see him paint.

"If Mrs. Louise will sit, I should like to paint her."

I was only too proud to do so. I stood for two hours without a rest, in which time he had painted a life-sized full-length of me.

I wonder where that portrait sketch vanished to.

My son Percy was now in his twelfth year, and everybody advised me to send him to a Public School, where he would

learn the rough and tumble of life. I found it rather difficult to divide myself into two—to be a companion to my husband and one to my son at the same time. Forty-three and twelve hadn't much in common with each other.

We consulted Millais, and he advised Victoria College, in Jersey, where he himself was, I believe, educated.

So, in the March quarter, my boy went off to College, and I missed him dreadfully.

Encouraged by the success of "Five o'Clock Tea," I started upon another canvas, even larger, as it measured nine feet by six. Dickens' short story in "Nicholas Nickleby," called "The Five Sisters of York," was a favourite of mine.

I painted the heroines in an orchard, working at the tapestry which is said to have been copied in glass for the famous window in York Cathedral. A priest used to discourse wisely to them, and his lean, ascetic figure was a capital foil to the glowing beauty of the maidens. The story in the book is told by one of the travellers on Nicholas Nickleby's memorable journey by coach to York, when they rested for a night at an inn.

Whilst I was painting it, friends who came to my Studio used to ask me what the subject was, and when I told them, they used to say: "Oh, I never read the short stories; I think they distract one from the main narrative"!

The scene was in an orchard, and to obtain a suitable background we spent the summer near some friends of ours at Cookham.

I painted the orchard direct on the canvas, and the villagers were much interested in seeing such an enormous picture carried daily through the quaint little village.

The clever painter, Heilbuth, was spending the summer there; and he, also, had to carry his materials about.

"It's not the trouble of painting I mind, but it's the business of it all," he used to say.

Heilbuth was a delightful man, as well as an excellent painter.

He was a great friend of Tissot.

I remember one day, before I was married, he arrived at my Studio, and said he had a letter from Tissot, who begged him to come round to me, and try and induce us both—my sister Alice and I—to come and spend the day at Greenwich, where he was painting his charming pictures of scenes by the river Thames. I was to bring my sketching materials. It happened that I had promised Joe to give him a sitting for my portrait, but it was much too delightful a project not to be accepted with fervour; I wired to Joe: "Called out of town on business." I might have, with more truth, wired: "Called out of town on pleasure"; but sketching with two such good artists was indeed good business for me; so I salved my conscience. But I was found out; Joe heard of our day's outing, probably at that mart of gossip, a man's Club.

In the autumn of '74 we went to Scotland, on a visit to the Coutts Lindsays.

Joe had been acting as Secretary to the Warwick Castle Restoration Fund, which some friends of the Earl of Warwick's started, to restore his ancient and historic Castle, after it had been a good deal damaged by fire. Sir Coutts was the Chairman. All went swimmingly until a correspondent in "The Times" wrote a letter, inquiring "why the public should be asked to contribute to the restoration of a private Castle?"

The subscriptions that had been pouring in suddenly stopped, and there was an end to them. It is interesting to note how one man's letter to "The Times" must have influenced so many people.

When we arrived at Balcarres we found a large party already assembled. The celebrated singer, Christine Nilsson, and her husband, M. Rouzaud; the Hon. Eliot Yorke and his wife, she a cousin of Lady Lindsay's; Mr. and Mrs. Goschen

("the Ruler of the Queen's Navee"); W. S. Gilbert; Mrs. Grant, a handsome American woman, whose daughter became Lady Essex; Lady Florence Cust; and my old friend, Arthur Sullivan.

We had a delightful time, and we all did pretty much as we liked. Most of the men went out shooting, and we women joined the shooters at lunch. Rouzaud used to turn out in the correct French sportsman's attire, rather reminiscent of Comic Opera. He wore high boots of perfumed Russian leather, and a Tyrolean hat, which was not then the fashion with Englishmen. Christine used to love to shoot. She had a miniature gun with which, I believe, she did a little havoc amongst the birds. Of an evening we had glorious music.

It was delightful to hear Christine sing to Arthur's accompaniment. Mr. Goschen often took me in to dinner, and I found him a most delightful and interesting talker.

The Lindsays had brought their French cook from town, who, we were told, was so enchanted with the national costume of the Scotch that he went to Edinburgh and ordered himself one in plaid velvet! One can imagine him strutting about his native village in it.

Sir Coutts devoted all his spare time to painting. He had fine ideas of decoration, and was responsible for most of those in Dorchester House, the property of his brother-in-law, Mr. Holford, then said to be the richest commoner in England.

Sir Coutts was one of the handsomest men I have seen, and in conversation he was extremely fascinating.

Lady Lindsay was, in her way, a sort of female Admirable Crichton. She painted remarkably well, played the violin, and had a charming talent for writing short stories, drawing-room plays, and verses. Blanche Lindsay, when I first saw her, was a very attractive-looking woman, with hair of a rich brown colouring, and beautiful blue eyes. She was very clever and very witty; but, as I used to laugh and tell her,

LADY LINDSAY (OF BALCARRES)

er chief delight was to appear foolish. She certainly had one of the masculinity that is so often adopted by the lever woman.

Balcarres is a stone mansion, situated above a series of erraces, which enclose the ornamental part of the garden. ccording to the prevalent fashion in Scotland, the garden roper was situated at a little distance from the house, and as surrounded by four walls.

These sequestered gardens are well adapted to lovers' neetings, and if we had a magician's wand could tell us, t our bidding, many scenes of romance, no doubt.

Sir Coutts used to visit Italy every year. Once, when here, he purchased a very handsome pair of wrought-iron ates, which he put up at the entrance to Balcarres. Although hey were very fine as specimens, they always looked to me ncongruous, in the "kingdom" of Fife, particularly as they vere painted bright blue, and lavishly gilt.

Many of the Scotch houses were built by the French rchitects that the ill-fated Marie Stuart brought over with er. They remind one of the châteaux on the Loire.

Lady Lindsay had made me promise to bring my painting naterials, and she posed to me for her portrait. It was rather n ordeal for me, with every one talking around us, and vatching my every stroke.

Arthur Sullivan had brought with him, as his body-ervant, a little negro, who, dressed up in gorgeous robes belonging to Sir Coutts, made a picturesque model.

When the Goschens left, Goschen's "bread-and-butter" etter amused us very much:

LADY BANK STATION,
September the 17th, 1874,
2–3 *o'clock*.

Dear Lady Lindsay, just one line to say
How much my wife and I enjoyed our stay,
And of our grateful thoughts how great a share is
Due to our charming hostess of Balcarres.

The noises in this God-forsaken station
Are "base accompaniment" to inspiration,
But, fresh from you, my mind is so æsthetic
That, even here, I'm forced to be poetic.

Hedons and models, melodies and mirth,
Still float before us, on our way to Perth.
Yet scarce I dare to sing in doggerel rhyme
The bright impressions of that "handsome time."
Fitly to sing its glories I'd require
To drink of Sullivan's melodious fire;
Truly to paint its warm and sunny flush
I'd need the colours of fair Jopling's brush.

How shall I tell the zest with which we fell on
The luscious lumps of the "nine-pounder" melon?
What rounded compliments, what pretty speeches
Would do full justice to our feasts of peaches?
Yet, hush! how ill these greedy thoughts become
Guests who have basked in your æsthetic home!
So steeped in art that even every rose
Seems bent on blooming in a perfect pose.

Full many a day, my mem'ry will recall
The panelled chamber, and the armoured hall,
The gems of art, the dazzling shell of roses
In which each day we bathed our happy noses.
Still in my thought I see your happy look
Glancing so bright above your music book,
While o'er the keys your gentle fingers stray
And waft around us Schubert's sweetest lay.

Yet there were moments when the mood in favour
Was somewhat spiced with a Bohemian flavour
And when o'er fruit and wine, in merry session,
We each in turn made terrible confession.
But hark! the distant locomotive's whistle
Warns me 'tis time to finish this epistle.
And so, Good-bye! I've only still to say
I hope the "patient victim" sat to-day,
And that, in spite of dressing and undressing,
The painter's art is rapidly progressing.

How clear before me still your figure gleams,
Your eyes brimful of some delicious dreams;
A model doing model—but alack!
The parts are changed: 'tis I am "looking back"!

GEORGE GOSCHEN.

"Looking back" was an allusion to the title of the picture or which Lady Lindsay was posing to me.

After leaving Balcarres we paid a visit to the Millais at itlochry, and then on to the Ansdells at Loch Moy. My rst introduction to real Scottish scenery.

Joe, unfortunately, had twisted his knee playing tennis t Balcarres. He went to all the noted surgeons of the day. One of them told him it was a case of "cold joint"—"As if," oe said, "it was a leg of mutton"—another, that he could nly make it "a stiff joint." Guineas paid for these opinions vere rather a waste of money. Some one told me of the lever bone-setter, Mr. Hutton, who was dubbed a quack by the faculty. I persuaded Joe to see him. A little twist, nd hey presto! Joe walked to the cab without his crutches, which he had been using for over six months.

CHAPTER VIII

I REMEMBER well the first time I met Oscar Wilde. It was just after he left Oxford, where, as the winner of the Newdigate Prize, and as the Apostle of the new cult of Æstheticism, he had made himself a name. Lady Lindsay was giving a musical afternoon, at her house in Cromwell Place, and she deputed him to take me in to tea.

I was struck with the fineness of his intellectual brow; the way the fair hair, worn rather longer than the then fashion, waved from his forehead; and his well-cut, slightly aquiline nose.

His would have been a beautiful head had it not been for his mouth and chin, both betraying a certain amount of weakness.

He had an extravagant, enthusiastic way of talking sense and nonsense that was most fascinating.

He was a great appreciator, and I do not think envy had any place in his mental equipment.

In the days when Du Maurier caricatured him, in his Postlethwaite series, Oscar gave a tea to Madame Modjeska, the Polish actress, Lily Langtry, and to me. He wanted to talk over a play in which he wished Madame Modjeska to appear. I think it was his "Salome."

When we three women left, Oscar, with great ceremony, presented us each with a single long-stalked Annunciation lily. We felt like members of the Postlethwaite family, so familiar to readers of "Punch," as we left his chambers in Adelphi Terrace, and walked up the crowded Strand.

Oscar brought Lady Wilde to see me, and I shall never orget the proud and devoted tone of his voice as he said, ' My mother."

Lady Wilde was the widow of an eminent surgeon who practised in Dublin, and she herself wrote poetry, which she published under the name of " Speranza." When I returned her visit, I found her in a darkened room, with lights under pink shades, whilst the afternoon sun rioted without.

Oscar was a constant visitor at my house when I lived in Beaufort Street, Chelsea. He used to come sometimes unannounced to the Studio entrance. One day I opened the door, in response to a tapping, and found him outside with a large snake twisted round his neck.

Luckily, its poison bag had been extracted. I think he hastened to tell me this, as no doubt my face had not the welcoming expression it usually had, whenever he paid me a visit. For he was the most entrancing companion. Every topic he touched upon in conversation was illumined by his delicate Irish humour, than which there is no more fascinating thing in the world. It was never exercised at other people's expense. There are some people who can only give expression to their wit when a little spice of venom has been added.

Oscar loved doing original things. He told me once that some Magazine had asked him for a poem. The editor had a way of putting the poems he published in any odd corner of the Magazine, evidently just to fill in a vacant space. Oscar wrote back that if they would give him a whole blank page he would write them a sonnet to place in the centre of it.

When he became engaged to his future wife, I asked him how he came " to fall in love " ?

" She scarcely ever speaks. I am always wondering what her thoughts are like," he answered.

I met him the evening before his wedding at Lady Lewis's in Portland Place. We had supper together, and I gave

him some good advice as to how a young husband should treat his wife.

Mrs. Oscar was a very beautiful girl, and dressed in a picturesque manner. Oscar had a phase of weird invention in the matter of costume. One Sunday morning, he and his wife walked over to see me. He had on a suit of brown cloth, novel in cut, with innumerable little buttons on it. It looked rather like a glorified page's costume. Mrs. Oscar had on a large picture hat, with beautiful white feathers adorning it.

"As we came along the King's Road," said Oscar, "a number of rude little boys surrounded and followed us. One boy, after staring at us, said, 'Amlet and Ophelia out for a walk, I suppose!' I answered, 'My little fellow, you are quite right. We are!'"

I met Oscar once in Paris. I scarcely recognized him. All his long, wavy hair had vanished, and in its place were tight little curls that evidently owed their origin to the heated tongs of the *coiffeur*. In a solemn, earnest voice he said:

"I took my *coiffeur* to the Louvre, and showed him the head of the youthful Antinous. 'Make me like that,' I said; and here is the result!" Then he broke into one of his irresistible laughs at his own absurdity.

A charming trait of Oscar's was, that you could always laugh at him, and he would laugh with you.

I once stayed, when Oscar was there, at the country-house of Lady (Walter) Palmer. George Meredith was also a guest, and it was interesting to see how the two writers thoroughly enjoyed their first meeting The talk at the dinner table was most interesting. I wish I could remember it, if only a sentence or two. On such occasions one ought to be equipped with a hidden phonograph, to keep indelible records of all the brilliant things spoken.

Oscar and I went one morning for a walk, and he told me the plot of "The Woman of no Importance." He had a

beautiful voice—cultivated, melodious; and it was a rare treat to hear him as a raconteur. One of the guests told me that Oscar had read the last act to them one afternoon, and they had all been moved to tears, when Oscar, in his most impressive manner, said:

"I took that situation from 'The Family Herald'!"

It was where "The Woman of no Importance" strikes Lord Illingworth in the face with her glove. He loved descending from the sublime to the ridiculous. It was this trait which made his conversation so delightfully unexpected and entertaining. I never enjoyed a first night as much as I did that of "Lady Windermere's Fan." There were intermittent ripples of laughter, running all over the house, at the witty sayings Oscar put into the mouths of his characters.

It was gorgeously put on the stage, and splendidly acted. The enthusiastic and unanimous call for the author produced Oscar smoking a cigarette! This act of his incensed many people, particularly as he reversed the usual attitude the author takes when he appears before the public, for, instead of thanking them for the kind reception they had awarded his play, he congratulated them on their good fortune in having such a play to listen to! The smoking of the cigarette was put down to a deliberate insult, but I am convinced that it was sheer nervousness that made him hold it whilst he made his first speech to an audience.

Oscar had a delightful quality of always being full of enthusiasm for the merits and attractions of his friends—not only the merits, but the demerits. I remember once talking to him about a very attractive woman of our acquaintance. Oscar described her as the very wickedest woman he had ever known, and then added, in his humorously solemn manner, "She is a great friend of mine."

One evening, at a party, I met the Wildes. He and I had much to say to each other. Mrs. Oscar approached us, looking exquisite in a dress the fashion of which just suited

her. We both gazed at her admiringly. As she passed by, Oscar gave a deep sigh, and murmured half to himself and half to me :

" If only I could be jealous of her ! "

Life was nothing to Oscar, unless it was made up of thrills and excitements.

Mrs. Oscar had the reputation of not possessing a sense of humour, but I think she had it, in a subtle degree. She was not one of the party who was staying at the Walter Palmers', and when she came to see me I showed her a photograph that had been taken there.

Whilst the photographer was posing us in the usual conventional manner, I said : " Oh, do let us get up a scene ! I will make love to Oscar, and you must all be shocked ! " When Mrs. Oscar came to see me, I thought it would amuse her to see the photograph. All she said was, after looking at it for quite a long minute :

" Poor Oscar ! "

I wondered if it were because my arms were round his neck.

In the famous trial that closed his career, his confidence in his lucky star wrecked him. He foolishly refused to avail himself of the opportunity given him to escape to the Continent.

All classes seemed to be interested in the verdict. When it was announced, I was driving home to Kensington. I heard a newsboy shouting it out. I stopped my hansom, and could not refrain from saying, " What is it ? " The boy made a gesture of pity, and said, " Two years ! " and we looked sorrowfully at each other.

Ah, the pity of it !

LOUISE JOPLING (ROWE) GEORGE MEREDITH LADY PALMER (WALLET) H. B. IRVING

OSCAR WILDE MISS MEREDITH DAVID BISPHAM

HERMAN HERKOMER JOHNSTONE FORBES ROBERTSON

CHAPTER IX

I FINISHED my big picture, and commenced another one, which I called "The Modern Cinderella." It was an episode in a model's life, when she changes her clothing, taking off her artistic finery.

The model who sat to me was a very handsome girl, but she had, apparently, a rooted objection to soap and water, judging from the high-water mark that I could perceive on her pretty neck when she took off her bodice. As I painted her, she stood with her back to me, holding one arm up to a hook on the wall. In this attitude I could not see her face. My horror was great when I saw her falling, and before I could get to her she was in a dead faint.

Luckily, a jug of water was conveniently near. I was in the act of dashing some on her, when she opened her eyes.

"Oh, don't give me any water!" she cried.

The mere sound of it was enough, evidently, to bring her round.

I was asked by the editor of a paper to write a little article about "Artists' Models." I think I wrote about the desirability of the profession for girls who had nothing but their pretty looks to recommend them, and who had no other means of making an honest livelihood. So much time is spent in the society of models, that we get to know them pretty intimately; as they also know about our affairs, which they are only too pleased to retail at the different Studios they frequent.

Later, when I had started my Pupils' Studio, I had many amusing letters. The following was from a man, who had started life as a student in the R.A. Schools, and ended his career as an artist's model :

. . . I'm always very delighted to sit, either to you alone or to your classes. And both by you and them I have always been treated well, especially the dark American-looking lady, and the fair elocutionist of the beautiful neck (if I must single out any of a singularly good-looking, go-ahead lot of nice-looking lady artists).

There is, from your enlightened kindness and teaching, a remarkable go-as-you-please style (" only be diligent," to quote you) quite at variance with any other School I ever had the good fortune to be in as an observant. For who sees more from an elevated position than a well-educated experienced model ?

The most original of all my models was a Frenchwoman, who had come over from Paris to sit to three or four artists of her choice, and I happened to be amongst the number. I found that she did not know the meaning of the word " reticence," and she was most amusing over all her numerous love affairs. She was an extremely well-educated woman, witty and amusing. She spoke very little English when she first came. I asked her one day what progress she was making, and how she was learning it.

" I read," she said.

" And what do you read ? " I inquired.

A slight dramatic pause, and then, with an air, she said " Bacon "—which took my breath away.

She used to regale me with a description of all her love affairs, which were very much of the " naughty naughty " type.

In Paris, she lived with a clever French artist, whose

Studio was a part of his mother's house. His mother and sister quite recognized the situation, and treated her, she told me, with every respect.

I happened to be going to Paris, and she made me promise to go and see her *homme*. It was rather a tall order, from a British point of view, that I should pay a visit to an artist on the introduction of his mistress!

But I did. I found her *homme* quite charming; and his work as an illustrator was much above the average.

When she left England, she sent me many letters, detailing her life in full, and her regret at leaving England. In one she says:

J'aime l'Angleterre tant que je viendra encore l'hiver prochain et cette fois avec l'espoir de maitriser la langue anglaise, si toutefois elle la permit. En attendant je vais faire la Lady, et devenir une Madame . . . quite respectable.

In another, written from the country, she says:

Vous ne vous imaginez comme je suis belle, drapée dans ma vertu, et mon rôle de femme mariée, vous auriez peine à me reconnaitre, quels grands airs! quels mots choisis! quel parfum de begueule, oui! je vous répète, je suis épatante à contempler.

She told me that most of the French artists live very much *en garçon* when they leave the metropolis in summer for the cooler air of the country. A favourite model is taken down, to pose for the picture that is being painted at the time, and to all the inhabitants she is simply "Madame."

When she returned to England, Alice writes to me:

Vous m'avez taut adoucé les rigueurs de la pose, que je me trouve très malheureuse à ce School, d'autant plus que

les misérables m'ont posée de dos : ce qu'est bien humiliant pour une "French model." Ce petit fait pourrait amener les complications facheuses entre nos deux pays. Heureusement que je sais souffrir sans me plaindre.

Combien je serais contente de vous revoir ; vous ne vous figurer pas mon ennui à ce School toute la journée, j'ai le nez collé contre le fond, un fond d'un gris atroce que je connais jusqu'aux moindres details ; les seules paroles que l'on m'adresse sont, "Time, Rest," c'est tout ! ! ! Triste ! triste !

Letters from Italian models were usually of this description :

DEAR SIR JOPLING,

I tell you that I received your letter, whereas I tells you that she will come the days what you said.

Yours truly,

ROSINA.

Another one has no false modesty :

I pose for figure, draped and undraped, also for the head and extremities (as a separate item). I have a singularly fine head, reminiscent of Vandyke ; my hair is of a nut-brown shade, on the shoulders and wavy. I wear slight beard and moustachios.

P.S.—I am usually much in demand, and book up very quickly.

I have had, in my time, all sorts of odd letters from perfect strangers, such as the following :

GLASGOW.

MADAM,

I have just had my attention drawn to the disadvantages at which female artists work, who have figure drawing

and painting to do, by not having proper opportunities of studying from the nude figure.

A gentleman of the highest character, with a general love of Art, and a special desire to assist respectable and talented ladies in this matter, is willing himself to stand, or sit, as a nude model.

If this would be useful, either to yourself or any of your friends, I will be able to arrange for it from Friday (first) for a few days during my short stay in London. This may be a stupid proposal, and a needless one, but I can assure you it is an honest and thoroughly respectable one.

I did not put the letter, except metaphorically, into the wastepaper-basket, because I have it before me now. I wonder if the writer seriously thought he would get an answer to it.

CHAPTER X

I SENT two pictures up to the Royal Academy. They were both accepted, but the nine-foot one was not hung. "The Five Sisters of York" I ultimately sent to the Women's Society, where it found a purchaser.

The paper "Fun" had an amusing caricature of "The Modern Cinderella," entitled "A Lady R.A.-ing herself, and on the Hanging Committee."

When my "Five Sisters" was in the Studio, Percy Macquoid called and saw it, and afterwards sent me a criticism originally expressed:

I like your picture so very much. . . . I don't want to worry you with my remarks, but a trivial one struck me that the critics will lay hold of, and quote as an example of not having been done carefully from nature, viz., that by no power of God or man could jonquils bloom when apples are on the trees—the flower comes out in early spring, and never blooms after April. Should you want a yellow flower, the large autumn buttercup would do. [And here follows an exquisite drawing of the flower and leaf, its general growth, and its appearance when withered.] Enclosed is a little dried cross of flowers of the buttercup. It has, of course, shrivelled, but you can see the peculiar golden gloss on the petal.

As standing at my easel—a position I much prefer—tired me just then, I painted myself sitting down in front of a

J. M. AND LOUISE JOPLING
LINDSAY MILLAIS JOPLING

glass, and called it "Through the Looking-Glass." Agnew bought it.

In May my work was interrupted by the arrival of my youngest son.

I, who adore babies, was in the seventh heaven of delight, and Joe, from never having known any infants before, became the baby's devout worshipper. He was in a continual state of wonderment that a baby came into the world in such a finished condition. "Even to its finger-nails!" he would exclaim.

The baby was registered "Everett Millais Lindsay," after his two godfathers, Jack Millais and Sir Coutts Lindsay.

I was not strong enough to go to the christening. When the baby and its godfathers returned to the house, I was told they had altered the name to "Lindsay Millais."

"You know," Millais explained, "when the boy falls in love, Lindsay is a much softer name for the girl to call him by than Everett."

This was looking ahead with a vengeance for the month-old baby!

Percy, when he came home for the holidays, at once adored his baby brother. He went back to school when the baby was six weeks old. On his next holidays, the first thing he did was to rush up to the nursery, from which he emerged in a great state of excitement.

"I am sure Baby remembered me, mother! He got so red in the face directly he saw me!"

I did not disturb the pleasant delusion.

About the end of June we four (father, mother, nurse, and baby) went with the Lindsays to Balcarres. There I met the Anstruthers, who became great and dear friends of mine.

Sir Robert was a most fascinating man, and everybody adored him. He was just recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, which had seriously affected his heart.

He must have had an extraordinary amount of vitality, for he lived for another ten years after the Doctors had given him up; but I think that this must have been due to the unremitting care and devotion that his incomparable wife gave him.

Although my family had become augmented, it did not seem to affect my power of work, as I see by a notebook that I had many pictures to my credit that year, and that all of them were sold. Nor did it interfere with my intervals of play, as we sometimes gave musical afternoons.

At one of them George Du Maurier was asked to sing. He had a pretty talent for singing little French songs to his own accompaniment.

In answer to my request, he said:

"No; unless you want every one to leave the room. Ha! that is a good idea for 'Punch'!"

And sure enough in the following week's "Punch" appeared a faithful picture of my Studio and its guests, including an exact likeness of himself, looking most lugubrious, whilst I, the hostess, am saying: "Oh, do sing for me! The ices have given out, and I want the people to go!" Amongst the audience, one recognized Miss Gaetano (afterwards Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff), Jimmy Whistler, Lord Leighton, and many others.

Du Maurier was a most plucky worker, for he suffered much from his eyes, and he had the horror of impending blindness before him. Thank Heaven, that was spared him.

I remember some years later we went to Whitby, and met the Du Mauriers, who had a house there. Some private theatricals were being given at the Town Hall, and there I believe we witnessed the first appearance of that splendid and fascinating actor, Gerald Du Maurier.

CHAPTER XI

EARLY in the year, Joe was offered the post of Superintendent of the Fine Arts, in the English section of the Philadelphian Exhibition.

He accepted it, and wished me very much to accompany him, but much as I should have liked to see America I could not leave my baby.

The letters which I wrote to Joe constitute a diary for nearly the whole of the year, extracts from which I give :

I have been working all the morning at Mrs. Wodehouse's portrait, and think I shall make a very pretty thing of it. . . .

Laura and I went the other evening to the Vaudeville to see "Our Boys," and liked it very much. I was given the stalls by the Fine Art Secretary of the Aquarium, whom I used to know, at the Old Bond Street Gallery. This evening we are going to the Opera—the first representation of "Robert le Diable." Rouzaud (Christine Nilsson's husband) gave me the box.

March 7th, 1876.

. . . Let me see, this morning I trotted off to the Rothschilds', in spite of Rochford coming at the eleventh hour to ask me to go to the Boat-race with him and the Crabbes. It was such a lovely morning that I felt tempted—but it was just as well that I was engaged, I thought. The Rothschilds were very nice. I enjoyed seeing all their things. I came home to luncheon, and this afternoon Mrs. Lloyd Wynne called. I had only just sketched in the head, and

she said, "Oh, how like it is already!" so that is satisfactory. A friend of hers called also. She wants me to do something to a crayon head of her sister, but I said that you understood those sort of things better.

. . . Lady Bethune called for me yesterday afternoon, and drove me up to Mrs. George Lewis. The latter invited me to dine with them next Sunday. Mrs. Lynn Linton was there, and was very nice. She said that she would like very much to come and see me. I dined with Lady Lindsay, and we went to the Opera, instead of to the concert, to see "La Favorita," the Rothschilds having sent her their box. The constant Arthur Sullivan dropped in, and we saw Mr. Baring. The Duke of Edinburgh was in Lady Dudley's box.

March 14th, 1876.

. . . I saw Fred Morgan, and he said the Agnews had bought the whole of their pictures, just after leaving our Studio. What a failure I am, dear! I have no picture-making qualities. There was a very flattering notice of you in "The Daily News." I have not seen it myself yet.

"Izanami" has come back. I am rather glad that it was not hung, as I don't think it looks well.

They say that Eyre Crowe and Oakes wouldn't believe that they were elected as Associates. They thought they were being hoaxed.

. . . I have sold my "Louis XVII" picture for one hundred guineas. Not bad, is it? Mrs. Wodehouse called yesterday. I had some beautiful flowers and strawberries sent me from the Rothschilds' country place yesterday. I got away at nine from your mother's, and went to the Lindsays' to go with them to the People's Concert at Battersea. The Tom Taylors were there, but left soon to go to the Lord Mayor's

A STUDY PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL ART GALLERY, SYDNEY, BY ITS PURCHASER

Ball. A very nice woman, a Mrs. Mitchell [afterwards Lady], was there, and she dropped me here on her way home. Lady Lindsay's song went off very well. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Lindsay, Col. and Violet Lindsay, and I sat together.

. . . My model never came this morning, so I have nothing to do, and I am actually virtuous enough to draw a cast of a hand—I am sick of painting pictures. My portrait of Connie de Rothschild is in the R.A.

March 1876.

I have just returned from Mrs. Crabbe (Miss Herbert that was). I must tell you it is the witching hour of night, which means midnight. She came in this morning, and said she was going to act at the Consumption Hospital, and would I like to come, and go to her place to supper ? So I went, and enjoyed it very much. I had a motto improvised for me. Everybody was amusing themselves by making them on those present. Mine was :

> "He who's in love with Mrs. Jopling,
> Can neither be a fool nor fopling."

What do you think of it ?

I enjoyed my Saturday's dinner at the Lindsays' very much. The Howards were there. [George Howard, afterwards Earl of Carlisle.] I liked Mrs. Howard very much. She asked me to call. A couple called Gordon were there, and Comyns Carr, and the Secretary of the coming Grosvenor Gallery, Charles Hallé. I told Sir Coutts that if I got into any mischief during your absence it would be his fault, if he did not look after me properly. I am going to dine there on Wednesday to meet Christine Nilsson and her husband, and Mrs. Grant.

I met George Grove, and we had a long chat. Va
Prinsep called to-day.

At the Academy, Miss Havers (Mrs. Fred Morgan) is th
best woman exhibitor. She has two pictures on the line
Calderon, Horsley, and Prinsep made me introduce them t
her, as they admired her work (and her) so much.

April 7th, 1876.

. . . Edmund Yates and his wife called to see that I wa
up to no mischief! The former looks quite elegant in figur
since his illness. Col. Wynne called about his late brother'
portrait. He is rather like his brother, so I told him h
must sit for the expression.

I then went to afternoon tea at the Bethunes', and had
long talk with a very nice woman, a Lady Campbell, wife o
the member, Sir George Campbell. Lady Anstruther wa
there, very sweet as usual. I was told that she asked them
after I left if Mrs. Jopling was not a dear little thing? Do
you think I am? Am I not conceited telling you all the
pretty things people say of me? I dined at the Bethunes
afterwards; only Miss Marsh there, a very charming person
I met Billy Burgess, who did not know me. He said, "I
know the face very well, but don't remember who you are!"
So I said, "Then I'll write to Joe that you wanted to cut me,"
thinking of course that would enlighten him as to my identity,
but in a dazed manner he said, "Joe—what Joe?" and then
I had to come out with the name in full, "Joseph Middleton
Jopling," when, of course, he became overwhelmed with
confusion. He introduced me to Atkinson, a long-haired
critic, who spoke admiringly of my "Louis XVII." By
the by, Nessy Stephens says she knows the lady who bought
it, and will bring her to see my Studio some day. Billy
Burgess wants to make up a party—his sister, the Marcus
Stones, Alice, and myself—to see "A Voyage to the
Moon."

April 12th, 1876.

. . . I never was so tired in my life as I was yesterday. Four hours we waited for the Prince. We had a splendid view from 88 St. James's Street, as it commands the entrance to Marlborough House. Miss Thompson [of "Roll Call" fame] and her sister were there, and a host of other people. . . . Little Rouzaud called this afternoon, and we all went together to the new rink in Roland Gardens.

I went to see Jack Millais yesterday. He has done such a splendid portrait of one of the Queen's Body-Guard. It is really wonderfully good. I felt quite ashamed of myself, to think I had done so little since the Academy, and he has finished one large portrait, and commenced another. He has had to paint out the riding-habits of the twins, as their people don't like them, and he says they look better in other things, so the objectionable hats will go too, I suppose. He wants me to see some old man he is doing, so I may go and see him to-day, as he said Sunday he would be so busy. He spoke very jollily about you, and said he was sure you would do your work so extra well that it would lead to other things.

From Brighton I write:

April 17th, 1876.

If I stayed here a fortnight I should become quite incurably lazy. Katrine has written me such nice letters, ending, "Je suis pour la vie votre toute devouée servante." To-day I had a letter from Ellen Watts Terry. She says she heard we were going to leave our little house, and she would like to know about it, as she is looking out for one. . . . I enclose it in this.

. . . Trendell has just sent me a telegram that you have arrived in Philadelphia. I am so happy and glad. I am going to send the telegram to your mother, as she will like

to read it. I wonder when I shall hear from you. I feel quite sick waiting for a letter. You seem ever so much farther off now, that you are in America, than you were, when you were on the sea. Nothing divided us then, now the whole Atlantic does. I had a nice letter from Connie Rothschild (oh, I have forgotten the "de"!) asking me to call and have a chat, so I shall go on Saturday, on my way to the Private View of the Déschamps. I wrote to Lady Lindsay telling her that you had arrived safely. Miss Thompson has invited me to an afternoon on Wednesday.

. . . The Admiral [Bethune] says there was such a flattering mention of you in "The Times," about the Philadelphian Exhibition.

. . . Arthur Lewis called on Sunday with a note from his "missus" asking me to dine next Sunday, to meet Jefferson [of "Rip Van Winkle" fame]; and Montalba fixed Sunday week for me to go and "eat a little bit of mutton"; and I go to the theatre with Burgess; and Mrs. Yates has written and asked me for Thursday. I am quite flooded with invitations—more than I care for, as you know I like to stay at home quietly sometimes.

Some one told me that all your movements were chronicled, like those of the Prince of Wales!

. . . I must tell you something very funny. You have gained a medal, awarded at the Crystal Palace, for your picture "At the Gate." Won't you be cheeky after this, and won't you look down on me? I heard of you yesterday from Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone. They said they wished I had come to see you off and why didn't I come to Liverpool and meet you? May I? I should like to. Fildes introduced me to them, as they told him they would like to know me. Do you know that I was so discouraged at the bad places I had in the Academy that I wrote off to the Secretary and priced my pictures at 60 gs. each. Are you angry? M. picked up "Alsace," saying he was flabbergasted at the

rice—that he thought it would have been £150, and that it vas well worth £200. I am afraid you will be cross, but lease don't—as, although he talks like that, why didn't he uy it in the Studio ? One of my Saundersfoot pictures—I do not know which—has just been sold at the Alexandra 'alace for 10 guineas—large prices I get, don't I !

I enjoyed the Private View very much. Will you be orrified to hear that I went in a new dress ! ! ! I wanted ne, you know. Dove colour, with Indian white embroidery n tunic. I heard it was considered *the* dress in the room. think you will like it. How do you like the photo of your abs ? He is more charming than ever, and such a good boy. Miss de Rothschild fetched me yesterday to take me to the Academy.

I forgot to tell you that I enjoyed myself very much at he Arthur Lewis's. Virginia Gabriel was there. She asked Mrs. Lewis who that pretty lady was, meaning Me ! ! !

In another letter to Joe, I write : " Mrs. Douglas Murray as just sent an invitation to a Fancy Dress Ball—fancy my lelight ! " I remember that dance well. I wore a short, vhite Empire silk dress, with a large white hat and feathers. Val Prinsep fetched me, and Schwenck (now better known as W. S.) Gilbert, for whom I had obtained an invitation, came vith us. It was a very brilliant affair, and, having taken the rouble to dress especially for it, it was one of my late nights. Otherwise, in all my dissipations, I always kept to Cinderella lours.

To Joe :

We went to see Miss Elizabeth Thompson's picture, vhich I think very clever indeed. Lady Lindsay has just ent me some flowers. They were both at the Academy esterday, and lovely Lylie Lindsay (a portrait of her is in, ot good). I dined at the Marcus Stones'.

I sent Joe the following letter from Miss de Rothschild, anent her portrait, as nothing gave him greater pleasure than hearing that my work was appreciated :

DEAR MRS. JOPLING,

I hear that the Duke of Cambridge and Princess Mary were quite delighted with my picture, and one or two of my friends came, and told me that they thought it most successful. I am so glad.

The young Baron de Stern was a young man well known about town, where he was christened " Herr " Stern, because he was a German, and wore his hair long. He used often to come and see me, as I knew his parents very well. The poor fellow developed a monomania that he was the Prince of Wales, which involved odd happenings at Marlborough House, so that it became necessary to send him out of London with two attendants to be constantly with him.

CHAPTER XII

JOE was very glad when the first part of his work was over, and we had great rejoicings when he arrived home.

He had to return to Philadelphia to superintend he removal of the pictures that were entrusted to his care, nd their return to the rightful owners.

For our holiday we went to Brittany, to Dinan, and here I painted a picture called "Work and Play."

In America Mr. Jopling made a great many friends. He net again that delightful woman, Mrs. Beach Grant, the nother of Lady Essex, whom we had first met at Balcarres. The poet Longfellow was much struck by a portrait of me painted by Mr. Jopling, and Joe easily induced him to sit o him for a little water-colour sketch, which is now in my possession. It bears the signature of the distinguished poet s well as that of the artist. A Mr. Heap, with whom Joe ravelled over to America, sent me a lovely gold Tunisian racelet, in payment of a philippine that Joe won from his aughter.

On Joe's second visit to America, I accompanied him to Liverpool, and saw him off. We stayed at the hospitable ouse of the Rathbones, and it happened that, at that time, here was a meeting of the National Association for the Pro- notion of Social Science. There were many different sections. One of them amused us greatly. It was a discussion upon What to do with Obstreperous Women." There was an rt Section as well. E. M. Ward, R.A., was chairman. At

one of the meetings, he begged Sir Frederic Leighton, who was in the audience, to give the meeting his ideas upon the subject that was up for discussion. Leighton was an acknowledged brilliant speaker, and every one was delighted at the opportunity of hearing him. To our surprise he hesitated, hummed and hawed, and then said that, if he might be excused, he would promise to speak on the matter in hand the next day. Of course we all turned up, and were amply rewarded by listening to a most brilliant exposition of his ideas.

Some men are like that. Take them *à l'imprévu*, and they apparently have no ideas; but give them time to sort and arrange them, and the result will be perfect. Other men are at their best when taken unawares, and delight one with their apt repartee. They seem to require the steel of other men's thoughts to strike the flint of their own wit. Joe Comyns Carr was one of the latter.

I write to Joe:

THE COTTAGE,
LIVERPOOL.

We had a grand breakfast here yesterday. All the celebrities came. I sat between the Marquis of Huntly and Sir Robert Collier. The latter is coming to see our Studio. He commenced his conversation by asking me if I drew? and then, "Water-colour, of course"!! Why of course?

I like Eva Ward very much. You cannot think how amusing she is. She is divinely handsome. She is going to sit to me, although she says she loathes sitting.

THE COTTAGE,
GREEN BANK,
LIVERPOOL,
13th Oct. 1876.

I wonder if you will be surprised to find that I am still here. I dare say not. The Rathbones are so kind that

t is difficult to tear oneself away. I telegraphed to Lady Lindsay to ask her if she "minded" my coming later to Balcarres. She telegraphed back, "Pray come to-morrow or Monday, which you like," so I suppose I shall stay here over Sunday.

Alice Rathbone is as sweet and lovely as ever—a charming character.

Mr. Poynter is very nice, grows muchly upon acquaintance, and Mrs. Poynter is a delicious little creature. Such a clever, pretty little thing. Isn't it amusing? Our old Irish cook, who wouldn't dust the Studio on Christmas Day, is with her as cook. One never pictures one's own servants going to one's friends.

The Social Science Congress ended with a grand Soirée. I remember it chiefly on account, womanlike, of a dress I wore on that occasion. It was an Indian sari, of red and gold, which a French dressmaker had transformed into a fashionable evening dress. One of our friends, who happened to be travelling on the top of an omnibus, heard a man say to another one: "Well, it was worth going to, if only to see that dress." And then proceeded to describe mine. It is rather fortunate for me that I never mind appearing in the same dress ever so many times, and that one, I am sure, I wore to rags, for when I received an invitation to dinner, or an evening party, it had written on it: "Please wear your red dress."

To Joe:

October 1876.

It was great fun attending the Congress. Willie Richmond read a paper very well indeed. He seems to have very good ideas.

I don't know what Lady Lindsay will say, but I am still here, and am going to remain until Wednesday, when everybody takes their flitting. You know how weak-minded I am

—and I can't say no by myself. If you were here, you could settle it for me. The Rathbones are so kind and nice. I am sure you don't mind my staying, do you, dear ?

You know the water-colour copy I did of "The Modern Cinderella," and which I exhibited at the Dudley Gallery ?

A Mr. Crocker has bought it for thirty guineas.

I said good-bye to my kind hosts, and proceeded to Balcarres, where I arrived between nine and ten at night, and very hungry. But hungry as I was I didn't really enjoy my meal, as I felt that every movement of my jaw, or any other portion of my frame, was being coldly and persistently watched by the stately butler and his two attendant satellites. However, the longest meal must have an end, and I breathed freely again when I had the blessed privacy of my bedroom.

The next morning at breakfast I heard that private theatricals were on the tapis. There was a large house party.

The plays were very clever little drawing-room pieces, written by Lady Lindsay. Lylie Lindsay, as she was then (now the Duchess of Rutland), Lady Rosehill, and I played the women's parts, and Charles Hallé, the artist, played my lover, in a very pathetic little piece. Our prompter, Mrs. Moncrieff, could never refrain from tears during the rehearsal, and, on the night of the play, the Countess of Lindsay declared that she had used up three pocket-handkerchiefs ! However, as it all ended happily, every one avowed that they had hugely enjoyed their good cry.

We did the play three nights running—the first night as a rehearsal to the servants, and their friends ; and I am bound to confess (this being a veracious document) that the pathetic parts of the play only tickled their sense of humour, and we were slightly disconcerted when we became conscious of scarcely suppressed giggles. There is nothing more infectious than laughter, and it was all I could do not to join in their hilarity.

Colonel Lindsay and his beautiful daughter, Lylie, are staying here; Charles Hallé, the painter; Sir Frederick Hamilton, son, I think, or nephew, of the man who, when serving in China, was taken prisoner by the Chinese and exhibited all over the country in an iron cage, in which he could not even sit erect. I believe he led this existence for many months. It did not seem to shorten his life, as he is well on to old age.

There was so much going on in the way of amusement that I found it difficult to find time to write letters, and I had to make my excuses to Joe:

22 October 1876,
BALCARRES, COLINSBURGH, FIFE.

I have not given you three epistles, as I ought to have done last week—but I was travelling, for one thing, and then you know what life is at Balcarres. The days are so delightfully filled up that one's correspondence suffers in consequence. But I know you will forgive me. I am chaffed about Col. Charles and Col. Grant devoting themselves to me. Charles Hallé at dinner asked: "Why is Mrs. Jopling like a philippine nut?" "Because she has two colonels." It wasn't bad, was it? I am quite ashamed to think that I am writing to you in my working hours. I like talking to you, dear, so much, and telling you everything, but I must buckle to, and work for the family.

In these hard times one cannot afford to be idle.

I heard from Joe about one of my pictures. He told me that an Art critic had written him:

"Been to Dudley Gallery—have pleasure of noting Mrs. Jopling's work, especially a very charming 'Work and Play,' not unworthy of Breton—it is Breton life—but it is Jules I mean of that ilk."

To Joe:

From what I hear, I missed a nice little party last week. Mrs. Millais and Effie, Mrs. Mitchell, Sir William Fraser, etc. etc.

I am painting a portrait of Col. Charles Lindsay. I thought I should like to practise doing men's heads, and it is so very seldom one can get one to sit. Col. Charles sits splendidly—quite as well as Rouzaud. The colonel is the sweetest fellow. He is so kind and good about sitting. Lylie is doing a water-colour of him, which is very good indeed.

October 24, 1876.

I am getting on very well with Col. Lindsay's head. It is à la Watts!!! Col. Grant will insist upon saying that I have studied the Holland House School (as he calls it), that I know Watts very well, etc. Now, considering that I have never entered Watts's Studio, I think it rather hard that I am not allowed to have any originality of my own.

Col. Charles's portrait was exhibited the following year at the Royal Academy.

I did not sign it with my full name, but only "L. J." I was spending an evening in the house where it ultimately went to when a relative of the host chaffed me, and said: "You could not paint a portrait as good as that!" He was amusingly astonished when I told him that I had painted it. He had thought the L. stood for Lindsay.

26th Oct.

Our play went off splendidly. Lady Lindsay acted wonderfully, and as the gipsy-girl in the first piece looked scrumptiously handsome.

Everybody said I made a charming girl! Such a lot of people were here. I had to perform hostess, and receive them all in my "Begum dress," as they call my red one.

The Anstruthers were sweet as usual, and wanted me to elegraph for Baby, and go and stay with them. But, you now, I cannot, on account of my Aston Clinton visit.

I am going to afternoon tea with Lady Bethune to-morrow, nd ditto with the Anstruthers on Friday.

Lady Lindsay is going to write another play for three fisher-irls, and we are going to wear the costume, with Brittany aps. Will it not be pretty ? We wrote very amusing play-ills. I am described as the celebrated London actress !

Did I tell you ? Col. Grant has offices somewhere in he City that look on a road by which the Lord Mayor's how passes, so he has asked me to come and see it. He has pecially invited his father, Sir Francis (President of the .A.), to meet me at lunch.

2 *Nov.* 1876.

You must not think I am still at Balcarres, because I am ot. I am at home again, and writing this to you in my olitary little bedroom, at 11 p.m.

I have been dissipating, as usual. Charlie Bethune came n this afternoon, and brought me a ticket for the Oratorio, t the Albert Hall, this evening—Handel's " Israel in Egypt " —so I went, and dined at his sister's, Mrs. Hope Wallace, and vent with them to the Albert Hall, where we met Mr. and Mrs. Kierzkouski [now Mrs. Stewart]. I enjoyed it immensely. saw, amongst the crowd, Browning and Mrs. Benson.

Our Fancy Dress Ball was a great success. Our peasant lresses were pronounced *ravissante*, and we danced away in hem like mad. Col. Lindsay looked splendid as a Turk. He and I had an amusing dance, in which the lady dances n front of her partner, turning her back upon him, and his im is to get round her until he is face to face with her. She ontinually turns away from him, taking care to avoid the orners of the room, where there would be little chance of escape rom her follower, if he hemmed her in. Colonel Lindsay was nuch applauded when at last he succeeded in gaining his object.

You do not know what a pretty sight the dinner was. Fifteen of us in fancy dress, dining in the oak room. The panelled walls made such a splendid background. Col. Charles, Lylie, and I left the next day for Edinburgh, and we went in the evening to see "Hamlet," but only sat it half through. That sweet Col. Lindsay would *insist* upon standing my fare to London. He has been so kind and nice to me, and so has Lylie. They want me to go and stay a few days with them.

Nov. 10*th.*

I had a delightful day yesterday. I quite enjoyed the Lord Mayor's Show. We had a capital view of it from Col. Grant's rooms. Sir Francis and Lady Grant were very nice indeed, and Miss Grant was very amiable. They invited me to afternoon tea to-day, and I went, and saw Sir Francis's Studio, and when I come back from Aston Clinton he is coming to see mine. We had a champagne luncheon yesterday, and then I went on to Gower Street to call on the Miss Garretts, who were out. I had a letter from Lady Lindsay, who misses me very much, she says. Capt. M. must be the man who said he was sick of hearing about me! to K. P. Sir Coutts told me that they were going to spend Christmas Day in London, and that we must spend it with them. I wonder if we shall!

My next letters were dated from Lady de Rothschild's (the mother of Lady Battersea), Aston Clinton, where I had a pleasant visit, with my baby and his nurse.

ASTON CLINTON,
12 *Nov.* 1876.

. . . The house is quite delightful; originally a small low one, and added to, until it has become a large rambling one; only (I am glad to say) two storeys high.

Mr. and Mrs. Montefiore are staying here, and a Miss

ernon, daughter of Lady Vernon, and a cousin of the Lady elley, who was staying at Balcarres when I was there.

Val Prinsep asked me to come and see his picture for the cademy, so I went yesterday morning, before leaving town.

The picture is one of the prettiest he has painted for a ng time. A girl, dressed in green and black, with yellow rown trees as background.

I saw some photographs of the "Durbar" that he has to do. t will be most interesting, I think. All those gorgeous Oriental ostumes. Watts was there. He is a charming old fellow.

Babs is quite happy here. He enjoys running about the ng passages. He decidedly prefers large houses to small! Ie is a dear good little mite, although we have already long attles about his obeying me. He much prefers not doing o, but a little quiet perseverance on my part brings him at ast to do what I wish. It is great fun to see him. You know, ou must not spoil him when you come back, and undo all ny good work.

ASTON CLINTON, TRING,
14 *Nov.* 1876.

The country round here is very pretty—charming bits o paint. By the by, I might look out for a cottage here. I haven't thought about it yet. I am painting in a large conservatory, because it is nice and large, and I cannot paint ny of my surroundings, and so become a nuisance to my eighbours.

We have been amusing ourselves with inventing maxims or copy-books for the school here, and I have to design a cover! The first one we did was the titles of nursery rhymes, such as "Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?" and so on, all through the alphabet. The second lot had to be original rhymes. These were difficult, as we had alliteration and rhyme in every one, such as:

"Ninepins and noise, both liked by the boys."
"Jelly and jam are nicer than ham."

I rather shone in that one, I must tell you. This evening we are going to write a Shakespeare copy-book for the bigger girls.

The copy-books are all to be printed, so they will do for Lindsay when he commences to write. I have also commenced (I don't know if I shall finish it !) another play, a little Comédie du Salon, à la Lady Lindsay.

You see, we have plenty to do in the way of amusement here.

I am reading (in odd moments) "Joan," by Rhoda Broughton. Also (in other odd moments) "Physiology of Health," by my old friend, James Hinton, the aurist, who is dead now, I am sorry to say.

ASTON CLINTON, TRING,
17th Nov. 1876.

I am having a pleasant time of it, although not doing much serious work. The thought of my Academy picture worries me. I don't think that I shall come and meet you at Liverpool, because it will be such a waste of time—don't you think so ? I must really go home and "buckle to." Every one is surprised that I have not commenced my Academy picture. I haven't even thought of it ! ! ! ! ! I must go now, and see after my Babsie's going out for a walk, or rather ride.

I met, whilst staying at Aston Clinton, a charming nephew of Lady de Rothschild's—Leonard Montefiore—whose death, a few years later, all his friends deplored.

He was most sympathetic, and even listened to a mother's confidences about her son, with great interest.

Percy, whilst at school, had written a little story about his first love, and I sent it to Leonard, who wrote me :

I have been reading your son's delightful autobiography. I am really enchanted with it ; the descriptions of the ladies ;

ne lovers' quarrels which end in the renewal of love; the entle help the amiable Lizzie gives to all the flirtations, and nany other things are quite perfectly told, and the whole hing gives me the notion of a sense of observation and humour hat makes me long to make the author's acquaintance.

I will send you back the MS. in a day or two—I am going o read it again before I do.

Leonard used often to come and see me in Clareville Grove. Once when he was calling, a very charming, feminine-ooking woman was there at the same time. They both ooked at the picture I was painting. Leonard quoted some ines in Greek. A gentle voice, in an apologetic manner, corrected his Greek. He told me afterwards that he was never more astonished. He knew he was misquoting, not being able, at the moment, to remember the passage correctly. He thought, before his audience of women, that it did not matter. Before me, it certainly did not, but my delicate friend happened to be a very good Greek scholar.

I was not idle at Aston Clinton. I painted there a background for a picture that I finished afterwards, and exhibited and sold at the Grosvenor Gallery. It was the interior of a wood, and "bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang," had shed their crimson leaves, and carpeted the ground. I spent a happy day painting in the wood, sheltered from the autumn breezes outside.

I remember many incidents of my Aston Clinton visit, especially my chagrin when, in having a lesson in billiards from Mr. Montefiore, I cut the green cloth! However, nothing could have been kinder than the way my confession was received, and a man summoned from London quickly repaired the damage.

I wrote to Joe:

I came up from Aston Clinton, after quite a delightful stay.

I have got an order!!! To paint Mrs. Eliot Yorke's portrait to hang as a pendant to Connie's at Aston Clinton. I am to do it in the season, when she will be up in town.

6 Dec. 1876.

First of all, I have heaps of work. I have commenced Mrs. George Lewis's little girl, and think I shall make a good thing of it.

And then I want to work as much as I can at Mrs. Crawford's portrait whilst she is in town, as she returns to Scotland for Christmas.

I don't really think I ought to go to Liverpool, do you? and leave *bona fide* work behind me.

And then there is a Ball at Liverpool on the 14th, which Mrs. Rathbone wishes me to go to. If I come and meet you, it would only make me feel dissipated, and unsettle me.

Of course I will come if you really want me, but I don't think I ought to do so, in the present state of artistic affairs.

I must make hay whilst the sun shines, and at present I see a little glimmer of which I ought to take advantage.

CHAPTER XIII

WHILST I was at Aston Clinton, I told Miss de Rothschild that I wanted a week-end cottage. Luckily she knew of one. We went to see it, and I was charmed with its position and pretty utlook. I took it on the spot. I spent many happy days n that dear little cottage, and both my boys loved it.

Living as artists do most of their time in a north room here no sun enters, it is essential to have a sunny retreat, here one can steep in sunshine in hours of leisure.

The Cottage Stocks, as we named it, faced south, and as well protected from north winds. It was near the pretty illage of Aldbury, where at the side of the pond which ccupies the centre of it is an ancient pair of stocks, where, nce upon a time, the delinquents of the village were im-risoned, and exposed to the jeers of their neighbours. About couple of miles distant is a village called " Ivinghoe," and his, it is said, suggested the name of Ivanhoe to Sir Walter cott, when he visited the neighbourhood, as suitable for his ero.

Mrs. Bright, our near neighbour, who owned the cottage, ved at " Stocks," a large house in the vicinity.

She was a delightful woman. She had a clever, character-tic face, full of good-humoured intelligence. She was xceedingly well read in the latest literature, both in French nd German, as well as in English. In spite of her catholic eading, she was very orthodox, and the first book that Mrs. Humphry Ward made her reputation by was anathema to

Mrs. Bright, on account of its treatment of religious subjects, and she would never have a book by the authoress in her house.

The irony of Fate decreed that after Mrs. Bright's death Mrs. Humphry Ward should become the owner of the house where her books were tabooed.

It was great fun furnishing our little cottage. We stocked the tiny garden with roses, and many happy days were spent in it.

It was close to Ashridge, Lord Brownlow's place, and I met there Lady Marian Alford, his mother. She was an exceptionally gifted woman, and most artistic in her tastes. Whilst she was queen regnant at Ashridge, she beautified the estate, and made Great and Little Gaddesden model villages; and each cottage is a picture in itself.

I spent a great deal of the summer of 1877 at my little cottage, as I had many commissions for portraits of people living near, amongst the number that of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild (later Lord de Rothschild) and his little daughter, Evelina. I found Sir Nathaniel a delightful man to talk to, but very difficult to paint, as he was anything but a good sitter.

The first sitting he gave me at Tring Park, his two children, Walter and Evelina, were in the room, and Sir Nathaniel, being a devoted father, allowed his attention to be entirely taken up with them. Finding it severely handicapped me, I carried my plaint to Lady de Rothschild, who saw that I was in future uninterrupted.

Sir Nathaniel did not wish his portrait exhibited. It went, when finished, to the home of Disraeli, to whom it was given. Lady de Rothschild, with her characteristic kindness, told me afterwards that Mr. Disraeli had written to say how much he admired it.

Evelina's portrait was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery. I depicted her feeding pigeons, of which there were a great many at Tring Park. I wanted to make studies of these

rds. Sir Nathaniel gave me his card to a pigeon breeder, ho introduced me to the pigeon loft at his establishment, here hundreds of birds were kept.

It was very amusing to watch them at such close quarters, nd I thoroughly enjoyed my morning in their society.

The rest of the summer was occupied with painting other ortraits of people in the neighbourhood.

I sent up to the Academy the portrait of Col. the Hon. harles Lindsay, Mrs. Crawford, Miss Gertrude Lewis, and picture called "Weary Waiting."

To be a woman, a wife, and a mother, and to work at n arduous profession besides, is as much as one person can ndertake, and to endeavour not to fail in either capacity eems a Herculean task. Like a good organizer, I try to make ther people work, as the following letter rather infers, and am afraid it also shows that it is no sinecure to be the husband f a professional woman:

I went to Tring Park, and had a sitting, with, I fear, ot much result. Sir Nathaniel was very nice, though. Irs. Bright told me yesterday that Hannah de Rothschild sked her whether she knew how much you would charge or copying an oil picture in water-colour, a life-sized head small; no doubt, her likeness. Babs seems to be getting ather fretty again. Perhaps Nurse is not lively enough with im, although there is no lack of merriment, apparently, in he kitchen at supper-time, for the shrieks of laughter that roceed from there are something to be heard, and not escribed. Please go and see the framemaker in Dorset St., nd tell Batty, the stationer, to put in an advertisement bout letting the cottage for the winter. Word it as you ke, but do see about it. I am so sorry about young George Millais' health. Jack must feel it very much. Does he now that I am painting Evelina de Rothschild? Sir athaniel told me to-day that he thought the likeness wonder-

ful, and that probably Lord Dudley might like his children painted. I worked at the Rectory yesterday morning. The picture looked so well, I thought. Then in the afternoon I painted Georgie St. Aubyn for my Cinderella picture to get the effect of firelight. I don't know how it looks, as it was pitch dark when I left off. I am glad the painters are out of Beaufort St. What about the gas? Have you seen to it? Please order me three different sizes in canvases Head; Kitcat; and three-quarter. . . .

In the year 1877 the Grosvenor Gallery held its first exhibition. It was built by Sir Coutts Lindsay.

With the help of Charles Hallé, an artist (the son of the distinguished pianist, Sir Charles Hallé), and Comyns Carr, a brilliant writer on the staff of "The Westminster Review," the Gallery was an assured success. When finished, it was undoubtedly the finest building of its kind in London. The principal room looked like one of those one sees in Italian palaces. The walls were hung with old red damask, and the ceiling was a blue firmament, powdered over with stars copied from the Studio in Sir Coutts's own house at No. Cromwell Place, now the residence of that distinguished artist, Sir John Lavery.

The Gallery was opened with great éclat. The Prince and Princess of Wales were invited to dine, which they graciously consented to do, and all that London held of talent and distinguished birth were summoned to meet them. We dined in the restaurant underneath the Picture Gallery, and afterwards a large reception was held upstairs.

Sir Coutts Lindsay made a point of securing for his Exhibition those artists who disdained to exhibit in the *omnium gatherum* of the Royal Academy.

That man of genius, Burne-Jones, exhibited there, and his pictures became the rage. Fashion, always ready to adopt anything new, set all the town wild to copy the dress and

ttitudes of his wonderful nymphs. As Schwenck Gilbert rote in his amusing play of "Patience," "Greenery, yallery, Grosvenor Gallery" costumes were the mode.

Many were the reputations made at the Opening. Artists aw, for the first time, justice done to the creations of their rain.

There was no overcrowding in the hanging. Each picture ad a certain space surrounding it, so that it could reign lone, without being spoilt by the close juxtaposition of nother work entirely out of harmony with it.

I exhibited a picture called "It Might Have Been." ts subject was a young girl, seated beside a Japanese cabinet, n which she leant her head, whilst in her hands, lying on er lap, was a letter she had just been reading. She had a ar-away look in her eyes—she was evidently going back in nemory to happier days.

It was sold for two hundred pounds to Mr. Ben Lockwood f Huddersfield. I have never had more charmingly ap-reciative letters about my work, than from the personally nknown purchaser of "It Might Have Been." I had the leasure of meeting him a couple of years later. Joe entered ny Studio one afternoon, bringing in a stranger.

"Guess who this is, Mole," he said.

I luckily had a brain-wave, and answered at once:

"The owner of 'It Might Have Been'!" which response uickly made us friends.

The Grosvenor Gallery was such a success that, at one me, it was considered a great compliment to be invited to xhibit in it. The glamour of Fashion was over it, and the reat help that Lady Lindsay was able to give, by holding unday receptions there, made it one of the most fashionable esorts of the London seasons.

Royalty used to attend, and other interesting people uch as Robert Browning, George Eliot, and G. Lewes; Sir alius and Lady Benedict; Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Pearse;

Frederick Locker; James M'Neil Whistler; and others too numerous to mention.

Years after, when Lady Lindsay was no longer at the helm, the pleasant Sunday afternoons ceased. After the Grosvenor as a Picture Gallery came to an end, it was transformed into a Clergymen's Club.

The pictures I sent to the Academy were all well hung. The portrait of little Gertrude Lewis (the daughter of Sir George Lewis) was in the big room in one of the coveted corners, and had many appreciative notices; as also did the portrait of Col. the Hon. Charles Lindsay.

The mother of "Gerty" wrote me a very appreciative note about the portrait. To know that one has given pleasure is a delightful feeling, even if one has been paid for doing it.

By being laid up with a cold, I was prevented going with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kennard for an amusing yachting trip down the river to Gravesend. They had on board the two rival beauties, Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West. Who the men of the party were, I forget. Joe enlivened my convalescence by retailing to me all the little amusing things that occurred.

When my boy Lindsay was just two years old, a nurse I had was obliged to leave on account of her health. I had proposed to her that her successor should come before she left, so that Lindsay should get accustomed to her, to which plan she apparently consented. The next day, however, I got the following letter from her, in which, in speaking of the baby boy, she alludes to him with a capital "H," as if he were a Divinity:

8 CLAREVILLE GROVE,
SOUTH KENSINGTON,
May 24th.

DEAR MADAM,

You will think it strange of me writing to you instead of speaking, but I know you have so little time—

hat is why I am writing. Dear Madam, I have been thinking ver about the nurse coming before I leave. I think it would e much the best for me to go, as I feel sure my Precious will ot take to her whilst I am with Him, and it would not be ice for the nurse to see Him clinging to me. I am afraid should cling to Him, and Him to me, and love Him just as do now. I feel it very much parting with Him. I am sure have never felt well, since I knew I should have to leave im. I am always thinking of Him. I feel to care for othing, only watch Him and hear Him talk. Often when am sitting in the nursery thinking about Him, He comes nd says, "Dear Nanna, kiss Nanna, dood Nanna." I shall ever forget Him. I shall often fancy I hear His little voice, o, dear Madam, will you kindly think it over, and let me now. Do not think it unkind of me, but it is my Precious ne I am thinking of, and I should be very sorry if I stayed, nd it caused any unpleasantness.

All I hope He will have some one to love Him as I do, hen I am sure they will get on, for I love Him as if He were ıy own.

I only wish I could take Him with me. I beg to thank oth you and Mr. Jopling for your kindness to me while I ave lived with you.

Yours obediently,
M. CATER.

Whilst I was staying at the Cottage in the summer, Miss annah de Rothschild (afterwards Lady Rosebery) invited me or a week-end to Mentmore. To go from that little cottage o the stately mansion was, to reverse the usual simile, to go om the ridiculous to the sublime.

I remember we had just heard of Miss Thackeray's engage- ent to Mr. Ritchie, who was quite twenty years younger an she was. The probability of its being a success was iscussed. It was in reality an ideal marriage, the discrepancy

of age, in this instance, not being any drawback to mutual happiness.

Miss Thackeray had preceded me on this week-end visit, and Miss de Rothschild told me that the chief topic of conversation happened to be on the inadvisability of women marrying men so much younger than themselves. Miss Thackeray seemed quietly amused, but did not say much. After she left, she wrote and told Miss de Rothschild that she herself was on the eve of marrying a man twenty years younger than herself. It was said that when the young man was still a tiny mite his future wife had often held him in her arms. As so often happens, when the greater age is on the side of the wife, the marriage of these two was an ideally happy one.

This August was the tercentenary of Rubens. Antwerp, his birthplace, was going to celebrate it *en grande fête*. Joe and I made up our minds to go over and witness it, as there were to be many pictures of the great Master lent from private collections that we should never have the chance of seeing again. The Painters' Congress, for which we had a ticket, held a Session in the Cercle Artistique, where I had the great pleasure of meeting again my friend, the celebrated Belgian artist, Alfred Stevens.

The "Fête" was the most picturesque affair that I have ever witnessed. Processions of people all dressed in the time of Rubens; illuminated gardens, decorated streets, and religious ceremonies performed in the large Square of the place, and all the country people thronging to the town attired in their picturesque costumes.

We returned to the Cottage to welcome my brother Fred (who was on leave from China) and the very pretty girl to whom he was engaged. Couples who are in love are never very interesting. They are either too affectionate in public, making it rather embarrassing for their audience or else they are shy and ignore each other, so that on

ngs to leave them alone to carry on at their own sweet ill.

I feel I must be an ideal hostess to engaged couples, because am always so occupied, that I perforce leave them very much o themselves, an arrangement that, I am sure, meets with heir entire approval.

In the autumn we went to Balcarres.

I see in a letter to my boy, Percy, I say :

There are some very nice people staying here. Lord and ady Rosehill are charming. The latter is rather like a apanese, and she is going to sit to me in London.

Mr. Doyle is here. He is the artist who drew the frontis-iece of "Punch." You will see "his mark" there.

His name is Richard, so in the left-hand corner there is a ttle dickie bird seated on a D. He is always called Dicky oyle.

Miss Gaetano is staying here for a week. She sings merican nigger songs in a most seductive manner. A Mr. rummond is here, who also sings. Charley Bethune, you emember him perhaps, and Colonel Grant.

Being rather knocked up in the spring of '78, Lady Lindsay nvited me to go down with her to Lord Bury's house at Muddiford (Elmhurst, Christchurch), which he had lent her. When I got home, I described to Joe the fright we had ex-erienced about our host's wines. Lord Bury had given ady Lindsay the key of his cellar, and she had told her wedish maid at dinner to get us some claret. The bottle hat she brought us looked ordinary enough, but, after a little, dawned upon us that we ought to find out what we were rinking. On questioning her, she said :

"Oh, my lady, the bottle, when I took it from the cellar, as all covered with nasty hair and dirt. Of course I washed before bringing it up to your ladyship."

We had been drinking the choicest Burgundy, and treating it like *vin ordinaire*! It had been given to Lord Bury by the King of the Belgians. We were much chaffed when we made our confession.

These were the days when ladies' Clubs were few and far between. I was elected a member of one of the first. It was what is popularly known as a Cock and Hen Club. When the Rules were drafted, and the mixed Committee was appointed, the sentence commonly used, "with power to add to their numbers," was discreetly deleted.

In a letter to Joe, when he was at the Cottage, and I in town, I mention it:

You see, here I am at my Club. I have had a solitary dinner, and have not met anyone I know. Nevertheless, I have rather enjoyed the quiet and entire freedom from worry that the Club gives one. No Eliza, no Mrs. Reynolds; no ringing at the bells; and, above all, no music next door. Why, it must be the next best thing to heaven!

I see they want to get up a table d'hôte here. I think I shall sign the memorial, as I should like to make it a rule to dine here once a week, and you at your Club.

In deference to the male members, there was a smoking-room, which was placarded "Men only." I was dining there one night, with Joe and a friend as my guests. There was not another member, male or female, in the Club. My men wanted to smoke, and as they did not like to leave me in solitary state in the drawing-room they proposed that I should join them. Nothing loath, I did. A day or two after I had a grave admonition from the Committee, to tell me that I had broken one of the rules of the Club. Those days were very different to these! Another evening I was dining there, and I noticed a large table set for about a dozen. I inquired who were dining. I was told it was for a party of clergymen,

d presently in they trooped, looking very demure and lemn.

When the dinner had proceeded as far as the entrée, they ere very hilarious, and as I went to pay for mine, the cashier's ble being quite close to theirs, I heard one of the diners y: "Oh, come now! Isn't that rather an after-dinner ory?" I think the real after-dinner stories must have een exceedingly racy!

In June, Joe went for a cruise in the *Zuleika*, Arthur ennard's yacht. I was not, at the best of times, a good ilor, so I did not go. By my letters to him I do not seem have been at all dull during his absence. First and fore-ost, I had my baby, and then I was painting many portraits. ne Trixy Phillips, I allude to as "incorrigible." I remember e picture—it was a life-sized full-length—a child in white ated against a background of azaleas. It was placed very ell at the Academy. I quote from a letter:

In the afternoon I went to Wallis's Gallery. He was very acious. I met there Mr. Burgess (R.A.) and a Mr. Williams. hey were going on to Goupil's to see some French pictures, d they asked Percy and me to join them. So we went, and en on to see Herkomer's water-colour portraits of Wagner d his wife. They are very good colour. I met there J. D. atson, who told me that amongst five ladies chosen to in their new Society I was one of them. They are going send me particulars. I think I should like to join. Then e took a cab on to the Japanese Minister's wife. I saw the panese baby, quite a little darling. Douglas Murray and s wife were there. Yesterday Alice and I walked across e Park, and then took a hansom on to Mrs. Mayne's [later ady Seton]. We had a nice little luncheon. Hermann ezin, Phil Morris, and Bruce Seton were there. After ncheon we went and had tea at Morris', whose Studio is ext door. Such a nice one. Then we went to the Grosvenor

Gallery, where we found a congregation of swells to meet the Prince and Princess. The Prince introduced me to the Princess, and she was very nice, and liked my picture so much. I was introduced to Prince Leopold too, and Alec Yorke is going to bring him some day to see our Studio. I went in to tea with Prince Leopold, and the Prince of Wales cut me some cake right before the eyes of Mrs. Millais. She never mentioned this evening, by the by, but this morning's post brings an invitation, so I shall go on with Sophie Caird from the M'Ilwraiths'. Lylie Lindsay told me that Col. Lloyd Lindsay intended buying the portrait in armour that I did of Col. Charles. Won't that be nice? The man who took tea with us the last time we were at the Grosvenor, and who was very chatty and nice, was Lord Wharncliffe. The Prince of Wales introduced me to Mme de Gallifet. Prince Leopold told me that he had told Mrs. Langtry that I ought to paint her portrait, so now I think I may venture to ask her to sit. Whistler asked me to come to tea to meet her on Tuesday, but, alas, I cannot! Connie Rothschild asked me to dine next Tuesday too. I am sorry I cannot. Mrs. Leyland is going to fetch me this evening.

Thursday morning.—I got your letter last night, dear, when I came home from dining at the Club with Mrs. Caird, Capt. Moncrieff, and Nita Gaetano, so I could not send you an answer by return. Now I have Nita Gaetano, Trixy, and Mrs. Yorke all coming to sit this morning.

I remember meeting, one evening, the then Chinese Ambassador at Mrs. Arthur Kennard's. One of his suite sang a love song, in a high falsetto voice, which was followed by one from an Englishman with a deep bass. It was amusing to see the Chinaman looking with amazement at the singer's boots, where he evidently thought the sound proceeded from.

One afternoon the Douglas Murrays invited the Chinese Ambassadress to a reception of "Women only," as in those

ys no mere man was allowed to look upon the face of "The ttering Lily," as she was called. The great lady hobbled on the smallest feet one had ever seen, supported by two ids of honour on either side, whose feet were only a shade ger than their august mistress's. The Ambassadress was essed magnificently in embroidered satin, and her hair was mmed down on each side of her face, making it look like ılptured ebony. On her temples the hair was shaved to e form she affected as being most becoming to her face. don't think that she spoke any English, but her manners ere charming.

CHAPTER XIV

AND now I enter upon the saddest period of the whole of my long life.

It wrings my heart, even now, to look back upon it. If "many waters cannot quench love," neither can the lapse of time make any alteration in love and grief. Memory, which can be either a curse or a blessing, keeps alive for us all that has been.

Thank God for that! I would not lose the remembrance of these years, with all the sadness that encompassed them, for the riches of Golconda.

"I and Sorrow sat together" for two long years, and the experiences of that time make me fully realize all the heart pangs that the poor mothers bore in the late Great War.

When my Percy came home for the summer holidays, he looked the picture of health, but, as often happens with that fell disease, consumption, appearances were deceptive. I noticed, however, that when walking up any hill he seemed breathless.

Dr. Broadbent, then the great specialist for any diseases of the chest, to whom I took him, told me:

"Your son has his lungs very seriously attacked; he must spend the winter abroad; otherwise, I cannot answer for the consequences."

I shall never forget that ride home in the hansom, with Death staring me in the face for one of my beloved ones, and all the time I had to simulate the highest of spirits, in order not to let my dear boy suspect anything. When I told him

the doctor had advised his not going back to school, but go abroad instead, he was wild with excitement, and his gue never stopped chattering about where we should ide to go.

Luckily this year I could very well manage to go abroad, I had an order to paint life-sized portraits of the Rajah Kapurthala and his son, for the sum of seven hundred neas. Val Prinsep had been asked to paint them, but at t time he was very much occupied with his Durbar picture. he could not execute the commission, he very kindly ommended me.

At the Academy I had exhibited two portraits—Mrs. nes Tomkinson and Miss Beatrix Phillips.

Joe, instead of going abroad, thought he would prefer to in the Studio he had taken, where he could sleep as well, l occupy himself in looking out for a house for us against return. And so it was arranged. I had a busy time, ore starting, in packing up all our goods and chattels and ding them off to be stored. Joe's Studio in Trafalgar uare was very comfortable, and his next-door neighbour s that delightful man and artistic genius, Holman Hunt.

After I had shut up the Cottage, warehoused the furniture Clareville Grove—as we had let it for the remainder of lease—installed Joe in the Studio in Trafalgar Square, cked up myself and little family, I, with Percy and Lind-, went off to spend the winter in Italy. I had chosen rdighera, because an artist friend of mine, Carl Schloesser, ways went there every winter, and he was full of its ises.

One of the best friends I ever had, I met that winter—arence Bicknell. He had a beautiful little Villa, called the la Rosa. He was a clergyman, although when I knew him had long ceased to work at his profession.

Then there was a Mrs. Stephens, whose son has made a me for himself in the artistic world as Reynolds Stephens.

We found a commodious little house to let, the Vil Ruffini, named after a celebrated novelist.

The sun and the beautiful air soon worked wonders wit my dear invalid's health, and as he was always full of life an vim I looked forward to a complete cure.

To my great delight, the Anstruthers passed throug Bordighera on their way to San Remo, and came to luncheo and extolled the *risotto* that I gave them, and that my ol Italian cook made to perfection. They were much amuse at the name of Lindsay's nurse, Apollonia, who really looke the name, as she was a creature of massive proportions. wonder if our English name "Polly," supposed to be th short for "Mary," is an abbreviation of Apollonia. legacy from the Romans perhaps.

Joe was a very good correspondent, and gave me all th home news. The famous trial, Whistler *v.* Ruskin, came o in November of this year.

Ruskin criticized Whistler's art in a quite unjustifiabl manner, and Whistler brought an action against him. H won his suit, but was only awarded one farthing damages.

Baron Huddlestone, who tried the case, was anything bu sympathetic to the plaintiff, asking him questions such as :

"How long do you take to knock off one of your pictures ?

"Oh, I knock off one possibly in a couple of days." (Laughter.)

"And that was the labour for which you asked tw hundred guineas ?"

And then Whistler made the historic answer :

"No ; it was for the knowledge gained through a life time." (Applause.)

Baron Huddlestone said that if this manifestation o feeling were repeated he should have to clear the court. notice that he made no remark to those who indulged i laughter.

Joe wrote to me :

I have not seen Jimmy since the verdict, but I hear he
ery jolly over it. I should say it would cost him about
ee or four hundred pounds. The Fine Art Society is
ing up a subscription to defray Ruskin's costs, but I have
heard of any movement of the sort on behalf of the other
.

Puleston told me all about poor Stewart's death. He had
y just come in from paying a lot of calls, amongst others
mentioned you, and told Puleston you were the nicest
nan in England, and then he fell back and died.

This was the year that Sir Frederic Leighton was made
sident of the Royal Academy. The Arts Club gave him
inner, and Joe writes me a graphic description of it :

5th Dec. 1878.

The dinner at the Arts Club was a great success. Over
sat down. Only 80 in the large room—and some 40 or
in the small adjoining one. Marks was in the chair, and
Buzzard was Vice-Chairman. On the right of Marks
Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A., the guest of the evening,
on his left Millais, the latest member of the Club. Marks
ke admirably, and Leighton, of course, to perfection.
t most thought the speech of the evening was Millais'.
told an anecdote with great effect—how on his first intro-
ction to Thackeray (who had just returned from Italy),
author of "Vanity Fair" said: "Millais, my boy, you
st look to your laurels—I have just made the acquaintance
Rome of a young English painter who will cut you all out.
is a clever dog, and will, I will make you a bet, some day
President of the Royal Academy!" Millais was an
sociate then, and thought he might arrive at this high dis-
ction in time, so asked the name of this unknown genius,
d when Thackeray said, "Frederic Leighton," he laughed
d confessed he had never heard of him. Jack went on to

say that he wished Thackeray was alive to see his prophec fulfilled. Something of this sort. What he said was ad mirably spoken, and conveyed a great impression as to th oratorical powers of our new member. Yates, who, yo know, can be nothing if not personal, said in speaking of th new member that he had long been lingering about the Gat (of the Club), until at length driven into the fold by tha " old grey collie dog, Mr. Joseph Jopling "—a remark neithe complimentary to Jack nor myself, I think. Tom Angel made a very amusing speech about the Committee, an Buzzard a most excellent one in proposing the health of th Chairman. In fact, there was but one feeling in the Club and that was, better after-dinner speaking is seldom heard and many regretted the absence of reporters. I daresay bore you with all these minutiæ, but you asked me to giv you an account of the dinner, and I have done so to th best of my ability.

One appreciates hearing from one's friends, when one i abroad, and I had many kind correspondents, amongst th number Kitty Perugini, daughter of Charles Dickens, wh writes :

I am so sorry you are away ! It was so nice to have you I feel now I hardly made enough of you when I had you Well, never mind. You are coming back again—and the you shall see ! Tell me all you do—and give my love to Perc and the Babs. Val Prinsep (whom we happened to meet i Paris) said he liked Percy very much, and seemed to be struc by his kind and gentle care of that small tyrant. Mrs. —— dined with us last night. She was cattish—and I though of my blessed and generous Lou ! The comparison, I an afraid, was odious to one.

Kitty Perugini and I used to make a practice of dinin

LOUISE JOPLING LINDSAY JOPLING

PERCY ROMER

leux at each other's houses, when our husbands went to
y billiards at the Arts Club. Only by this means could
o very busy people get to know each other intimately.

I first met Kitty Peru (the name by which her friends
e to call her) at a Ladies' Night at the Arts Club, Hanover
uare. I remember so well being struck with her elegance
d her beautiful, sympathetic manner. She had quantities
golden hair, and her eyes were of a tender blue, with a
ightful hint of humour in them. We had much in common
h each other, as she also was an artist. Our lengthy
endship has been a source of infinite delight to me.

CHAPTER XV

THE new year seemed full of possibilities, and I had the great happiness of feeling that our stay abroad was really benefiting my beloved son.

To add to my pleasure Joe writes, and says that our friends, Val Prinsep and Luke Fildes, were made Associates.

VILLA RUFFINI,
BORDIGHERA.

MY DEAR JOE,

Thank you for writing about the elections. I am glad! glad!! glad!!! I have written to Val and Fildes.

I have had such an amusing letter from a man, who offers me a travelling-bag in exchange for one of my pictures!

I think a month will be enough for me to finish, for the Academy, Day's and Mrs. Romilly's portraits. I shall have nothing much this year for the Grosvenor, so you must do something extra good—to keep the name up!

It turns out to be rather lucky that Babs was photographed as the poor little mite has measles now, a slight attack, and he has them favourably, but you can picture him in bed, by the side of which I am writing—very tyrannical, and not allowing me to move from his side. I will write to you every day how he goes on, but as I shall nurse him entirely and good nursing is everything, I am hoping in a few days he will be all right again.

Babs wants me to tell him about a big elephant, so I must finish. Sometimes he makes me tell him about "poor Christ.

The next time I wanted Lindsay photographed, he commenced to whimper.

"Why, what's the matter?" I said.

He replied piteously: "I don't want to get the measles!"

His little mind evidently considered that the one was the ıse of the other.

Nursing my baby boy had rather knocked me up, and, vards the end of the winter, Sir Robert proposed that I ould move on to San Remo. In order to induce me to do he gave me an order to paint his portrait.

He was charmingly good-looking, and I loved the idea of ınting him. Our little goods and chattels were easily noved to San Remo. Carl Schloesser was most helpful packing up my Rajah's portraits for me, and I bade od-bye to Bordighera.

It was a lovely, lovely time there with our dear friends. e didn't neglect to improve our minds, and we all took sons from a Signor Bonetti. Sir Robert evidently thought was possible to kill two birds with one stone; for one day, ilst I was doing a sketch of his sailor son, Bobbie, he came d read to me.

"Did you understand that?" he asked me. I stared at n. "Why, the Italian I have been reading to you!"

"Oh!" I gave myself away. "Were you reading lian?"

He was amusingly indignant.

"I never saw such a woman! I will never read to you ain. I hate you when you have your painting face on!"

People who don't paint imagine that it is done without y mental effort at all. I remember once a woman saying me: "It must be so delightful to paint, whilst all sorts of autiful fancies are passing through your mind!" I don't ow if I convinced her that concentration on the object front of us was all our mind was concerned about.

The time came when I had to return to London. My

friends, the Anstruthers, insisted upon my leaving Percy i their care, until it was safe for him to return to Englan Their kindness relieved me of a great deal of anxiety, and knew Percy would be perfectly happy with them.

I had a charming love-letter from my husband :

21 *Feb.* 1879.

. . . I was glad to get your nice letter last night conveyin the welcome news that you would be home in a week.

One never knows the treasures one possesses until they a lost, or obscured, but I do feel now that I have the deare and most precious wife in the world, as I hope you have, not the best, at least the most devoted of husbands.

P.S.—I lunched with Jack Millais to-day. I walked wit him part of the way to town, and then I said I must retu to write to my wife. He told me to give you his love, a to say that he still hoped you would be his second wife, a he your third husband. That was a message, I replied, would first convey to Mrs. Millais—but I don't think I will

As soon as I was home, Col. Charles Lindsay brought friend of his to have his portrait painted—the Rev. Barn He was one of those delightful sporting parsons of whom the are so few left in England. He amused me, the whole the time I was painting him, by his anecdotes.

He talked continually of a certain Jezebel and Toad Toadie I found out was his little girl.

" But who is Jezebel ? " I asked.

" Oh, my wife."

" Why do you call her that ? " I queried.

" Oh, when I married, rather late in life, we went aw for the usual parson's week—that is from the Monday of o week to the Saturday of the next—and coming home late had no time to pick and choose a sermon, so I took the fi

hat came to hand. It proved to be all about Jezebel, and he plaiting of hair, etc.; in fact, a regular tirade against vomen of the Jezebel class. 'Oh, the Parson's found 'em ut,' my parishioners said; so now I always call my wife Jezebel.'"

When my Rajah's portraits were finished, Sir Charles Rivaz was quite willing that I should exhibit them in next ear's Academy, and he writes from Kapurthala that: "All ere are most gratified at the accounts I have given them of he pictures, and they will be thoroughly appreciated."

I sent two pictures to the Paris Salon, sending them first o my dear master, Monsieur Chaplin, for his criticism. He writes:

25 RUE DE LISBONNE.

Vos deux tableaux sont arrivés depuis plusieurs jours et ous pouvez être tranquille sur leur envoi à l'Exposition. Je es trouve très bons, beaucoup meilleurs que je ne supposais. Continuez, Ne vous occupez pas du titre. En Paris cela st inutile, quand la peinture est bonne. Laissez les titres, t la description du sujet aux Anglais, qui ne comprennent bsolument rien a l'Art. . . .

Le peinture doit vivre par elle-meme sans le secours idicule d'aucune anecdote ou histoire quelconque.

Mille choses affectueuses.

Our water-colourists were always admired, however, and o were our black-and-white men. My master used to say, "Prenez du Ponch tous les jours," which translated meant, "Look at Charles Keene's drawings every day." The French tyled him "The King of England."

I finished my picture called "The Challenge," the subject f which was given me by Mr. Day.

He was one of the fervent admirers of Mary, Queen of cots.

I depicted the moment that one of the Dymokes, whose

sole right it is to be the King's challenger, throws the mailed glove upon the ground, declaring that whoever takes up his challenge must fight him in deadly combat. It is said that when the first Hanoverian ascended the throne of England, at the instant of the throwing down of the glove, a beautiful young girl rushed out from between the ranks of the spectators, picked it up, and disappeared.

It was this incident that my friend wished painted. The picture when completed was sent up, with two others, to the Royal Academy and accepted, but not hung.

However, my kind patron wrote me :

I am very sorry to hear of your ill-luck. For myself you must not think that I am at all disappointed. I value it first because I admired it, and secondly and much more because it was your work. Of neither of these sources of satisfaction can the hangers deprive me, and I shall be very glad to have it at Hendon.

The friendly spirit expressed by this letter did much to soothe my amour-propre.

My portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Romilly was well hung. She was a charming woman, very cultivated and well-read, and we used to have most interesting talks whilst she was sitting.

Our search for a house resulted in our taking one in Beaufort Street, Chelsea. This exactly suited us, but as Studios cannot be built without money Joe commuted his pension, and with it we were able to buy the remainder of the lease, and build our two Studios. When this was done we had only our palettes and brushes to depend upon for existence.

We commissioned a friend of ours, Mr. Burgess, a celebrated architect in his day, to design our two Studios, and it was great fun planning them. The architect and I used to

par occasionally about the proportions—but I always posed im by asking:

"Who is going to use the Studio—you or I?"

The garden was a great feature. It was about an acre, nd was a portion of that belonging to Sir Thomas More's Palace, at the then village of Chelsea.

To the east was the original boundary wall, and growing upon this was an aged vine whose enormous clusters of grapes rivalled those of the celebrated tree at Hampton Court. It was a charming house to live in. Leading from the drawing-room to my Studio was a greenhouse, which grew, before my time, luscious purple grapes. In making the Studio, the roots of these grapes had to be partly cut, as the big trunk grew outside. We used to pour bullock's blood round the remaining roots, to make up for the losses the vine had sustained. When the summer came, we found that it had thrown out plenty of leaves, making a pleasant green shade, but had condescended to produce only one bunch, a monster one, and this happened each year afterwards.

In the garden we had a large mulberry tree, so old that its trunk had to be bound round by iron bands. In spite of its age, it was most prolific, and when the mulberries were ripe I was seldom without fingers stained a brilliant crimson.

When we took the house there was a fountain in the middle of an ornamental lake, but as I had dire visions of my baby tumbling into it and being drowned I had it removed.

It was a great delight to me when my new Studio was finished, and I was able to work in it—all alone in my glory, as Joe's Studio was on the other side of the house.

To Percy:

3rd May 1879.

. . . The Prince and Princess of Wales are going to the Grosvenor Gallery on Sunday afternoon, and we have been invited, with a few others, to meet them. I enjoyed the

Varnishing Days and Private Views at the R.A. and Grosvenor Gallery very much last week.

We dined at Tom Taylor's last Monday, where some people took me for Joe's daughter!! Coghlan, the actor, came and had tea with me on Tuesday. He reminds me very much of your Uncle Charley. He is not so nice off the stage as on, I think.

However, I found Coghlan improve on further acquaintance.

Evidently I had to pay for my enjoyment of the Private View, and Grosvenor Gallery Sunday afternoon, for I see by a letter from my sister that I am again ill.

Alice writes to Percy:

Your dear Mother has been on and off very ill ever since her return from Italy. I am so sorry for her. This morning Toby and I went up to see her, and found her still in bed, though much better than yesterday. I do hope that she will soon be very much better. I can't bear to think of her being so ill.

In May I write to Percy in pencil, because I am still a prisoner to my bed:

I ought to commence a new portrait to-morrow, and I shall have to write and put it off. Is it not a bother?

I wish I could see the lakes; your description makes my mouth water. You must do me some sketches. I should like to picture the place that you have been to without me.

Kitty Perugini has a most charming picture in the Academy—a little girl knitting—so very well painted. It is on the line, and she sold it on the Private View Day. I was not able to go to the Varnishing this year. I have been

MRS. GEOFFREY COCKELL

missing no end of nice things. This evening we were to have dined at the Lindsays' to meet Rhoda Broughton. We lunched at Lady de Rothschild's the Private View Day of the Grosvenor Gallery, and then we went to see Lady "Nathaniel" R., and she gave me such a nice big photograph of my portrait of Evelina.

They have moved Millais' portrait of the boy, and put mine in its place!

I think I knocked myself up, by commencing to model a portrait of Col. Charles Lindsay in clay. Holding up one's arms for so long a time at a stretch was evidently too much for me. I remember, after my sitter left me, I used to lie flat down on the floor of my Studio, until I somewhat recovered from my fatigue. During my illness the poor bust fell to pieces, because there was no one to sprinkle it with water and keep it in a damp state.

To Percy:

BEAUFORT STREET,
May 8th, 1879.

. . . Lady Lindsay wants me to go with her to Lymington, but I don't think I shall, as I do not feel equal to railway travelling.

Write and congratulate Mrs. Perugini on her success in the Academy, and tell her all news of yourself. She would like it, and she is so kind and nice to you.

THE COTTAGE STOCKS,
May 29th, 1879.

I am so sorry that I cannot come and fetch you. How I am longing to, and how I wish I could. The Doctor will not allow me to return to town for a fortnight, and I have no end of work to do!

Directly Percy returned home, looking so bronzed and

well, I took him to Dr. Broadbent, who expressed himself as very pleased with the result of the winter abroad.

"All he wants now is a sea voyage to cure him completely."

I told him that I had a sister who lived in Australia, and did he think that would be a good place for him to go to?

"The very thing," he said. "And, if he can stay there for a whole winter, you need have no further anxiety about him."

I was overjoyed, and the prospect of my dear boy being permanently cured took away the sting of the separation.

Although I perfectly well knew that this advice would probably be given, it was a great sorrow to me to lose my dear boy so soon again, and I could not bear to think of his being so very far away from me; but there was nothing else to be done—his health was my first consideration.

I had glowing accounts of the benefit a trip out to Sydney would ensure, and as my eldest sister, Fanny Vaillant, was settled there, with her three children, Percy would only be leaving one home for another. And didn't Sir William Broadbent assure me that a trip to Australia was the only thing to complete the cure?

If one could sometimes look into the future and be enabled to change one's plans, what a lot of misery one might be spared!

I had to be much in town, unfortunately, finishing work that was important, but I followed the doctor's advice, and kept Percy all the rest of the summer at the Cottage.

This year George Boughton and Hubert Herkomer were the successful aspirants to the honour of being elected Associates of the Royal Academy.

Herkomer was full of ambition and enthusiasm, as the following letter from him shows. I had written to congratulate him on his election as Associate of the Royal Academy.

June 21st.

Only yesterday I got your kind letter of congratulation addressed to the Arts, for which I beg you will accept my most hearty thanks. I feel my career hardly commenced, and I certainly consider myself fortunate in having gained so much at thirty. As I can reasonably hope for another thirty years' lease of life, the thought of what can be done in that time makes me eager, energetic, and happy.

George Boughton, R.A., had one of the most fascinating of personalities. His work was artistic and original. One could say of him that he painted like none other. He was blest with the sweetest of dispositions, and I never heard him say an unkind word of anyone.

We were with him at an exhibition of pictures one day, when we heard that William Morris was going to give a lecture on Greek Art. We declared that we would not miss it for worlds, and I and my husband and George Boughton arranged to dine just near, at the Palais Royal Restaurant, and walk over afterwards. Our dinner was so good, and we were in such hilarious spirits, that I fear all wish to improve our minds had left us. "Let's go to the Empire, and study Greek Art there," said George Boughton, to which we readily agreed, and we were enabled to study "the human form divine" to our artistic soul's content. The way we studied Greek Art remained for long a joke between us.

Joe came into my Studio one day, in a great state of delight; he had just been seeing Millais.

"Jack has promised to paint a head of you for me!"

We had great discussions as to what I should wear. I had at that time a dress that was universally admired. It was black, with coloured flowers embroidered on it. It was made in Paris. I remember so well dressing for my first sitting. My old housekeeper went out early and bought me some lovely carnations.

"There," she said, as she watched me pin them into the front of my gown, "something of mine will be in Sir John Millais' picture."

I was still delicate at the time, and the sittings tired me very much. I was quite knocked up. Millais, talking of it afterwards, used to say, "I nearly killed you!" Speaking of my youngest son to him, he said:

"Why, he's my godson, and I never gave him a cup! Never mind"—and the adorable twinkle shone in his eyes—"I'll give him the mug of his mother."

A very nice christening present, my son thinks. In spite of his admiration, or perhaps because of it, he has lately presented it to the Nation, and it hangs now in the National Gallery.

Millais' family had already gone to Scotland, where he was to join them later on, so that he and I had the place entirely to ourselves. I arrived there about 10.30, stood until lunch-time, and then had about another hour after. It took him exactly five days. But then I sat with all the knowledge of a portrait painter. I knew that the better I sat, the sooner the work would be finished, and, also, the better the portrait would be. And so it turned out, for Millais' portrait of me is considered to be the finest woman portrait he ever painted. He used to laugh, and say, "It takes always two to paint a portrait—the artist and the sitter." Rather a deplorable thing happened to me, however. Of course I naturally made my expression as charming as I possibly could, and on the third day it was just delightful in the portrait. An imperceptible smile was on the lips, and in the eyes shone a tender, soft expression. I was more than satisfied. We commenced talking about other things, and, alas, I forgot to keep on my designedly beautiful expression, for our subject was something that made me feel very indignant, and suddenly Millais said:

"Oh, we mustn't go on talking about this!" and looked doubtfully at me, and doubtfully at the picture.

Down I jumped off the model table, and ran to look at t. All its beautiful expression had vanished, and in its place had come the look that I must have had—a defiant, rather hard one. Some of my friends, whilst admiring the portrait, said :

"But, thank goodness, we don't see you look like that."

Still, perhaps it is as well, for no doubt the face gained in character, and perhaps, to live with, is better than a sugary-sweet expression.

It was exhibited by Sir Coutts Lindsay's wish in the Grosvenor Gallery the next year. After the Exhibition was opened a piece of poetry appeared in "The World." It was called "A Portrait by Millais," and signed with the initials "A. F."

Edmund Yates asked me if I knew who the author was, and I told him I guessed it was by a friend of mine, Albert Fleming, whom I had lost sight of since my marriage.

Here it is :

PORTRAIT BY MILLAIS

I am strong; for henceforth I hold
All the ages in fee;
I shall live when the tangled green grasses
Are waving o'er thee.
I shall live, and thy children shall tell
How mine eyes have the old subtle spell
To draw all desires to me.

Most regnant am I, though a queen
Without sceptre or crown;
Yet I rule every heart with a smile,
And I curse with a frown.
With the touch of my soft finger-tips,
Or the madness that lies in these lips
I can raise as I will or cast down.

Pity! Shall I feel for the dog
That crouches when beat?
Shall I feel for a man when he bows,
When he falls at my feet?

Fool! Did Semiramis feel
For the slaves that she dragged at her wheel,
Through the laughter and scorn of the Street?

A. F.

Millais would not let Joe see the portrait whilst it was in progress. After he left town, I was told that I might take him to see it.

Millais, sensitive as all artists are, did not wish to be in the room when Joe saw it for the first time.

Of course he was charmed and delighted, and at once wrote to Millais and told him so, who answered:

EASTWOOD, DUNKELD,
Aug. 23rd, 1879.

My wife has just given me your letter. I am truly glad I have pleased my old friend. I thought you would be satisfied, because it went so comfortably, and I felt at liberty to do exactly what I liked.

The Millais portrait was exhibited by request in Paris, in Brussels, and in Buda-Pesth. Its last but one appearance out of my own home was to that splendid collection of Millais' work that was held at Burlington House, after his ever-to-be-regretted death.

Millais used to come, whenever we begged him to do so, to criticize our work, and no man in the world ever gave such frank, truthful, and kindly criticism.

"Yes, yes," he would say, "very good, but——" and the "but" would precede very careful and severe criticism. Then he would say, "Haven't you got any more work? I want to see lots, you know!"

He liked a friend to come in on a Sunday morning and see his work and talk over it, and then he would always say, "What's the news?" He loved to hear all about everybody, and he was so interested that it was a delight to

lk to him, especially as he would never repeat anything ld him.

Mr. Barlow, the engraver, wrote to Joe, saying: "I must con-atulate you upon the admirable portrait Millais has painted of our wife. I think it a splendid work! Just carried far enough. is perfect! I am sure you must be delighted with it."

Millais was a very witty man. He could say no end of ood things. At one of his shows before the Academy, the rincess of Wales said to him:

"I wonder you can bear to part with your pictures, Mr. Millais!"

"Oh, ma'am," Millais replied, "when I finish a picture, am just like a hen who has laid an egg. I say, 'Come and ake it away; come and take it away!' Then I start upon nother one."

When he was at the zenith of his fame, he met in Picca-illy an old school friend of his who had spent all his grown-p life abroad.

Millais, who never forgot a face, knew him at once, and ecalled himself to the man's recollection. "What! Johnny Millais? And what have you been doing with yourself ll these years? You used to paint a bit. Do you still eep it up?"

Millais was a splendid man to go to when one wanted ny advice. He had such a certainty of mind, just like his ouch in painting.

When I thought of starting a School of Art, in after years, told him about my project, and asked him whether he thought it would be a good plan if I taught sometimes by demonstration: viz., to paint a head from the model whilst the pupils looked on.

"Of course," said Millais, "that is the best way. If I wanted to teach a man how to play billiards, I would take the cue and show him how to hit the ball, instead of only telling him."

Whistler was a great admirer of the portrait. Whenever he came to see me, he used to walk up to the picture, and say "A great work!"

Millais once took back a portrait which he had painted for some people when he heard that they were not satisfied with it.

Joe was very anxious to sell it for him to an American who wanted a "Millais," but he refused to let it go. In a letter to Joe, he writes:

"After all, it might be thought not quite the thing on my part letting it go out of the country, when Mrs. ——'s children might some day like to possess it. What think you?

"They behaved very badly about it, but that is no reason why I should do likewise."

The last sentence is very typical of Millais. Anything petty was foreign to his nature. I never knew a man so utterly devoid of jealousy or spite.

THE FAR-AWAY HEART

CHAPTER XVI

AND now the time drew near for me to say good-bye to my boy. To my sorrow I could not see him off to Australia, as I had been ordered to Margate, after a severe illness, and from there write him :

FORT CRESCENT, MARGATE,
29th September '79.

I am writing on the chance of your getting this at Plymouth. I am so sorry that your first experience at sea is such a bad one as to-day. I have been doing nothing but look out at the sea, all day long. Aunt Mirro is coming to stay. I wish she was with me, as without you and my dear Babs I feel very lonely. In fact, as I told some one, I have only had one " merry thought," and that I have just eaten for lunch.

Mind write me a line every day (if you are well enough), because writing a little daily gives one a better idea of your life than if you wrote a retrospective description. The people upstairs, having perforce to stay indoors, are amusing themselves by singing such songs as " The Fine Old English Gentleman." Heard through a floor, and without a piano, it is terribly depressing. Apartments are intensely dull by oneself ! *Pour me distraire un peu*, I am reading aloud—also to shut out the noise—George Sand's " Histoire de ma vie," whilst carefully listening to my pronunciation, and writing down all words of which I do not thoroughly know the meaning. I have also written to Carl Schloesser to lend me a

German dictionary and grammar, and proposed that he should correct my exercises!

28 BEAUFORT STREET,
26th Oct. 1879.

Here I am after all, instead of at Westgate, where I had intended going. I am only feeling pretty well, and am not able to work yet. In time, I hope to do so, otherwise my big new Studio will not be of much use to me. I did a lot of Anatomy last week. Being Sunday, of course I have been interrupted. Lady Lindsay called, and we had a long chat together. Then Dr. and Miss Schlesinger, Mr. Dubourg, and his son; Mr. and Mrs. Perugini, and Mr. Pellegrini.

3rd November.

Expect a very short letter. I have been in bed three days, and only on the sofa in my bedroom to-day, and feel as weak as a cat, or as a rat. I am quite despairing of ever getting strong again, so shall be looking soon to you to help your poor old mother. Lindsay already thinks of doing it. He says he has got 6d.!

You know the tradesman, and his little girl's portrait. He can only pay £10, but I am doing it! as I have really nothing else. I don't know what will become of us if I don't get better. I am used to the ups and downs of life, but really my being unable to work would be a very "down" proceeding with a vengeance!

Alice Stibbard very kindly took me to consult Dr Matthews Duncan—a clever, capable Scotch doctor. "Freedom from anxiety and rest" were to cure me. Things sometimes impossible to get. Dr. Duncan had no sympathy with *malades imaginaires*. There is a story told of him that one of these, consulting him, was made extra nervous by his delay in pronouncing his opinion on her case:

"Oh, tell me, Doctor, what have I got?"

The Doctor made reply :

" Can you bear to hear the truth ? "

Stringing herself up for the worst, she cried :

" Oh, yes, Doctor. Tell me. I can bear it ! "

" Well, then "—in his broad Scotch accent—" there's naething at all the matter with you ! "

Was she relieved or annoyed, I wonder, at the Doctor's verdict ?

. . . . . .

The wrench to my heart at parting from my dear Percy for so long a period, and for such a far-away place as Australia, completely prostrated me, and the Doctor ordered me to Brighton for the winter.

Owing to my illness I could not execute the many orders I had got, to paint portraits. People are often attacked with a sudden mania for being painted, and if the first artist cannot accept the commission off they go to another.

Percy was able to send me a letter from Portsmouth. After that it was a long, long time to wait before I could hear again.

But the news that my boy had arrived safely in Sydney did me more good than even Brighton air.

I wrote to him :

ORIENTAL PLACE,
BRIGHTON.

Aunt Mirro has just written to me that your ship has arrived safely in Melbourne ! You can imagine my delight ! Although, had you seen me, you might have questioned it, because I indulged in a tiny little cry. I suppose novelists would have described it as " crying for joy." I am now, of course, more than ever longing to hear all about your voyage. In six weeks' time I shall hear. Baroness and Miss Stern called on me yesterday. They are going to take me out for some drives, for which I will be grateful, as driving daily in Bath chairs becomes expensive. I have just finished

Froude's "Cæsar," which is most delightful reading. I don't care much for George Eliot's last book, "Theophrastus Such." It is dogmatic and prosy. I finished "The Letters of Charles Dickens," which you would enjoy reading. Also Mrs. Brassey's "Voyage of the Sunbeam."

Poor old O'Neil, the R.A., is very ill. They don't think he is going to get better this time, poor old fellow! I have just been writing to Millais, who was very kind when I was ill, and sent me half a dozen bottles of champagne, in which I am now indulging, as I was not allowed to take any before.

I hope you are not engaged, by the by. I have just been reading a novel of Anthony Trollope's, in which the hero gets engaged going out to Australia.

What a time of boredom it was at Brighton, away from my beloved work! I was glad to see the end of '79.

In spite of sorrow and ill-health, I managed to complete eighteen pictures during the year.

CHAPTER XVII

BRIGHTON, 1880.

PEOPLE seemed to have very kindly interested themselves about my health. A picture-dealer wrote to me: "I had a visit to-day from Prince Leopold, and took special care to show him your three pictures which are here. H.R.H. admired them very much indeed, but I thought it would specially gratify you to know that the Prince inquired most kindly after your health and seemed pleased to hear that you were better, and had not been obliged to leave England, as he told me he had heard was probable."

. . . . . .

My doings are all detailed in my letters to Percy, which were written to him every Sunday.

I have taken extracts from them, and the more intimate details, which would not interest my readers, I have left out.

January 4th, 1880.

Well! Here we are, dear, in 1880. . . . Mrs. Arthur Wagg took me to call one day on Sir Albert Sassoon, and who should be staying there but the Edward Kennards.

She is a wonderful actress, and they had got up an elaborate joke to mystify Sir Albert. She came into the room dressed up as one of the Miss Horace Smiths (well-known people living here), and Sir Albert was introduced, and talked to her a great deal. Her get-up was simply splendid. I didn't recognize her one bit when first she came into the room. Of course we all played up to her, and Sir Albert sent many

messages to Mrs. Kennard's room, begging her to come down. Mrs. Kennard kept up quite a half-hour's conversation with Sir Albert, and then a message came down from Lady Sassoon: "Would Miss S. come up and see her?" Another lady had promised to personate the second Miss S., but she had backed out of it at the last moment, and what do you think Mrs. K. did? Changed her wig, and her mannerism, and re-entered as the second Miss S. Sir Albert was again completely taken in. He said he "liked the second one better than the first one!"

After she had said good-bye, down she came again as herself, and Sir Albert expatiated to her on the treat she had missed. Was it not clever of her?

January 11th, 1880.

. . . Lady Lindsay came down last Monday and then Mrs. Moncrieff [Nita Gaetano] for a couple of nights. Whilst she was here we got up a musical afternoon, which was considered the best Brighton had ever had. Lady Lindsay played the violin extremely well, much to the admiration of Capt. Budd (Mrs. Dickinson's nephew); Watts, R.A.; Lady Castletown (Lady Sebright's mother); the two Miss Youngs; Sir Albert Sassoon; Ingrams ("Illustrated News" people); Mr. and Mrs. Knowles (he is the editor of "The Nineteenth Century"); and others. I saw old O., who amused me as he always does. He was describing a man, and called him "a sparkling, crystallized Christian." Did you ever hear such adjectives?

The Dean of Jersey's son and his wife are staying with the Sassoons—the Le Bretons. She is so nice.

January 17th, 1880.

I have nothing much to talk to you about my own doings. Lady Lindsay and I went up to town on Friday, and Mrs. Wagg kindly met me at the station, and drove me to the

Albemarle Club, where I had a basin of soup with Joe, Bob Carr, and Trendell, and then I went with the latter to judge the paintings for the Magazine of Art prizes. The first a boy got, and the second a girl. Marks and Fildes were the other judges. Not so bad to be mated with an R.A. and an A.R.A.! We then went with Trendell and three other men (publishers and editors) to a splendid luncheon at a new hotel, the Continental. A resolution has been passed at the Academy to admit of women being made Associates, and Mrs. Butler will certainly be elected next time. My name is not down yet, but, if I keep well, I hope to get in before the next ten years! Minnie Young has written a play in which she wishes me to act. I took tea with the Misses Smith, the daughters of Horace Smith, part author of the "Rejected Addresses," which you, illiterate boy! no doubt have not read. I am now reading "The Life of Haydn," which Mr. Day lent me. It is most interesting.

By the by, I heard that Norman Shaw, R.A., had said that Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Jopling were the two women who had the greatest chance of being elected A.R.A.'s.

Monday, January 26th, 1880.

Yesterday I couldn't write, because Carlo and Kitty Perugini were spending the day with me, and we had so much talking and laughing to do that there was no time for anything else. Trendell came also and brought me an order for 30 guineas. Better than nothing in these hard times. I don't know, however, if I can do it. It is to paint on a kind of prepared cloth with dyes, and the result is that it looks like tapestry. I am going to try, however—nothing like that! They have given me the subject: a little girl holding buttercups, but, as I do not think it a suitable one for decorative purposes, I am going to change it. I think it ought to be an allegorical design.

A young man I have met down here, named Wyllie, has

given me three letters of introduction for you. Letters to women are always useful. They often do more for you than men. Joe is not at all well. His head is queer. He has had to have mustard poultices on the back of his neck. Lindsay is most flourishing and can read and do sums, and copies wonderfully well. He is a dear good little fellow. I had a pair of silver anklets sent me the other day. The donor said I might change them for anything else, so I have sent them back, as although they are the fashion, it is not one I admire.

Meanwhile, friends often wrote to cheer me up, and Mr. Schlesinger was amongst the kindest:

January 27th, 1880.

The good news that I had received these days from Millais and Schloesser about your health inspire me with the courage to send you a few lines.

I want to tell you how much I sympathize with you, how deeply I regret your enforced absence from town, how sadly we all want you back again.

No sun, no warmth, no Louise, no Ich liebe dich; instead, endless fogs, biting frost, hideous newspapers, and hateful politics! Do come back, pray, restored in health, and let your glorious face shine again upon us miserable creatures.

I wish I could send you some pleasant news to cheer you up, but—would it interest you to know that Schloesser has bought "some wonderfully" fine chairs, which are fit only for criminals to sit upon? Or that George Lewis, Jun., treacherously drowns your memory in admiration for Mrs. Linton? or the snow has fallen at Bordighera? or that if I were the Royal Academy I should make you the first female R.A.?

There is absolutely nothing worth writing to you, but best and sincerest wishes for your speedy recovery. May they be fully fulfilled!

In his next letter he tells me :

GARRICK CLUB,
January 30th, 1880.

Lady Benedict is really nice ; her face lights up charmingly, er behaviour is modest and engaging, her eyes are deep ack, her shirt frills are snow-white, and her age is after all ot so much below that of her husband, she being twenty-two, nd forty besides (her maiden name being Forty). Simonses e more in love with each other than before. Henschel's ve affairs are progressing as favourably as can be expected nder present circumstances.

Fancy, that I had these three loving couples at dinner st Friday ! People said it was a rather funny idea, but I tarted from the proposition that young lovers do not mind ndifferent cooking.

What a dear old man I am to answer all your questions ithout delay ! But then I was so immensely pleased with our letter, and did fully appreciate your kindness in answer- ng mine so soon. Still, I am in no way deceived by the heerful tone in which your letter was couched.

I feel and know that you are suffering, but it is just like ou to be brave, and to show a smiling face to your friends, o matter how much you may suffer yourself. May you oon be well and strong again, and when you come back to s, we shall, I give you my word for it, make a very great deal f you, a greater than the Scotch did of Gladstone, and the Queen did of Prince Albert, and the old Jews did of the Quails n the desert (which, I am sure, were not even *truffés*).

Best love from my wife and daughter, kindest regards from,

Yours most sincerely.

To Percy I write :

BRIGHTON,
16th Feb. 1880.

. . . Marie and Alice came down for the day, and whilst they were here, the beautiful Ellen Terry came in. I hear

my new Studio is very cold and damp, with a fire in, one degree above freezing-point! Pleasant news, is it not and I have to paint a portrait there on the first of March.

I am going to a concert with Lady Castletown to-morrow one of Kuhé's. I have had a photograph taken for the "Art Magazine," but no one likes it, which is a bore. I look like a fat cook in it! Which reminds me, I took Lin to a children's party where there was a magic-lantern. The photograph of Queen Victoria was shown. Out of the darkness a little voice was heard, "Oh, she looks like our cook!"

Feb. 1880.

I have been rather seedy, and really not able to write of an evening—perhaps because I have commenced my painting again, and it fatigues me. My Studio is now finished in Beaufort Street, and I am rather hankering after it, but I am so afraid of getting knocked up again.

Joe says that Millais is going to put my name down for election at the Academy.

Being very anxious to be at work again, I migrated from Oriental Place, and took some rooms over Lewis's, the jeweller's in the King's Road, where I had an extra room with a north light, and I at once victimized my little Lindsay as a model and painted a full-length of him in a pretty pale blue coat trimmed with grey fur.

To Percy:

I have seen a good many people I know from time to time, amongst the number Lady Castletown, Hamilton Aïdé, the Miss Horace Smiths (as they were always called), and my two especial friends, Bella Stevenson and Harriet Tomlin, the sisters of William Terriss.

Did I tell you that they talk of limiting the number of female students at the Royal Academy, because they carry

f all the prizes from the young men!!! Won't it be a ame if they do?

You will be amused! I have joined an Anatomical Class, st to keep me from worrying.

At last the Doctor allowed me to leave Brighton and return o London, where I occupied myself by keeping chickens at ne bottom of the large garden in Beaufort Street. They ere in the especial charge of my factotum, Mrs. Reynolds. he gave them all the most absurd names. Our cock was alled the General, and one of the hens the Duchess. She ad heard me say that I could not eat an egg unless I knew the our of its appearance in the world, and that I preferred aving an intimate acquaintance with its father and mother.

She would come and knock at my bedroom door, and n a voice full of mystery, would say, "Do you mind waiting ive minutes for your breakfast, ma'am?" "No; why?" 'I think the Duchess is just going to lay an egg!" I longed o tell her that I hated to eat it in that scarcely-set, fluid tate, but I should have greatly disappointed her, and so I ad to swallow the juvenile egg as best I could.

At one time or other Mrs. Reynolds witnessed an eclipse. She said it was so beautiful that it made her feel ill. She had the soul of a poetess.

My new Studio in Beaufort Street was a delightful room to work in, and big enough to make my piano—a large grand —look lost in it.

"Work," as Millais said to me, "is the great panacea," and I was thankful that after my return from Brighton I was able to throw myself into it and bear as well as I could the absence from my beloved son.

To Percy:

29th Feb. 1880.

. . . I am writing to you in my new Studio. I have been busy putting everything in it, and it looks really quite

fascinating. I think it will be very pretty. I am longing to be well enough to work really hard again. I wonder what I shall make of my new portrait, little Miss Winch. I look forward to doing it with a mixture of dread and hope. I should like to make a good thing of it, but fear I shall not feel strong enough.

Lady Lindsay has just been in, and persuaded me to dine with them to-night. Also Prinsep. He likes the Studio very much. You can't think how pretty it looks lit up. I am going to write this evening for our piano. Won't that be nice? I am up to my eyes in arranging, settling, clearing, painting, etc. etc. I have ordered some matting for the drawing-room. I have been to see the little Winch girl. I shall be glad to be doing something that will bring in a little money!

1st March.

Now to give you a little news of myself. I am staying down at North Mymms—Mr. Winch's place, to finish their little girl's portrait. It is a lovely place, and they are very kind, so it is rather a nice change for me. I paint all the morning, and then go in the afternoon for a lovely drive.

My little sitter is a darling little girl. She entertains me with descriptions of the impossible adventures that befall her, but she takes the precaution to warn me to say nothing about them to her nurse, "as she might say that it never happened"!

I spent one evening at the Lauries'—charming people, friends of the Anstruthers. There I met my old friend, Clifford Harrison, Colnaghi, Mrs. Blennerhasset, one of the daughters of Mr. Armstrong, whose portraits Millais painted, and Baron de Stern.

Apropos of the Armstrongs' portraits, a story went about that Mrs. Armstrong, coming to London with her three pretty daughters, asked her fellow-countrywoman, Lady

Millais, how she should proceed to make her daughters a success in London. "Get Sir John to paint their portraits. They will be the girls most talked of in the coming season." And it was very good and sound advice. When the picture of the three girls playing cards was exhibited, the daughters of Mr. Armstrong were recognized wherever they went, and people at once asked to be introduced to such pretty girls, and the result was that they had a most successful season. I do not, however, vouch for the truth of this.

It was pleasant to receive the following letter from Blanche Lindsay:

MY DEAR PIERRETTE,

Princess Louise has just been here—she dines with us quite alone on Sunday next, quarter to eight.

I want you to come—please do—don't come smart—no other ladies. Princess Louise said she would like to see you. Do come—send me a line by to-night's post, as I must know early to-morrow.

Yours aff.,

B. L.

I had already met H.R.H. the Princess Louise, and I enjoyed very much the idea of meeting her in the informal way that Blanche's letter suggested. The Princess Louise is certainly the embodiment of what is meant by a Princess in a fairy story. She realizes one's idea exactly. She was very beautiful at that time, and her gracious manner added to her charm.

To Percy:

28 BEAUFORT STREET,
CHELSEA,
May 1880.

. . . I had a very dissipated week last week. Dinner on Wednesday at the Singtons', on Thursday at the George

Lewises'—Dion Boucicault sat next to me—then on to a concert at the Grosvenor, where the Prince and Princess of Wales were. After the Royalties had had supper and gone, we (I chiefly) got up a dance. Randegger played, and we had three rounds. I danced with Sir Coutts, and then with Sir Frederick Hamilton, and the third with Joe Carr. It was great fun. Then on Friday I dined again at the Lewises', and went on with them to the Schlesingers, where Modjeska, the Polish actress, recited; and on Saturday I went to a charming evening at Hamilton Aïdé's, where Modjeska and Forbes-Robertson acted a duologue splendidly. On Sunday afternoon, I and Alice called on Sir Frederic Leighton, Val Prinsep, and the Hattons, and then I went on to the Grosvenor, where I wore my portrait dress. I was introduced to Lord Rowton (Montagu Corry).

Millais' portrait of me is considered one of the best he has done. Princess Mary of Cambridge liked it very much. In one paper they call me Mrs. Topling, "who was a Miss Louise Romer, an actress"! In another they say "Millais' portrait of Mrs. Romer is divinely painted."

Albert Fleming raves about my portrait. Of course there are differences of opinion. Some think it a caricature, etc., but, on the whole, I think it is very popular. The Prince of Wales told me he liked my portrait, but did not think it flattered me!

I put in an advertisement for a governess for Lin. It was really quite sad to see all the answers—quite 150. And all these poor ladies wanting a living! I am in a whirlwind, what with painting, letter-writing, governesses, servants, etc., I feel dizzy.

To Percy:

THE COTTAGE STOCKS,
ALDBURY, TRING,
May 27th, 1880.

You will see by the address that I am down here whilst the repairs are being seen to in Beaufort Street. I am thoroughly

joying myself. Lindsay and I are here by ourselves, with e addition of Miss Bauer (the German governess), Mrs. all, and a housemaid. Joe and Mrs. Reynolds are up in eaufort Street. Trendell has been down for the day. He ought us some salmon. He is always so kind and thoughtful. am missing all sorts of gaieties in town, but I feel all the etter for doing so.

What do you think of the Liberal Government coming ? There is tremendous excitement about it, because it is unexpected.

I am practising water-colours—doing a peony. I am issing everything in the dissipating line in London, much my satisfaction. Some one you know said to Millais that I was just mad about going out; there was no eeping me in." A very gratuitous untruth. Mr. and Irs. Haddon both asked after you. So did Mr. Lane. Ie is going to lend me his hut, so this year I shall eally try and do a landscape. I am doing a little order. Ir. Wood's likeness. The same size as Alice's. I have old "Ophelia" to Agnew for 75 guineas [exhibited in ne Academy].

Millais used to paint his pictures in a hut especially built or him, one half side of which was a sheet of glass. He would et the hut placed in front of the spot that he intended ainting, and, come wet or shine, he was always independent f the weather.

The Chaplain of Lord Brownlow, at Ashridge, was he Rev. Charlton Lane, who was an extremely clever mateur painter. He had one of these huts, and whether ie borrowed the idea from Millais, or Millais from him, cannot remember. Anyway, Mr. Lane very kindly lent me his, and I had it placed in the lovely woods round Ashridge, where I was enabled to sketch to my heart's ontent.

THE COTTAGE STOCKS, TRING,
8th June 1880.

Still in the country, you see, and still solus, with only darling Lin. The weather is not famous, though. Luckily I am now installed in Mr. Lane's little hut, which is delightful for sketching in, or, rather, for painting a big picture in. I am doing some two or three studies first, watching the different effects of light on my landscape, to see which I shall choose to do it in. It is very interesting, and I like it.

10th.

Joe came down yesterday, intending only to stay the day as he was going yachting for two or three weeks with Arthur Kennard. Coming down the hill from the Monument, he gave a slip, and has severely sprained his ankle, or broken the small bone of his leg, and here he will have to stay for three or four weeks. Very unfortunate for him, is it not?

I hope I shall not cave in, in health, or we shall be a deplorable household. No one here but a small housemaid on the eve of leaving, Mrs. Hall having left me last week. Affairs looking very gloomy; money very short; no orders in prospect—a dreary look out; but things when at the worst always take a turn for the better, so they say, so let us hope it will do so soon in our case. The bright side is that I am hoping you are getting better, dear, that I am at present very well, and that Linny looks as bonny as possible.

I was up at five this morning, seeing the cows milked, as I want to paint a picture of them, or, rather, to try to. I have been seeing after Joe ever since.

29th June 1880.

I have been up to town for two days. I went to the Arthur Lewises' garden party. It was very nice. And then Irving sent me a box for the Lyceum in the evening, which I immensely enjoyed. I saw Shylock, and a new piece of Mr

FORLORN

Vills' called "Iolanthe." Ellen Terry and Flossie came two r three times into the box. The latter is engaged to the son f the late Serjeant Cox. You know the man who wrote hat book on "Mesmerism and Spiritualism."

I dined at the Comyns Carrs' the other day, and met Burne-Jones. He is such a charming man.

The Academy Soirée was very nice this year. Charley escorted me. I shall hope next year that you will, dear, but I fear I shall not go as an A.R.A., but as simple Mrs. J. However, we won't mind that, as long as we are together.

Arthur Kennard is coming down to-morrow to see Joe. He is most good. I am longing for you to be home again, darling, although I would rather you were away from me, and well, than with me, and ill. Do write, dear Percy; I do not want us to be as distant in heart as we are in body. God bless you, dear love.

I remember the dinner at the Carrs'. I had casually called, and Alice begged me to stay and dine and meet the great man. Although the bait held out was tremendous, with the vanity of my sex I cried:

"Oh, how can I stay to dinner in this outdoor dress?"

"Oh, that'll be all right," replied Alice. "I will lend you one of mine."

So behold me, staying, dressed up in borrowed plumes. No two figures could have been more dissimilar than Alice's and mine, yet she had an artistic way of arranging her clothes, with flowing draperies, and it was an easy matter to adapt them to any figure.

Burne-Jones was a delightful conversationalist, serious, with a lovely dash of humour which spiced his speech with fantastic absurdities. I remember he drove me home that evening, as my house was not much out of the way of his direct route to North End Road, and that evening was marked in my memory with a red letter.

Hearing he was ill, I wrote to him to ask him how he was, to which he sends answer :

How kind of you to write—there's nothing the matter with me—when I can have rest. I shall get disgracefully fat in two days.

Come and see my picture ? On Sunday affn. ? will you ? This time I have endeavoured to meet the wants of the age, and be in harmony with the time—it is a thoroughly practical picture, dealing with daily life and experience.

To Percy :

THE COTTAGE STOCKS,

Wednesday, 28th July 1880. 10 *p.m.*

I find I must scribble you a line to-night, if I wish to catch Friday's post in town. I have come home late, and have had a MS. of Willert Beale's to read through, as he is coming to-morrow to discuss with me a novel he is writing. The heroine is an artist, and so, of course, he likes to talk her over with me.

To-day I have been with Mrs. Bright to lunch with a Mrs. Astley, a lady who lives in a beautiful old house, which belonged to Cromwell, and is full of curiosities and interesting things. Then we went to Aston Clinton to a School Feast, and didn't come home till late. You will be pleased to hear that I have sold "Pity is Akin to Love" for £100. This comes like a godsend, to pay off some troublesome duns. I am painting also a little portrait of Mrs. Williams of Pendley for 75 gs., and Mr. Wood paid me 25 gs. for his little head. I had a letter from Sir Robert to-day. He writes: "Love to my dear boy when you write to him. How is he ? dear lad." And Lady Anstruther says, "What news of the dear Percy ?" It will be very nice staying with them, if I do go to Scotland. Sir Robert says that I must take out my habit with me, as he has a good

ony that will carry me. I am 9 stone 8, though—a oodly size!

I am going to have tea with Lady Nathaniel de Rothschild o-morrow. She is so nice. On Friday I go up to town ith Mrs. Bright to pay a farewell visit to the Academy, and nen on Saturday I go down, as I told you, to the Yates'. oe is not able to walk yet.

My banking account has resolved itself to £3! but I eard yesterday that I had sold at Brighton that little icture I did of Lin in his garden hat and blue pinafore, Little Buttercup."

THE COTTAGE STOCKS,
TRING, 1880.

I am afraid I have missed the post. I am so sorry, dear. have forgotten the dates lately, not having had my diary n its usual place, on the writing-table. You must not hink, dear, that I forget you, because you are always in ny thoughts.

I told you I was doing Mrs. Williams's portrait. I find t very difficult, and I am not yet satisfied. Joe, however, o whom I showed it to-day, thinks the colour and arrange- nent admirable. I trust, before it is finished, that it will come ll right. Lady N. de Rothschild wants me to paint a little icture of her youngest child, *ætat.* 3—a pendant to a little ketch I did of Evelina. We had such a delightful afternoon t Tring Park. Lin was invited, and thoroughly enjoyed imself.

Evelina de Rothschild's portrait and "Pity is Akin to Love" I sent to the Grosvenor Gallery.

It is astonishing how the "vraisemblance" of a painting an be affected by the light that it is in.

Before I had placed the figures in my picture, I had ainted the background, an interior, very elaborately. It was dining-room in the Rectory at Aldbury.

We sometimes had dinner laid in the Studio in town, particularly when we had guests. The table was in full light, whilst the rest of the room was in semi-obscurity. One evening an Art critic was dining with us, and, by way, I suppose, of making a remark, said :

"What lovely blue-and-white china you have!"

I stared, and then I saw the mistake he had made.

"That's only the background of a picture on the canvas," I explained.

"Ah!" he answered. "I see now why I thought the china was real, because of the bunch of violets in front of the canvas."

He looked rather foolish when I told him that they also were painted.

I used to often see the Brownlows when they were at Ashridge, at the foot of which the Cottage Stocks was situated.

One evening I remember in particular, when I was invited to dine there. Blanche Lindsay, being one of the guests staying in the house, wrote to me :

DEAR MRS. JOPLING,

You and Mr. Jopling are to dine here to-morrow, Friday evening—Lady Brownlow says at 8 o'clock—so as that is all settled, mind you come, and make yourself look very nice to maintain the character of my Balcarres company.

Lady Brownlow has asked Mrs. Bright also.

I am so glad you are coming to-morrow, and want to see you again very much.

And then followed the signatures of

A. BROWNLOW. CONSTANCE LESLIE!

Please come! A. B.

You simply must. You know it is always best to give n at once.

B. L.

P.S.—If you should have another engagement, please hrow it over!

The Duke and Duchess of Teck were also staying at shridge. They must have been delightful guests, as they eemed so charmed with everything, and had such splendid pirits. When the old family butler came in with the coffee, he Duchess, who had seen him often, asked him about imself, and his belongings, and as he was leaving the room, nd his back was, perforce, turned towards her, she, in the nost amusing manner, wafted kisses to it.

One of the guests was the clever and witty Mary Boyle, vho was *persona grata* wherever she went.

It was Miss Boyle who on one occasion, playing parlour games, was given two words for which a rhyme had to be found in a verse of four lines. The words were Cassowary and Timbuctoo.

Without a moment's hesitation she wrote the following:

"If I were a Cassowary,
In the wilds of Timbuctoo;
And I met a missionary,
I'd eat him, and his hymn-book too."

In a letter to Percy I write:

1880.

Faed, R.A., told Joe that the only two water-colours that he liked at the Grosvenor were my two. That was very nice, was it not?

There is a new piece at the Lyceum to-night, one of Tennyson's, written for Irving, Ellen Terry, and Willie Terriss. I should like to see it.

I lunched at the Lindsays'. In talking of fidelity, Lady Lindsay said: "Women are more constant than men for a

short time, but men are constant in a less strong degree, but for a longer period." Do you agree ?

I am going to Scotland for a month, to finish Sir Robert's portrait. He wrote me to-day to mind and bring it.

The first time I met George Henschel was at the Frederick Lehmanns' in Berkeley Square. It was at one of their delightful musical evenings. We were rather late in arriving, and we found the rooms crowded, so much so that we could not get farther than the top of the stairs.

A male voice was singing a German song. I was not so much struck with the voice as with the perfect way in which it was being accompanied. I said to some one standing by, "Whoever is playing that man's accompaniment knows how to play," and then I was told that it was Henschel singing, playing his own accompaniment. I heard that he was trained for an executant, but, having developed a singing voice, he abandoned the one for the other. His previous musical training helped him enormously, and one has seldom heard a more intellectual singer.

Mrs. Henschel was a charming singer. To hear the husband and wife singing duets was a treat indeed.

To Percy :

December 1880.

Yesterday Mrs. Bright and I dined with the Tring Park people. Millais was there. Lady de Rothschild is so kind and nice to me. I am so fond of her, and Sir Nathaniel too. They made a great many inquiries after you, and so did Millais—he was most interested to hear how you were getting on. Mrs. Bright is as delightful and sweet as ever. Millais came to see our cottage this morning, and liked it very much.

Yesterday I commenced a little picture of the Baby Rothschild. I have come to the conclusion that I much prefer painting children to grown-up people. They sit so much more good-temperedly.

Sir Evelyn Wood has been staying at Stocks. He is such nice man, and an amusing talker. He told us anecdotes of his Cape experiences with the Empress Eugenie. . . .

I am down here staying with Mrs. Bright, to finish Mrs. Williams's portrait. I get fonder of Mrs. Bright every time I see her. I did her, to-day, a little sketch of her niece, Edith Wolley, on a gold background, with which she is very pleased. I thought she would like to have that better than anything. I have had an order from Mr. Joshua, for two figures on gilt oak, for a cabinet 20 inches by 8. I am going to do a single figure on each. I think, or rather hope, they will look very pretty. I have had great trouble with Mrs. Williams's portrait, and also with Charlie de Rothschild's. Is it not unfortunate? However, I console myself with thinking of Millais and Mrs. A.'s portrait. I am going to send you out "The Queen," where you will see your mother's likeness amongst the eminent lady artists!

1880.

. . . I am sorry you and your Uncle Fred did not always hit it off. He has a good heart, but "the tongue is an unruly member" and very often runs away with us. I felt grieved that he should have said a word against your dead father. It is cowardly to hit a man when he is down, and the dead cannot return to fight their own battles. If I ever had a grievance against him, I should be ashamed to mention it, now he is no more, nor should I permit anyone to say anything against him before me. Your father had a great many very good qualities, and he was most generous and forgiving. Inherit from him these qualities, and you can afford to forgive Uncle Fred his bad taste in speaking to a son of his dead father in the manner he has done. I have no doubt that Fred will be sorry when he thinks calmly over it. However, we will never let anyone interfere with our affection for each other, darling. You know, my love, how devoted I am to

you, and my one aim is to do you good, and I like to think that you, on your side, love your old mother better than anyone.

Aunt Fanny tells me that Uncle Fred was hurt that you did not attempt a reconciliation before he left. You ought to have done so, darling. Firstly, because it was right to do so, and secondly, because it is not good form to quarrel, and keep up quarrels. One ought always to make the *amende honorable*, and the one who does so first is the better man. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Those are good words to remember; also, "He that conquereth himself is greater than he that taketh a city!"

Do write a nice letter, darling—because I ask you to—to Uncle Fred. I hear he is too ill to remain out in China, and Mrs. St. Aubyn is writing to him to beg him to return to England. I am so sorry for him, as it is a sad interruption in his career, of which he has so much right to be proud.

I dined at Mrs. Joshua's last week. There was Mr. Arthur O'Shaughnessy, the poet, there. Have you ever come across any of his works? I will send you a paper by every mail. I wish I had done it always, dear, but you know, darling, what a lot I have got to think about, and will make excuses for me, I know. Little Schloesser starts for Italy this week. "Keep you well and happy, dear!" were his parting words. This advice is very applicable to you. I suppose the Greville Place people write to you and tell you all their news.

I went to a musical afternoon at Ashridge—Lady de Rothschild sent her carriage for me to go there and the Woods drove me home. Several people I knew were staying at Ashridge, and it was very pleasant.

Millais' daughter, Mrs. James, has just had a son—Mr.

Millais is very proud of the fact. Col. O'Connor, the man of the 23rd, called on me last Tuesday. He is a very jolly, nice fellow. Mrs. Tomlin often calls. Willie Lewin [William Terriss] is really becoming a first-rate actor. There is such a lovely sunset this evening. Nelly Haddon sent a painting of hers to some local show, and got a prize. I think she is getting on capitally with her work. I must soon start something in the way of a picture, but I am really so anxious about you, darling, and thinking so much of you, that I can do nothing else well. This, however, is a weakness, and not right, for, alas, my thoughts cannot help you, dear.

Mrs. Williams's portrait has rather stuck. The light at the house was not good, and Mrs. Bright is kindly going to let me finish it in a room at Stocks, which will be far better for me. Poor Mr. Joe Montefiore is dead—Lady de Rothschild's brother. I am so sorry. He was such a nice man. Mrs. C. Carr and I went to "The Corsican Brothers"—Irving sent me a box. I liked it so much.

I went the other evening with the Carrs and Charles Hallé to the Canterbury. It was very exciting, as something had caught fire behind the stage. The curtain came down, and there was very nearly a general stampede. We had just time to realize before it was extinguished how dreadful it would be, if a fire really occurred in a theatre in which we were.

I saw Percy Macquoid yesterday. He asked after you. He is very amusing, in spite of his telling me that he never laughed now, since the time that he used to be such friends with us.

Lady de Rothschild has given me such a nice iron chair, that can move up or down as one likes, for lying flat or otherwise. Is it not kind of her ?

I send you Irving's letter.

15A GRAFTON STREET,
BOND STREET, W.,
8th November 1880.

DEAR MRS. JOPLING,

You know how welcome you always are. It is a pleasure to know you are present.

Yours sincerely,
HENRY IRVING.

CHAPTER XVIII

I HAD many opportunities of meeting George Eliot and her partner, George Lewes, notably at the Lindsays', and the Moscheles', and the Grosvenor receptions. I felt much too humble to attempt to hold conversation with the celebrated woman, but I used to have long talks with George Lewes.

I was fascinated by his personality. I had, before I met him, admired him as the author of "The Physiology of Common Life"—an entrancing book—and I was delighted to meet him in the flesh. People said that in appearance he was greasy and dirty, but I could only notice the wonderful vitality of his expression. He seemed to radiate exuberant life. His eyes flashed, his ugly teeth gleamed, and his long corkscrew ringlets actually danced round his head. I expect I was attracted to George Lewes by his quick and ready appreciation. If I happened to say anything to him that interested or amused him, he would instantly say, "I must go and tell *her*," and then back to me with his beaming look. Gladstone is the only other man who struck me as being charged with a similar electricity of life. I remember meeting him in Vigo Street one day, just as he was emerging from the Burlington Arcade. The street became suddenly and wonderfully brighter. Such power there was in his dark eyes, set off by the brilliancy of his white locks, and the flash of the enormous white collar he affected.

George Eliot had the courage to become the pseudo-wife of George Lewes, without the sanction of the law, as, in his

case, he was not free to marry, his legal wife having been confined in a lunatic asylum for some long period. When, I wonder, will the Divorce Laws be amended ? It is difficult to realize that sane men and women are content to be penalized in this manner. George Lewes died, without being able to legalize his union with George Eliot. But a year after his death she became, as the Indians say, a "pukha" bride. A friend of hers was abroad when Lewes died, and her first visit was paid to George Eliot, in order to condole with her over her loss ; but she had, instead, to congratulate her upon her approaching marriage, whilst the prepared trousseau was being exhibited. George Eliot and her husband went to Venice for their honeymoon, and the husband one day, whilst standing on the balcony of the hotel, fell over it into the canal. I suppose he had an attack of vertigo. Oddly enough he had said previously to his wife, "It is very strange, but whenever I am on that balcony I feel a nearly irresistible desire to throw myself over." When at last he succumbed to the fascination he had no recollection of having done it.

The Italian Doctor who was called in, and who understood that the pair were on their honeymoon, on looking at the bride, pronounced, in confidence, that it was a case of attempted "Suicide in temporary *Sanity*."

George Eliot's husband was devoted to her, and they must have led an ideal existence until one day she went into a coma, which lasted about three days, and she then "fell asleep" for always.

Of all her novels, none came up to her wonderful book, "Adam Bede." And yet each are masterpieces. Only to mention "The Mill on the Floss" and "Romola" makes one proud that the author was a woman. The only one I did not like at all was "Theophrastus Such."

But then she wrote it when she was "respectable," and that, no doubt, had something to do with its dullness.

. . . . . .

The first time I saw Lady Colin Campbell was at an evening party, where she was introduced to King Edward, then Prince of Wales. Lady Colin was a very tall, graceful-looking woman, with a very clever, handsome face. There was something very un-English in it. She was a Miss Blood. I believe the family were Irish, and that would account for her foreign appearance. Some of her ancestors may have come over in the Spanish Armada.

When Lord and Lady Colin fell out, there was quite a *cause célèbre*, which interested fashionable Society immensely. I believe the husband accused the wife of "carrying on" with many people. One of her friends was cited as a co-respondent, and his cross-examination came as a great surprise, because he said that his Catholic Priest would not absolve him if he told an untruth, after taking an oath to say nothing but the truth. His evidence was very damaging, and public opinion did not at all approve of the line that he had taken.

Lord Colin did not win his case. There were counter-charges. Lady Colin was a very gifted woman. She had a low, vibrating voice, and she used to sing in a subdued and fascinating manner. After her separation from Lord Colin she became an expert journalist. She wrote an article for Edmund Yates every week in "The World," called "A Woman's Walks," and ultimately she became editor of "The Ladies' Field." She was a capable and indefatigable worker; and, although the last months of her life were a tragedy of suffering, she was plucky until the very end. She was very fond of anything quaint. When I was passing through Port Said on my way to India, I saw in one of the shops, that line the one busy street there, a little object that I knew would please her. She writes in acknowledging it:

How very kind of you to take the trouble of sending me that dear little black man, and, what I am even more glad to have, the photo of yourself. Thank you so much for

both. It was a great pleasure to see you again the other day, and to see you looking so well, and I hope I shall see you again soon.

In August I went to Balcarres for about a fortnight, but I stayed nearly six weeks, as Blanche became seriously ill, and begged me to remain with her as long as I could. I was so anxious about my Percy that any distraction was welcome. Besides, I was very fond of Blanche, and glad to do her a service.

I travelled to Scotland on a Saturday evening. I thought I should be able to find the usual train at Edinburgh to take me to Colinsburgh, but I had forgotten the Scotch "Sawbath," and there was no train excepting one to some junction, and that only late in the day. So I had to send a telegram to the Lindsays, and the clerk who took my message looked very disgusted when he saw that I had added, regardless of expense, "Fancy being stranded in Edinburgh on a Sunday!" However, I managed to while away the time by thoroughly exploring the old town, and then taking a cab and being driven to Arthur's Seat. The splendid view I got of the country which lies at the foot of the hill amply repaid me for my enforced stay in the deserted-looking city. No wonder the Scotch are proud of their beautiful capital, which has been well named "the modern Athens." It must have been a dream of beauty when, in place of an ugly railway station, there was a lake, reflecting the picturesque cliffs that surrounded it. Luckily the station lies in the hollow of the bed of the former lake, so that really the beauty of Edinburgh is scarcely damaged by this modern innovation.

I found at Balcarres that Mr. Comyns Carr and his wife and Charles Hallé were guests. Poor Lady Lindsay was condemned by the Doctor's orders to stay in bed. She had it moved into the drawing-room, and we all sat with her there, to cheer her up. We called our poor invalid the "Log."

r Coutts was the Commander, I was the Captain, Joe Carr
ıe mate, Charles Hallé the second mate, and Mrs. Carr,
contradistinction to her frail and delicate appearance, we
ıristened the able-bodied seaman.

To Percy :

BALCARRES,
August 1880.

I have actually promised to stay here for a whole month,
hilst Sir Coutts has to be away. Poor Lady Lindsay is
ally ill, and hates me to leave her. I miss my dear little
aby, though, but I feel he is all right with his father, who
, as you know, devoted to him ; besides, it will only take a
ay, or a night, to get to him (I wish that was the only distance
time that divided you and me !). The dear little fellow
very happy with his Cousin Toby, who will stay there
l the time I am away. I am busy painting two small pot-
oilers. You know what beautiful things there are here to
aint.

It has been so lovely this afternoon, and after tea Sir Coutts
ıd I went for our usual constitutional. He is such a delightful
ompanion, as he knows so much. We have the most interest-
ıg conversations. To-day he told me about the Norse
ıythology—of Odin, Thor, etc. ; I knew parts of it. Sir
outts must have a wonderful memory, as he seems to know
verything about the events of the world. He has read a
reat deal. I hope you can get books easily, dear. It is such
comfort to know that one can store one's mind with know-
dge that will serve us in after years. . . .

I am going to drive over to Balcaskie to-morrow to say
ood-bye to the Anstruthers. If I go without Sir Coutts,
shall drive the dogcart, as it will be more amusing than the
ony carriage. Can you picture me doing it, wearing an
lster and a billycock hat, in both of which I look very nice (?).

Joe tells me he is counting the days until I return !

I cannot help wondering sometimes what would become

of the entire family if I were to succumb, and be unable to do any work. As it is, forcing myself to work when I was not fit to do so has, I think, injured my reputation, as many people tell me now that I have gone off very much in my painting. Of course, as I get stronger my work is better, but this last attack has made me feel very wretched, and I fear that my work is bound to suffer. Lady Lindsay asked me the other day what we had to live upon, and when I said, "Only what I make," she was astonished.

Sir Coutts was never tired of telling me how grateful he was to me. He writes, in answer to a letter of mine:

I am in debt to you, two letters, and not only your debtor in this, but in a thousand ways besides.

Ever since your coming to Balcarres I have had a number of things to thank you for. I will not count them over, but merely say how grateful I am for your letters, and the care you have been taking of Blanche.

I have been away a week to-day, and it appears quite a month; in my absence I have done a good deal of work to my picture. I think the work that I am doing at present is better than what I did before leaving town; the light in the Gallery is a very easy one to paint by, indeed, it is the best one I ever worked under. I am pleased with my picture at present; very likely to-morrow I may be ready to cut it into shreds; it goes forward, however, and that is something.

I have in my letter to Blanche told her I would return before, or after, you leave. Please, dear Mrs. Jopling, write me a few lines in return to this.

Ever yours very gratefully.

One morning I had a terrible shock when the post came in, bringing me a letter from kind Tyndal Bright—whose

rother was in Sydney—telling me that my dear son had etter return home, as there seemed no likelihood of his ecovery.

I shall never forget the moment of receiving the letter. was sitting painting in Blanche Lindsay's bedroom, and the ight of the sketch I made there brings back to me all the nguish of the moment.

I wired to my dear boy to start for home as soon as he onveniently could, and until the moment when I once more ad him in my arms I had not a day but was fraught with errible anxiety.

I wrote at once to my dear Anstruthers, knowing that hey would fully sympathize with me.

Sir Robert writes :

CANNES, *Dec.* 28, 1880.

Your news of the dear boy has filled me with distress. t is indeed a most bitter trial to you to be separated from im at such a time, when the dear child will more than ever e needing you. It is hard to know what to advise you. If e should be in any immediate danger, it would almost seem s if you would have to go to him, although there seem almost nsuperable difficulties in the way—work, baby, Jopling's ealth, the house on your hands, and the more serious one f expense. However, all this would have to be faced if eeds be. You have always been so dear and friendly to me hat I know you won't mind my giving you an offer of any elp that I could, in all this trouble, for I need not say that t would be a real joy to me to help you and my dear Percy n this anxious time.

Let me know as soon as you hear anything.

Anyhow, I implicitly rely on your friendship for me to et me know if there is anything I can do for you, my child, r for him. Of course, if he comes here, he shall be nursed s one of my own boys until I can hand him over to your are.

Dear Louie writes :

You know how glad and thankful we should be to receive him, and nurse him, and do anything and everything for him—and we have two good servants this year, a very careful man, and a trained nurse, so we could send anywhere to meet him, and have him brought carefully to Cannes. With warm love and sympathy, and a kiss to dear little Lindsay.

These kind friends gave me courage, and helped me to bear the strain I was feeling at not being able to be with my dearest son in his sad illness. The horrible fear that I might never see him again haunted me day and night.

And then the news came, by telegram, that Percy was leaving Australia about the end of January.

It was terrible to think of his taking that long journey all alone, and how I wished I could have been able to go right off to Sydney myself, and bring him home.

I longed for, and yet dreaded every post. What would it bring me ?

Of this one thing I feel certain. No delicate youth ought to be sent so far away from home, although the most celebrated doctor prescribes it. One learns from experience, but how bitterly !

Ill and suffering as he was, Percy never omitted having his daily chat with me on the voyage home, although, at times, he must have felt little equal to it.

His letters were my one comfort, yet they were seldom read except through a mist of tears.

I left Balcarres at the end of October, as indeed I had to go and finish some pictures to obtain bread and butter. Lady Lindsay very kindly, knowing my motive, sent to me, after I left, a temporary loan of twenty-five pounds. She writes :

Dearest little Pyeot, Pierrot, Pierrette, Di, Deweller, Captain, Angel, don't be angry with the enclosed little loan. Tear it up if you don't want it, but I think, until you get all the cheques due, you may be in want of a pound or two, so that you might use it, and return it when you get the first cheque. It is twelve. I slept after a long time of waking, and I slept until nearly eleven. I feel very tired, very unrested, very sorry you are gone. I hope you had a journey not too tiresome. Do write. I didn't half tell you how much I thank and love you because you have been so kind and dear to me all these weeks. You see, one can't say these things, one can only feel them, but I shall always feel it.

Before I left, Coutts wrote me :

DEAR MRS. JOPLING,

I wish that I could be at Balcarres before you leave, but I cannot leave town. I have, however, advanced my departure by a day, so that I shall arrive on the same day that you go. I wish that I could have remained here a day or two, so as to show you my picture; it would have been a great pleasure, but I hope that you will go and see it. I have desired them to leave it there till the end of the month, and Mr. Buck will let you see it. The Gallery looks very desolate, and is in fact very cold, both for artist and model. I fear that on my return to town I shall not be able to work here. I have, however, got things into such a state that I can finish at my Studio.

I fear Blanche is again in low spirits, which I regret. We both owe you a great deal. I don't know what she or I would have done without you.

I suppose that we shall return to town early next month, and then perhaps you will let me help you in your work a little.

CHAPTER XIX

EIGHTEEN hundred and eighty-one would, I felt, be a year of hope and great fear. Would my dearly beloved son be spared to me? I didn't dare to think of what might be. I could only do my best to struggle against Fate, which, alas, is stronger far than we poor mortals!

My heart-strings were torn with the dread fear of never seeing Percy again, and yet I had to force myself to write cheerfully and hopefully of our once more being together.

Separation is a hard trial, though always "our hopes belie our fears."

The dear Anstruthers did everything they could to spare me trouble, and to give me as little anxiety as was possible. Louie wrote and told me that she had arranged with an hotel keeper in Venice to meet dear Percy.

On his arrival there he wired me that he was going straight on to San Remo, where the Anstruthers were. On receipt of the telegram I took the first train that went there direct. Dear Percy had arrived the night before. Louie, when she greeted me, warned me that I should find him much changed, but I was scarcely prepared to see my darling so utterly unlike the beautiful, radiant youth that I had sent to Australia.

What acting it required to smile, and speak happily, whilst all the time one's heart was breaking!

Later, in the arms of my dear Louie, I could "give sorrow words" and let the tears flow that I had had to repress.

The Anstruthers were moving on in a day or two, so

Percy, I, and their nurse, whom they kindly lent me, stayed on at the hotel. At the end of the first week my bill was presented to me, and, to my dismay, it amounted to twenty pounds. Everything served in my dear invalid's room was charged extra, and there was apparently no way of making the bill less. Twenty pounds! And at the time thirty pounds represented the whole of my capital. I had work waiting for me at home, which would be well paid for, and I saw nothing else that I could do to ensure every comfort for my boy but to go home, and earn the money to keep him abroad, until it was safe for him to brave the uncertain weather of England. I was heart-broken at the idea of leaving Percy, whose end, I foresaw, could not be so very far distant, but before that end it was incumbent upon me to give him all the comforts possible.

Just as I was arranging with the hotel proprietor, a message came to me from my friend, Mr. Bicknell, saying that he had heard that I was obliged to return to London, and that he would be so pleased to have Percy and his nurse until he was able to travel back to England. Oh, what a relief to my mind! To think that I could leave my dear son in the care of such a tender friend, and that I need have no more worry about hotel expenses! It was a ray of sunshine in those dark days.

We left the hotel, and drove along the beautiful Cornice Road to Villa Rosa, Mr. Bicknell's house, where my dear Percy was installed in the most delightful bedroom, and sitting-room adjoining. The nurse had carte blanche to order anything she wanted for the patient's comfort, and I felt freed from care, and ever so grateful to my kindest of friends. Whilst I was there, the beautiful Mrs. Morris, the wife of the poet, came to lunch. She was a strikingly handsome woman, the original of the Rossetti type of beauty. I believe she had often sat to the poet painter. I stayed two or three days at Villa Rosa, and all the time it was a great

strain to keep cheerful. Percy was devoted to music, and one evening I was singing to him "The Lost Chord" of Sullivan's, and I very nearly broke down, the beautiful song being singularly appropriate.

"Why, mother dear, your voice sounds as if you were crying!"

How could I tell him that it was my heart that was crying?

At Bordighera there were many friends I knew, who all promised to look up my Percy—the Du Plat Taylors, the Misses Mutrie, the two sisters who were such delightful painters of flowers, and who were regular exhibitors at the Royal Academy.

On my rushing off to Italy to meet my boy, I had to postpone my visit to Tring Park, where I was painting the small portrait of Charlie de Rothschild. Somehow this portrait was never finished.

Lady Blanche Hozier and I travelled as far as Paris together. I wonder if she remembers our adventures on the way.[1]

All the anxiety and grief I had gone through resulted in a breakdown, and, although longing to resume work to meet my heavy expenses, I was laid up in a Paris hotel for a fortnight, before I could travel safely back again. Luckily dear Sophie Caird was staying there, and she beguiled the hours of my enforced imprisonment.

I write to Percy:

22 RUE DE LA PAIX,
PARIS, *Monday*, 1881.

I have got so far on my journey, but I am rather knocked up, and don't know whether I can get any farther yet. I had settled to go this evening with Colonel Hozier, who met Lady Blanche at the station yesterday, and who returns to London to-night. I shall see how I feel when I get up, but yesterday I felt rather bad, and slept the whole afternoon on the

[1] Since writing this, I was sorry to see Lady Blanche's death in "The Times."

sofa—instead of going for a drive in the Bois, as I had intended doing.

I am still in bed—I hate it! But what's to be done? Nothing, but to grin and bear it. Joe, expecting me every day, has not forwarded letters, so I don't know how you are, dear, which is my chief worry. The other worry, you know, is not being able to get back to my work.

I am reading Carlyle's "Reminiscences." He seems to me to have been a grumpy old man; due to dyspepsia evidently; and as such to be much pitied.

PARIS.

I was so seedy yesterday that I couldn't write to you. I had to keep to my bed, and to-day also. I don't know when I shall be able to travel. I feel cut in two—half my heart with you, and half in London. Here I have nothing myself but a stupid sick body, which is not at all amusing. The worst is, that I get no letters, as I have been intending to leave every day. I am worrying myself wondering how you are, my darling. I am hoping, though, that you are like Dizzy, "making daily progress." . . .

I do not think I shall be able to leave here until Saturday. It is a great bore being laid up, but I am fortunate in having Mrs. Caird here. My bedroom is at the very top of the house, but I go down to Mrs. Caird's sitting-room. Mrs. Millais has just arrived in Paris, and is coming to see us. Lady Blanche came in last evening, and is coming to tea to-morrow.

PARIS, 1881.

I wish I were with you, darling. I like to think that I cheer you up. I shall be a great deal with you at the Cottage, please God. At present I should be rather helpless, as I am not allowed to go out, so my going home seems put off indefinitely. I shall have to get up a little strength before

I am equal to the crossing. How kind, how very kind of Mr. Bicknell to let you stay until the 11th. He *is* good. . . .

I will see whether I can get "Grimm's Fairy Tales" for you. It is lucky for me that Sophie Caird and her little girl are staying here. Her governess is very kind, and does everything for me that she can. Indeed, so does Sophie Caird, and the little Beatrix is quite a duck. She dances, in the most charming manner, "The Cachucha," using the castanets so well. She is a very pretty, elegant child. Mr. Heilbuth and Mrs. Casella are coming to tea this afternoon, and to-morrow the Frederick Lehmanns.

Whistler (who is in Paris) sent me some strawberries, the first I had tasted this year. . . .

Mrs. Millais called this morning and brought me some flowers.

PARIS.

I have just come downstairs—the room is full of flowers and a fire is blazing; outside wind and rain—I am reclining on a sofa in my pale blue and pink dressing-gown, "pompadouring it," as Whistler calls it. I am on a striped rug, and a lovely coloured pillow (a Japanese tawny salmon) behind my head. A beautiful bunch of tea roses on a table at my side, on a larger one some splendid poppies of varied hue.

Beatrix is amusing herself with brushing the velvet chairs, and the wood is crackling in the grate. I am wishing you were with me. I feel so much better since getting your letter telling me that *you* were.

22 RUE DE LA PAIX,
Friday.

I am still unable to travel. I feel it a great bore to be ill for a week—what must you, my poor dear, feel at being ill so long!—still, you know it is a very long lane that has no turning. I am sure that you have sufficient rallying power to get well in time—even should it take many months. Sir Robert is a wonderful example of unkillable energy, and he

asn't youth on his side—which you have, dear old boy. Mr. Leyland has just called on his way to Venice. Little Beatrix, Mrs. Caird's little girl, is such a dear. She " tutoyers " one in French, and says in the prettiest manner, " Vois-tu, chérie ? "

PARIS.

I got a letter from Joe this morning, who tells me that poor dear Billy Burgess is dead. I don't know if you remember anything about him. He was a very nice little fellow, and it was a well-known joke of his at the Club that he was only waiting for Joe's decease to be my No. 3. He and Joe used to chaff together about it. He seems to have caught cold in the train coming from Bute Castle, and partial paralysis set in, which they feared would affect the heart. It evidently did, and he has gone, poor fellow. The last time I saw him was to congratulate him about being made A.R.A. He was a very clever architect, and had built himself a wonderfully curious house near Val Prinsep's. Walls thick enough to last half a dozen centuries ! Whistler sent me a beautiful bouquet of forget-me-nots, to go with the " Pastel " (as he christened me) and my dressing-gown. I am trying to see if the Fletcher Moultons can take me under their wing on Monday. I don't like to make anyone come all the way over from London to fetch me, but I really don't think I could travel alone. You know what a bore it is to feel weak, don't you, old dear ? Your shell necklace is much admired. I am continually wearing it on account of the giver.

PARIS, *Sunday*.

I am going to-morrow with the Fletcher Moultons. . . . I am glad Lady Anstruther liked Mr. Bicknell, but who wouldn't ? I am much better, I am glad to say. . . . How kind of Mr. Bicknell to say I ought to go to the Villa Rosa ! Would it not have been delightful if Fate would only let us ? You and I both looked after by Nurse, in each other's

society, and cheered up by the presence of Mr. Bicknell. Alas, I felt, and still feel, that it is my duty to go home and work. I wish I had an independent income, and then nothing would prevent my being in Bordighera with you. I would bring old Lin, and then we would have "high jinks" together.

28 BEAUFORT STREET.

Here I am at last. What a passage we had! The Fletcher Moultons were so kind. No one came to meet me, because my letter never got here until four o'clock, on account of the bad passages, I suppose; so of course Joe never got it. The Moultons' carriage met them, and they insisted upon driving me home first, as they said I might have some difficulty in getting in. Was it not kind of them?

Ellen and Reynolds were both up, luckily, and they soon got me a cup of tea.

Two great blows greeted me on my homecoming—one is that my "Dish of Tea Roses" is not hung, and I have nothing in the Academy. And No. 2 is—that after the Millais Exhibition Joe's appointment at the Fine Arts Society ceases!!! This, of the two—as you may well imagine—is by far the greater blow.

April 27, 1881.

I am writing to you in bed, giving myself a rest after my journey. I shall feel all right to-morrow. Yesterday, Lady Lindsay and Nita Moncrieff called, and the former stayed with me some time. She and Sir Coutts are going in a fortnight's time to Italy for six weeks—to Florence, I think, where Sir Coutts's sister is. Bob Carr and Trendell came, and stayed to dinner. They both want to see you home very much, and so do I, needless to say.

Dear Mr. Bicknell writes to me so kindly about you. He says: "I hope he will stop here as long as it is good for him to be here. He is no trouble to me, and I am very glad to have him." He also suggests that, when the time comes for

ou to leave, you should travel through Switzerland very ently, before reaching England. Now you must think it ll out, and tell me what you would really prefer yourself, ear, and you know I will manage that you shall do it. Your Jncle Bob is made a Q.C. Lin has just come in from a walk. Of course you are the chief topic of conversation with him. Lady Lindsay tells me that Mrs. John Collier has a clever picture in the Grosvenor. Mrs. Perugini is on the line in he big room in the R.A. Joe went on the Varnishing Day, s he has his little Page in. His water-colour sold for 16 gs. t Mr. Bicknell's sale. Mr. Archer, who was spoken of as he next A.R.A., has all his portraits out. Mr. Collinson ll his pictures. Young King of Clareville Grove has a clever picture well hung. This is all the art news that I can remember. I shall tell you about the Grosvenor to-morrow. It is Varnishing Day, and I shall go for an hour. One can see the pictures quietly.

May 1881.

Tell Mr. Bicknell that I shall do all I can about selling tickets for the Concert. I will write to a batch of friends.

I am still half the day in bed, and not allowed to go downstairs yet. I am really beginning to feel cross about it, as I am so very anxious to get on with my work. Sir Coutts came to see me yesterday. Lady L. was too tired after her journey to do so.

Bob Carr is coming to dinner to-night on his way to a Dance at the Boughtons'. I am glad Mrs. Brookfield is going to see you. She is a charming woman. Ask her to come and see me, when she returns to England. Mrs. Bright knows her. Perhaps it is your long drive which over-fatigued you, and then you got a chill.

Mrs. Brookfield's son is a capital actor—at the Haymarket.

Lin's new little governess is much admired. She has a very pretty little face, with dark eyebrows, and large brown

eyes, and a sweet and tender expression when she speaks. She is very obliging, and quiet as a little mouse.

A beautiful basket of roses, lilies of the valley, and maidenhair fern has just arrived, and I don't know who sent it. It is most lovely to look at. I wish you were here to feast your eyes upon the flowers.

My lunch has just come up. I must eat it, I suppose.

In bed. May 1881.

It is a lovely day, and I have the door and window wide open. There is a double knock—Dr. Oliver. He is just going to show a lady my Studio. Bob Carr dined with me yesterday. He was very cheery and nice.

Mrs. George Lewis has just called—to ask me to dinner to meet Mrs. Langtry, Oscar Wilde, the Comyns Carrs. Of course, needless to say, I had to refuse. She is very kind, and she is going to drive me, or send her carriage for me, every day until I am better. She is really the most kind of womenfolk. I hear the birds singing in the garden. Their chirp is delightful. You, I suppose, are hearing the nightingale.

I am actually downstairs. The Doctor came, and volunteered to carry me down. He whipped me up quite easily, but he lost his head at the fourth stair, and I advised him to deposit me on the ground. Our stairs are rather awkward ones, and I did not at all fancy the old Doctor and me tumbling down head foremost. I am feeling rather exhausted after the effort, but am enjoying the open window of the dining-room. One never gets enough air in an English bedroom. I am going to sleep to-night in the Studio. That will be rather an experience.

I hear some one said I had been gadding about in Paris! Such a wrong impression to give, and so unkind to do it. Poor me! who couldn't move, and who would have given anything to have been either in Bordighera or London.

I went out for my first drive to-day; Mrs. George Lewis ndly lent me her Victoria. I was just going out, when ho should walk in but Sir Robert, so he accompanied me, nd we had a lovely windy drive round Battersea Park, Wands- orth, and Clapham Common. I felt exhausted after it, and ll asleep on entering. I can quite understand how tired ou must feel after your drive, dear thing.

Friday.

"I arise from dreams of thee!" I can truly say. I do very morning. Last night I dreamed a ridiculous one—hat I kissed you so hard that I knocked you down, and you ere naturally very cross about it!

I am going to send £50 in a cheque to Mr. Bicknell, as e can easily get it changed for you. For God's sake, darling, on't talk about economizing. You know I would do anything or your comfort—spilling my heart's blood, if that would o you any good. I wish I could, dear.

Sir Robert tries to encourage me:

Don't be low about your pictures, my child—although I now it will be a sore disappointment—rather remember hat if a woman, with all the weight of anxiety and sorrow (to ay nothing of bodily weakness, which, of course, is no small hing), could put forth all her real power—then painting would o longer require any genius at all.

As soon as you are freed from anxiety—as I trust you may e soon—you will find peace of mind will leave you free to work in your old form.

I am vexed indeed to know that Joe's work is not to last.

To Percy:

Yesterday I went to the Private View of the Academy. t seemed so funny to be there, without having any picture. certainly did feel "an outsider."

I have written to tell Mrs. Gully [later Lady Selby] to bring her little girl here on Monday morning, so that I may once more enjoy the sensation of commencing a new order. I really must make a success of it this time.

To-day I went to the Private View of the Grosvenor. It was a dreadful crush. I went very late, not to get too tired.

Sir Coutts said Gladstone admired my little picture, and Sala said he liked it so much. Any little crumb of praise is comforting. Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr, her sister, and I then dined at the Lindsays', a pleasant evening. Joe had to re-hang the Millais pictures, so couldn't leave.

I saw Mrs. Langtry. She is coming to have tea with me on Tuesday.

I saw little Schloesser, by the by, or—as Whistler calls him—" the little Bordighera."

Pellegrini has a very clever portrait at the Grosvenor, so has Mrs. Collier. I saw at the Varnishing the Carrs, Morris, Whistler, Frank Dicey (the artist, brother of the editor), G. E. Wills, and others too numerous to mention.

I am very low about my work, and cannot make up my mind to commence. However, I am going to do so on Monday.

Varnishing Days and Private Views rather interfere, but they are things that must be gone through.

Little Gully's portrait promises well. Lady Warwick called yesterday, and the mad doctor. He said air warmed by the sun was so healthful, and the sun striking upon one's skin was so good for one, so remember that, darling. You evidently don't see " The Daily Telegraph," so I will send it you, with a notice of my Grosvenor picture in it.

I have sent Mr. Bicknell a paint-box, and colours, which, tell him, I hope he will accept from a " sister brush," as Pellegrini dubs me.

This will amuse you. I have copied it from a paper. It is supposed to be a description of your Muddie !

"Here is a portrait. Who will guess the original?

"A tall figure, pale, intellectual face; dark hair surmounted y a glinting bonnet with a little soft red about it, and a ovely group of Maréchal Niel roses. The dress is black, of ich materials, and the most gracefully worn in the room. The wearer's perfect repose of manner and grace of gesture, as he talks to some acquaintances, are worthy her position in ociety and the arts."

There! Isn't it amusing?

Mrs. Langtry came yesterday, and looked very beautiful. A lot of people came. Oscar Wilde, Pellegrini, Captain Carnegie, and Trendell stayed to dinner. They never left ntil one o'clock. We had most amusing discussions—Oscar Wilde maintained that in poetry and painting the idea, or matter, was secondary to the execution, "workmanship," as e called it—Pellegrini and I raved against him.

Sir Robert and Lady A. have just come and gone. I ommenced a little sketch of Sir Robert, but I am not up to loing much.

Before I was down Laura came, and I commenced my ive-and-twenty-guinea portrait, then Sir Robert to sit, and hen little Gully girl. I hadn't breathing-space between, nd Mr. Day came before little Gully left, and has only just one.

The little child Gully will come very well—150 guineas. think they will have Gully painted, for a hundred, if the hild is a success.

I wish I was with you, darling, but you know I am only way from you because I must work for your journey home, otherwise I would not have left you, dear love. Poverty is great trial. How happy rich people ought to be, because hey never need be separated from those they love, and yet, oddly enough, one finds as many troubles and heart-breakings

amongst them as amongst the poor of the earth. Still to us, at this present moment, it would be pleasant to have money, and yet, far beyond that, how I long for health for both of us! Ah, if longings and wishings and prayings would make us so, we should both be like young cart-horses now!

Sunday morning.

An April day—sunshine and showers. Mrs. Fildes said she would come, but I fear this weather will prevent her.

She, her husband, and baby are all going to Venice in a fortnight. I rather envy them. It was such a pity, was it not, that you saw nothing of Venice when you were there?

Lindsay is figuring about in one of your Turk's caps—thinks himself no end of a swell. He sends you his best love, and no end of kisses. He wonders if you will call him "monkey baby" on your return. Not much more than a month now that I shall see you again, my love. It will be such a relief to have you safe in England once more. Mrs. Bright is quite looking forward to seeing you again at the Cottage. She is sure to pet you, and make much of you.

God bless you, my own.

Our correspondence came to an abrupt end when Mr. Bicknell wrote saying that Percy was getting daily weaker, and that it would be wiser to let him start for home at once.

I was miserable that I could not be with him on the long, tedious journey.

Sir Robert's nurse stayed with Percy until he started, and then another one was found to bring him home. It seems she proved inefficient, as I received a telegram from Paris: "Nurse no use. Have dismissed her. Please send one." His energy and decisive action augured well, but, alas, this was only four days before he died—on June the fourth. I was not strong enough to go to Paris, and bring him home myself, but a trustworthy man was found and

ent over. We met the dear boy at the station with an nvalid carriage. He looked fatter and browner, and more eautiful, and was so bright and happy that I fancied he was nuch stronger, and I put my arm round him to help him to et up.

I was disillusioned when he said :

" Oh, mother dear, I can't walk, you know, yet. The nan carries me."

And then I saw the light burden that he was, when the nan lifted him up, and placed him carefully in the waiting arriage.

Thank Heaven he never knew that he was dying. It vould have broken my heart entirely. He was so happy at eing once more at home, and he so looked forward to going o the Cottage Stocks, when he was stronger.

Percy had an extraordinary sense of humour, and Dickens vas his favourite author. All the last night of his dear life read " The Pickwick Papers " to him. What a persistent ffort it was to give the right tone of amusement to my oice !

Mrs. Bright came to see her favourite the day before he ied. With the tears in her eyes she said as she left :

" I am glad that I have seen his beautiful smile once more."

Percy's smile was irresistible in its engaging humour nd sweetness, and seemed to irradiate the whole of his ountenance.

Those whom the gods love die young, is often too true.

Kind Mrs. George Macdonald came to see me, and begged ne to let her clever son, Dr. Greville Macdonald, come and ee if he could do anything for my dear son, but, alas, no uman help could save him.

CHAPTER XX

I CAN never forget the kindness of my friends at this most sad moment of my life. They seemed to make a point of rallying round me, and their sympathy went far to heal my bruised heart. No one was sweeter and kinder to me than the darling little boy who was now my only child, and his tenderness and loving ways were the greatest comfort to me.

Dear Lady de Rothschild asked me for a photograph of my Percy, and had a permanent enamel made from it, and sent it to me.

I am everlastingly grateful to her for her kind thought.

Lindsay, I, and my maid, Reynolds, joined Blanche Lindsay for a fortnight at Westgate. Blanche was suffering and ill, and low-spirited, so we made a congenial pair. She wrote me that the rooms were very nice at the little hotel she was staying at "and the veranda is a comfort. This is the bright side—which will be brighter considerably when you come. The dark side is that it is a splendid place to mope in, when one is alone. I feel as if I had been here an age, and very sad, but that is because I am sad, and cannot turn my thoughts away. I don't feel any courage for anything—but feel as if I could scarcely get on at all. That will be much better, much, when you are here."

In, I think, July of this year the unhappy estrangement of the Coutts Lindsays led to a final separation. As so often

happens, the "go-between" was stranded upon the shore of their differences.

Blanche, poor dear, before this happened, used to beg me to invite Coutts to my house, and see as much of him as I possibly could, whilst she was abroad with the children. When the rupture was final, she wished me publicly to cut her husband, and refuse to receive him any more.

This, I explained, was an impossibility, as, after being so friendly with him, at her desire, I had no right to treat him otherwise.

I tried to assure her that once she and he were separated, I knew Sir Coutts would discontinue coming to see us, which proved to be the case; but this did not satisfy Blanche, and, to my infinite regret, she chose to annul our friendship.

. . . . . .

After a very brief period of sorrowful inaction, I followed Millais' advice, and started work again. Besides the portrait of the Gullys' little girl, I had had an order from Mr. Cuthbert (afterwards Sir Cuthbert) Quilter to paint his wife, and I went down to Ascot, where the family were then living.

Whilst I was with the Quilters we went for a day on the river. Mr. Staats Forbes was one of the guests, the man who had such a splendid collection of pictures, chiefly of the Barbizon School. I found him a most interesting, appreciative man. I went later to see his collection at his house in Chelsea, on the Embankment. He was the uncle of Stanhope Forbes, the Academician, the son of a delightful French mother, whose work, owing perhaps to this, has so much of the *plein air* that the French delight in.

Mrs. Quilter was a great knitter, so I painted her, knitting, with a ball of wool in her lap. I forget what

Quilter's business was, but I know he had a partner named Ball.

Prinsep, who was always exceedingly witty and apt, said, when he came to see me :

"Oh, I see you have been painting the firm of Quilter and Ball!"

CHAPTER XXI

THE members of the Royal Yacht Club, of which the then Prince of Wales was President, wished his portrait painted to hang on the walls of the Club, and their choice of an artist fell upon me. I was much disappointed to receive the following letter from Sir Arthur Ellis, the Prince's Equerry :

36 Piccadilly, W.,
6th January 1882.

I had an opportunity yesterday of speaking to the Prince of Wales about the portrait.

H.R.H. was most kind about it all.

He said four people had already spoken to him on your behalf, but, alas, the insurmountable obstacle to your painting this portrait is the fact that it is painted already ! ! !

The Prince wishes me to tell you this—he sat, I think, last Sunday week to Mr. Augustus Savile, who has made what I understand is a very good portrait. I have not seen it.

I am sorry on this occasion to have been unable to do as you wished.

À un autre fois.

The Prince, when I met him afterwards at a reception at the Grosvenor Gallery, promised that he would sit to me on the next occasion that he was asked for his portrait. However, the occasion never came.

Just before the sending-in day to the Academy, Colonel Arthur Ellis wrote :

Sunday, 28th March.

The Prince and Princess of Wales propose to-morrow, after visiting Mr. Millais, to come to your Studio about 4.30 or 5 p.m.

The visit, I need not say, is quite private, and as they wish to avoid a crowd at the door, perhaps better keep it quite unknown.

This letter, in spite of the honour to be done me, rather discomposed me, for I had already invited my intimates and their friends to view the pictures before sending them in to the Royal Academy. I had to act promptly, so I took a hansom, and I am even now amused when I recall the expression of astonishment on the cabby's face when I said, "Drive me to Marlborough House." A visitor to those august precincts from the unaristocratic King's Road, Chelsea, evidently puzzled him. Colonel Ellis was out, so I wrote him a letter detailing my dilemma, to which he sent the following reply :

The Prince of Wales is out, so I cannot submit your letter. Leave it all just as it is—we shall probably not get to you till latish, not before 5.30 or so, and if there is a crowd, people will no doubt good-naturedly clear out a bit for T.R.H.'s convenience.

But pray put off nobody.

On the day in question it took no end of gentle persuasion, on the part of my sisters, to keep a clear space when my illustrious guests arrived.

The Prince and Princess were much interested in all we had to show them, and the visiting the two studios took up quite a long time.

ISABELLA, OR THE POT OF BASIL

At that period I had in my employ a "character" in the shape of a cook-housekeeper. The opportunity of seeing the Prince and Princess of Wales at such close quarters was a temptation that could not be resisted. What was my dismay, when I was occupied in showing the Princess the pictures, to find the portly form of my cook by my elbow with a cup of tea in her hand. I treated her to my most ferocious frown.

"I was told that you wanted a cup of tea, ma'am!" she unblushingly asserted.

Like most of her class she revelled in illness—other people's, of course.

I happened to have at that time rather a serious one, and she constituted herself my nurse.

When I was convalescing, she used to dress and undress me, and on taking off my stockings one night she said:

"Your legs look very shiny to-night, ma'am! Just like my Uncle John's before he died!"

Pleasant conversation for an invalid!

Another time she entered my room, stopped at the door, sniffed, and said:

"There's a queer kind of smell in this room. It smells like death!"

A friend of mine, a robust, healthy-looking man, called to inquire after me.

"Mr. R. called to-day, ma'am, to inquire after you."

"Oh!" I said. "How was he looking?"

A dramatic pause, and then, with a shake of the head:

"Rather haggard!"

The idea of my rubicund friend looking haggard made me burst into a fit of laughter, which, I am sure, benefited me more than any Doctor could have done.

And now I had to suffer more heart tortures, for Lindsay's health, at this time, was giving me much cause for anxiety. A Doctor, whom I had consulted, warned me not to set my heart upon the child, as it was more than probable that he

would follow in his brother's footsteps. This to my bereaved heart was a tragic blow! Another Doctor poetically described him as a "fragile flower."

Small wonder that I was again ill, with this fresh anxiety devouring me, and which seemed, at the time, too well founded.

He was ordered to Brighton, and there I took him to see my friend, Dr. Roose, who advised me to send him to school. He kindly undertook to watch over his health for me, and to make a point of seeing and weighing him every week. The worst symptoms were, that he persistently lost weight.

The Doctor recommended a delightful little school kept by two ladies—the Misses Thompson—where, by the by, Winston Churchill was one of the pupils.

This had not the effect we had hoped for, however; and, finding he was again losing weight, Dr. Roose advised me to keep him at home, saying, "His mother will be the best doctor."

I was distressingly anxious during all this period. I was haunted by the possibility of again losing a dearly loved son, and that son the only one left of all my children.

. . . . . .

At the house of a friend we had, one evening, very interesting hypnotic experiences. My hostess had invited a well-known exponent of the art, who, in order not to disappoint her guests, brought with him two or three young fellows, who, unconsciously to themselves, were entirely under his control. It was amusing to see how quickly they responded to the suggestions made by the Professor.

I asked him to go out of the room, and "will" them to come to him. When the Professor was outside, the young men for a few seconds remained seated, and then, suddenly, up they jumped, and made for the closed door. So great was the force attracting them, that they could not desist from trying to make their way through it, and they had to be

forcibly held back whilst some one opened the door for them to go to the Professor in the ordinary way, or else they would seriously have damaged one another in their efforts to get to him, the door opening inwards, and not outwards.

Another interesting evening was given at Mrs. Bloomfield Moore's. Haweis, the well-known preacher, I remember, was there, much interested in so-called thought-reading.

Sometimes on Sunday I went to hear my friend Haweis preach. It was said he attracted more men to hear his sermons than any other preacher in London. He had a penetrating, high, metallic voice, and he was never dull. I heard him once give a most interesting discourse upon Frederick Maurice, that very splendid and broad-minded clergyman.

Haweis hit upon the admirable idea of having girl choristers, attired like "sweet girl graduates." Perhaps that was the reason why so many men attended the church.

He knew everything that there was to know about music, and had a wonderful collection of musical instruments in Queen's House, Chelsea, which was his home, the house where Rossetti lived for so many years.

Haweis was very apt at repartee. I remember meeting him at one of the Sunday shows, before the sending-in day to the Academy.

"Oh, Mr. Haweis," I said, "I never meet you out, excepting on these Sundays."

"Ah," he replied, "I have always thought Sunday was a blessed day."

In the big Studio where Rossetti painted his beautiful Damozels, Haweis used to collect an audience, and invite a lecturer to hold forth.

One afternoon Professor Hubert gave one on Phrenology. The Professor would always choose some one from the audience, and ask him, or her, to step up to the platform, and then make use of the unfortunate person's head to de-

monstrate upon. To my dismay, I was singled out, and up I had to go, whilst all my failings and good points were publicly criticized.

I did not mind that so much as having my hair hopelessly disarranged, for the Professor, in his enthusiasm, treated my head as if it were a barber's block.

At a lecture at my house on Rossetti, Haweis very kindly wrote to me previously: "I have Pandora's box—a little *reliquaire* which Rossetti frequently painted — and a little Japanese cabinet; which I can bring to you for the evening."

Mrs. Haweis was a dainty little woman, and wrote a book on "How to Dress."

A letter to my eldest sister reminds me that I had many irons in the fire:

DEAREST FAN,

. . . Did I ever send you a copy of a little Play I wrote? I do not think I did—so I will. On Saturday I am going to coach a young fellow—Edward Hughes. He is going to act in a charming play of Schwenck Gilbert's called "Broken Hearts." The Boughtons are getting it up. He is an artist—Boughton is—and has one of the most lovely houses in London. Last Friday I dined out to meet the Princess Louise at her own request. She was very delightful. She said the Prince and Princess of Wales were charmed with our Studios.

I am invited to a Fancy Ball, but I shall not go. I have got to the stage of thinking that everything of that kind is by far too much trouble. Really, the one substantial pleasure in life is Work, even when one has to slave at it for a living, as you and I have to do.

When daylight had departed, and I could no longer paint, I used to amuse myself by commencing many little plays.

They, of course, were immature children, and never saw the light, but concocting them gave me many moments of enjoyment.

One of the pictures I sent to the Academy was a portrait of a Mrs. Tomkinson. She had a profile I much admired, and at the first sitting I placed her looking away from me. The next morning the husband came down post-haste to beg me to change the attitude. "I shouldn't recognize my wife in that position!" he said. It must have been an ideal marriage, as she must, evidently, have never turned away from him! Years after, seeing a little poem of mine in "The Westminster Gazette," he wrote and told me how happy they had been in their married life, and how much he valued the portrait—all that was left of her then.

At a country-house I was staying at this summer, the other guests and I were much amused by watching the progress of a sentimental flirtation between two of our number, a middle-aged couple.

One would never fall in love at that age, did one realize how ridiculous one looks to the onlooker. Nothing, however, is prettier to witness than a boy and girl *rapprochement*.

Across the river from our house in Beaufort Street is the beautiful church of Battersea, little known by Londoners. It is situated on the bend of the river, which widens at this point, and receives an added dignity by its name of Battersea Reach. Justin M'Carthy (the novelist and historian — a great friend of mine) and I made a little pilgrimage to the church, about the hour of sunset. It was here, by the by, that Turner studied the wonderful sky effects he immortalized on canvas. I was amused when, in the next morning's issue of "The Daily Telegraph," I read a glowing description of our little expedition.

Somewhere about this time, I saw the clever play of "Forget Me Not," the principal part in which was taken by

that brilliant actress, Geneviève Ward. I am glad to say I knew her well in after years. She had a romantic history. I believe she made her *début* on the stage as a singer, and in Russia the people went mad about this new American singer. A Prince of the blood royal married her, with whom she lived some time before she was aware that none of the Emperor's relations could marry without his consent, so that she found, to her amazement, that the marriage was not a legal one in Russia. From wherever Geneviève Ward was she immediately started for St. Petersburg, and getting audience with the Emperor, she obtained his leave for her remarriage. This was celebrated in St. Petersburg, and, to the amazement of her friends, she parted with her husband at the church door. She averred that a man who could deceive her in the way he had done was no longer to be trusted. She never used her married name, and was known to all her friends, who adored her, as "Geneviève Ward."

I spent many pleasant evenings at my friends', the Moscheles'. At that time they had a unique habitation in one end of Cadogan Place, where, in spite of a little rumbling of cabs and omnibuses proceeding along Sloane Street, one might imagine oneself in the heart of the country. The two delightful singers, Mlle Friedlander and Mlle Redeker, delighted us with their singing of duets. The musical Doctor, Sir Felix Semon, accompanied them, and evidently did it so well that Mlle Redeker accepted his services for life, and they were married.

At a delightful dinner at the Kendals' we met that very charming man and actor, Fred Leslie. I had just seen him as a fair, picturesque man, playing the part of Rip van Winkle—in the operetta of that name—and I was never more astonished when Mr. Kendal told me that the dark, sleek-headed man who took Mrs. Kendal in to dinner was really Leslie. He was a great loss to the Stage when he died, and no one has quite replaced him.

PAUL SAID, AND PETER SAID,
AND ALL THE SAINTS ALIVE AND DEAD,
VOWED SHE HAD THE SWEETEST HEAD,
BONNIE, SWEET SAINT BRIDE.

Fiona McCleod

At the Kendals' I also met Coquelin. Although he had a great admiration for the talent of Henry Irving, I remember he criticized his performance in "The Bells." He said, and truly, that Irving so emphasized the part that none of his companions would have had a moment's doubt as to who killed the traveller. Coquelin himself played it with much more subtle art, and the audience only could see the startled look and the quiver of the eyelids, and the cunning, cautious look round at his companions of the man with a guilty conscience, who feared detection.

One of the houses that gave the best entertainments in the seventies and eighties was that of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Murray, who lived in Portland Place.

There one met everybody who was somebody—artists, musicians, actors and actresses, and all those of the beau-monde who affected artistic and Bohemian society.

Here I met for the first time Paolo Tosti, the Neapolitan composer who was setting all London wild with his seductive songs.

We struck up a friendship, and he was a constant and ever welcome guest at my "Causeries intimes." One of his songs was sung for the first time there, before it had entered the publisher's hands. I believe it was his "Good-bye," and it was sung by Nita Gaetano (Mrs. Moncrieff), to whom it was dedicated.

Another famous song was also sung from manuscript at Beaufort Street, and that was "That Night in June," by that unhappy man, Goring Thomas.

It was at Portland Place I first met Modjeska. She came from Poland, and by her acting and personality took London by storm.

Her first appearance was in "Heartsease." Her admirers were legion. It was no doubt the effectively pretty way in which she broke the Queen's English which added to her charm. To me, her acting was too restless, too *maniéré*,

and, although she was full of fire and passion, it was always the same in every character she enacted.

Modjeska was the wife of a Polish count, whose name prefixed her own.

Marie Corelli was once a name to conjure with, but now fast receding into the backwater of the fashionable novel-writer.

She had hosts of admirers of her books from Royalty downwards. Until one met her, one pictured her as an awe-inspiring genius. She was, on the contrary, an affected, ultra-fussy little female. I remember, on one occasion I had undertaken, by Sir John Millais' request, to arrange some tableaux of his pictures for some charity got up by Lady Ancaster. Alfred Calmour had told me of a little godson of Miss Corelli's who would do admirably for one of the pictures. On my approaching her on the subject, she said :

" On one condition only will I let him take part, and that is, that I am introduced to Sir John Millais."

It is a bore to have conditions attached to a favour. Supposing one cannot manage it ? However, I was amused when, after effecting the introduction, I heard Sir John say :

" Oh, Miss Corelli, I have longed to know you, ever since I have read your wonderful books ! "

So, at any rate, I pleased two people.

Chlapowska was not unlike Whistler in appearance, and Whistler used graphically to describe a meeting with an acquaintance who was most *empressé* in his demands after " Madame's health." This was before there was a Mrs. Whistler. Jimmy, in telling us, used to end up with one of his infectious laughs.

The Count, in due time, was taken to his fathers, and the fascinating actress married again, and went out to California.

She and her second husband, a Count Rosenta Sienkiewicz,

who was the author of "Quo Vadis," started a Polish colony in California.

I was told that it was not a success.

Frank Miles was chiefly known by his drawings of beautiful female heads. He used to draw a great deal from that pretty little model, Connie Gilchrist. He brought her into great prominence by inviting her to be present when the Prince of Wales came to a tea at his Studio. She became quite the rage, and every one knew her by name except Lord Coleridge, who, in Court, when she was mentioned for some reason or other, inquired who she was?

Connie Gilchrist eventually went on the stage, and married a Peer.

Long before I met George Augustus Sala, I had listened to and relished many amusing anecdotes about him. He was so genial, so full of fun and hearty *camaraderie*, that it was always a real pleasure to meet him. When I first did so, there was no need to name him. Had I not had described to me that immaculate frock-coat, that white waistcoat, without which he was never seen, and that scarlet tie? His handwriting was microscopic in its minuteness, and so extraordinarily legible and regular, that one had to look twice at it before deciding that it was not copperplate.

His contemporary, Tom Taylor, wrote very differently. I was told that his publishers found only one man who could decipher his handwriting.

Sala used to send out humorous invitations to the hospitable teas that he gave in Mecklenburgh Square. Here is one of them:

MR. SALA

AT HOME.

Tea, Plum Cake, and Scandal.

SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, MRS. CANDOUR, LADY SNEERWELL, REV. DR. CANTWELL. MR. WORMWOOD. REV. FATHER BASILIO. CAPTAIN MASHER (UNATTACHED).

Saturday, May the 15th.

George Augustus Sala was an exceptionally clever conversationalist. He knew so much, and enjoyed imparting his knowledge. What, I wonder, has become of his "commonplace books"? They would be of absorbing interest. Sala's first wife was of a quiet, home-loving nature, and seldom went out. G. A. S. described his evenings to me in a letter, as given up to studying the next day's menu. After his wife's death, he married Mrs. Caralampi, the sister-in-law of "John Strange Winter." The wonderful brain of Sala wore out before his death. He returned to the days of his youth, and did not remember his second marriage. When I heard that he was in a nursing home, I went to see him, and found a little shrunken man, very unlike the portly form of Sala. He was very polite to me, as to a stranger, and evidently did not recognize me. To assist his memory, I said:

"George Rowe sends his love to you."

"George Rowe?" he queried. "Isn't he somebody's sweetheart?"

"Yes," I replied, "Mrs. Jopling's."

"Ah! she has married again, hasn't she?"

It was odd to hear oneself talked about to one's face, but behind one's back, as it were.

This reminds me of a similar incident. My sister was staying with me, when a lady of our acquaintance called. She evidently mistook me for her, as she informed me that she knew my sister, Mrs. Jopling, very well! Tableau! when she found she did not.

After I married in '88 Sala answered an invitation of mine as thus:

MOST ACCOMPLISHED OF MRS. JOPLING-ROWES,

Kindest and most proficient of practitioners of pastels, peach-like in their bloom, and of oil colours opalescent in their oleaginousness, how delighted I should be to accept your gracious invitation to lunch on Sunday! But, alas!

he Sabbath shines no day of rest for me. I am a slave, a ondman, a thrall, a serf, a penal servitor, a cropheaded amson toiling in the Philistine mills of Journalism; and .30 p.m. on Sunday next will be precisely the hour when, vith the aid of The Lamentations of Jeremiah (in the original Iebrew), Whitaker's Almanack, Plato, the Koran, and Ruff's Guide to the Turf, I shall be getting up the steam for a leading rticle on the Prehistoric Philosophy of Bootjacks, to appear n Monday morning. Pity then, and forgive my absence rom your amiable board.

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Bromptonian wind,
By the beauty and the grace
Only found in Cranley Place,
Hear my vow before I go,
Mrs. Jopling Pastel Rowe!
[This last line written in Greek characters.]

Sala's mind was a perfect storehouse of facts. He could t any moment tell you everything about everybody.

If a book could have a human counterpart, I should hristen Sala after D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature." Ie had just the same fascination for me as I remember that ook had in the days of my youth.

A. W. Dubourgh was a Government official, as so many f our playwrights have been, to instance only Tom Taylor. Vith the latter as collaborator, he was joint author of "New Ien and Old Acres," played so admirably by Mrs. Kendal, er husband, and the veteran actor, Horace Wigan.

Mr. Dubourgh wrote a play which he dedicated to me, nd which he wished me to appear in. It was written round ne life of Angelica Kauffmann, who married a man who ersonated a Count to whom he had been the valet. It as an unpleasant moment when the plot was discovered, nd the real nobleman made his appearance on the scene.

Mr. Dubourgh brought the play one evening to read to

me in the Studio. I have an idea that he proposed to come alone, but we were fond of Mrs. Dubourgh, and begged her to come also. As the evening progressed, how we pitied her! She must have known the play by heart, and painful must have been the efforts on her part to keep awake after dinner. I longed to tell her to retire to the drawing-room, but would it have been polite to the author to have suggested such a thing?

Miss Fortescue Harrison was the authoress of a novel that made a stir in its day. It was called "For One Man's Pleasure." I remember, when I introduced Sala to her, his complimenting her on her work.

Alfred Calmour had a small reputation as the author of a short poetical play, which Irving bought, and produced for Ellen Terry, called "The Amber Heart." People in the theatrical world were very kind to him. He seemed to live entirely upon the scenarios of plays that he wrote for leading actors, who would give him a sum down. I never heard of the embryo plays being finished, and produced. He was a kind-hearted little man. He was well read in Shakespeare, and gave rather an interesting lecture on him at one of the theatres. His one aim was to be thought like him personally, and he shaved the hair on his forehead to imitate the shape of the poet's. He and I were talking about Shakespeare one day, also of Reincarnation. I remarked:

"I think that you in Shakespeare's time must have been a friend of his—a sort of Boswell." He looked at me "more in sorrow than in anger."

"Why not the man himself?" he replied.

When the poor fellow was stricken with a mortal disease all his friends did what they could for him, foremost amongst whom was Sir Charles Wyndham. He collected enough money to enable him to end his days in comparative comfort.

In the early days of my acquaintance with him, he was asked if he knew me. "Know her?" he replied. "Why

call her Louise!" as if that settled the matter, although, f he did so, it was without "leave or licence."

Lady Monckton I knew before she went on the Stage, nd she was the most sought after amateur actress of her ime. When private affairs made it necessary for her to earn noney, she became a full-fledged professional actress, her xperience as an amateur having thoroughly trained her.

In a piece called "The Red Lamp" her acting placed her n the front rank. One of her sons married the daughter of ny old friend, Rockingham Gill, and another—the musical enius, Lionel—became the husband of the fascinating Gertie Millar.

Lady Monckton's only daughter married Augustus, the rother of George Moore, the novelist. There was a quarrel etween Augustus Moore and Jimmy Whistler one night at a heatre, which Jimmy took great delight in detailing.

The quarrel, I think, was apropos of some erroneous tatement that Moore had published in some paper of which e was editor, about Whistler.

Dorothy Dene promised well as an actress, but never got nuch further than her *début*, which was sponsored by Sir rederic Leighton, to whom she had sat for some of his raceful Greek maidens. She had three pretty sisters, one f whom married Herbert Schmaltz, the well-known painter.

It was through Willert Beale that I first had the pleasure f knowing the Kendals. The "incomparable Madge" is ill, I am glad to say, one of many dear friends. She has oo lately left the Stage which she adorned to speak of her ere. Her superb acting is still fresh in the memory of nose who have had the good fortune to see her.

W. H. Kendal was the beau-ideal of an English gentle-an, and he played the part to the life. But with him it was atural, as he was born and bred one, being very well con-ected. He and his wife always played together, which ade them great favourites with the "unco guid," who

adored seeing husband and wife making love to each othe It quite satisfied their sense of propriety.

Madge Kendal's chief personal assets were a most beaut fully shaped head, and a lovely voice which could express a emotion from grave to gay.

George Alexander was, to my mind, the most perfe Romeo that we have seen on the Stage. In face, figure, an caressing voice he was the beau-ideal of a young girl's dream

Added to this he possessed a strong business capacity, an he was lucky enough to have as aide-de-camp a clever an brilliant wife.

Joseph Knight was a *persona grata* wherever he wen He was a most interesting talker, and one listened spellboun to his talk of theatrical celebrities, most of whom he knew i his capacity of dramatic critic and editor of "Notes an Queries." I was with him at a dinner at the Star and Gart at Richmond, and some of us were invited to return by riv in a yacht owned by one of the guests.

We started gaily, but our amateur yachtsman came t grief over a sand-bank soon after we had proceeded on our wa home, and there we stayed the rest of the night, until a early morning released us at the turn of the tide. Wil Wilde, Madame Gabrielli, and I were lucky enough to captu a hansom, which deposited me at my door in time for brea fast. Joe Knight made the hours fly with his fascinatin talk, and it was a very pleasant night passed in his company.

John Gray was a promising young poet, whom I met fir at the house of the young Russian, André Raffallowich. Th mystical beauty that can colour a priest's life evident appealed to him, and he gave up Society to devote his li to the saving of souls.

One met many interesting people at the hospitable hou of André.

One afternoon I welcomed to my Studio that accomplishe painter, the friend of Marie Bashkirtseff—Bastien-Lepag

MRS. ALEXANDER

He was not a cultured man, but he was a *vrai artiste*. I can never forget the wonderful picture that he painted of the late King Edward VII.

The background to the portrait was superb. Delicately painted, and in perfect subjection to the head, the grey-tinted Thames appeared. It suggested the highway to the innumerable possessions of the Empire. Edward VII was habited in a gorgeous costume.

I remember so well the first picture that Bastien-Lepage exhibited in the Paris Salon. It was the head of a peasant woman, in her white cap and bib apron, and in the catalogue one read, "Portrait de la mère de l'artiste." He also did one of his father, in the garb of a labourer. It was splendid, this absence of false pride, and so true—if I may say so—to the artistic temperament.

Edwin Long, the Academician, was a great friend of mine. He used to give charming parties in his house and big Studio in Ovington Gardens before he removed to Fitz-John's Avenue. It was there I first met the lovely girl who afterwards became Mrs. Edmund Gurney, the friend of Frederic Myers, who was the originator of the Psychical Research Society.

I had a letter one day from Frank Miles, the artist :

DEAR MRS. JOPLING,

Will you and all friends come round Tuesday, Westminster Pal. Hotel at 3 precisely to see Irving Bishop's performance as advertised "Daily Telegraph" ?

Ever yours,

FRANK MILES.

I remember that afternoon well. Some object at a distance had to be discovered, and Irving Bishop, blindfolded, held the hand of Canon Harford as the connecting link between himself and the object. Surely for the people of Westminster

it must have been the queerest sight to see their Canon being raced through the streets of the ancient borough in such an undignified manner. I called the poor medium "unfortunate," and so he was. He was subject to falling into long trances, and on his last visit to America he was in one of these. The Doctors attending him pronounced him dead, and proceeded to perform an autopsy on him, his brain being considered abnormal, and therefore a scientific curiosity. It was rumoured at the time that he was not really dead. I have always been haunted by the idea that this was so, and I have imagined the feelings of the poor victim when he heard his official butchers deciding amongst themselves to dissect his brain. I apologize to them here and now if my statement be incorrect.

In looking back, friends of the past reveal themselves.

For many years I was intimate with the clever Lehmann family. Rudolph was a successful portrait painter. His wife was the daughter of the well-known publisher, Chambers, of Edinburgh, whose Journal was so widely read. She was the mother of that delightful composer, Liza Lehmann, whose "Persian Garden" is a classic.

Frederic, the other brother, lived in Berkeley Square. They entertained a great deal, and at their house one always heard the best music. Their only daughter was painted by Millais, and it was one of his most successful child's portraits.

Walter Crane stands alone as a most fanciful and original decorator—illustrating another world than ours. It was popularly supposed that his wife objected to his using models. If so, she did the world a service, for if he had drawn from the life, surely his creations would not have had the same dainty and fairy-like appearance.

Mrs. Crane's receptions were always crowded, sometimes too much so for comfort.

Alma Tadema, like Cæsar, "came, and saw, and conquered" Britain. He was a Dutchman, and coming over to England

made himself a name in the artistic world, very soon attaining to the rank of R.A. He married a beautiful woman, whose red-gold hair was a delight to all artists. She was herself an accomplished painter, and was a Miss Epps, whose father's name is familiar to all the world.

Tadema's house in St. John's Wood (the house that James Tissot once occupied) became under his influence a thing of beauty, reminding one always of the houses that the inhabitants of Pompeii must have occupied. All modern doors were done away with. Gorgeous hangings took their place. Marble, copper, and enamel were profusely used in decoration. Such a house with such gracious hosts soon became a centre for the musical and artistic world. His daughters by his previous marriage were gifted women, one as a writer and the younger as a painter.

Sir Edwin Arnold (to use a Yorkshire expression) was a "grand talker." He had travelled much in Japan, and he brought home from there his delightful wife.

At the time I first met her, I was painting a picture, the scene of which was laid in Japan. Lady Arnold very obligingly came to my Studio, and attired herself for my benefit in her native costume, in which she looked charming. She does so equally in our European style of dress, her dainty, slight figure adapting itself easily to our "tailor-mades."

I met Signor Albanesi first at the house of the Leylands. Mr. Leyland, being very musical, favoured musicians and artists. He was a great friend and patron of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Millais, whose wonderful "Eve of St. Agnes" he purchased. Strangely enough, he tabooed actors, and I never remember meeting one at his house.

Albanesi was extraordinarily good-looking. He married, after she had divorced her husband, Mrs. Cecil Raleigh. They made an ideal couple—he with his music and his wife with her novel-writing.

I was desperately sorry for them in the loss of their gifted

daughter, Meggie, who was making such a name for herself in the theatrical world.

Alfred Austin, the poet and political writer, was, as a poet should be, a very good-looking man, although of short stature. His physique gave his friends the opportunity of affectionately dubbing him "the pocket Venus."

"The Garden that I Love" is well known to all amateur gardeners. He carried out his ideas in the beautiful grounds of his house at Ashford.

One of the most interesting of men was William Sharp, a well-known writer. Who could have imagined that under that virile, manly exterior was hidden the delicate femininity of Fiona Macleod? The poem of "The Rune of Barren Women"—surely a woman must have felt and written that? Perhaps he was inspired by his association with his clever wife. I believe many who knew of the identity of Fiona Macleod with that of William Sharp saw in it an irrefutable proof of a dual personality.

The adornment by Whistler of one of the rooms in Mr. Leyland's (the great shipowner's) house made a season's talk. Originally it was intended by Mr. Leyland that Whistler should only add to the existent decoration, which consisted of priceless Spanish leather. Whistler, in the owner's absence, daringly painted this over with a peacock design of blue and gold. On one flat space he depicted two peacocks fighting, which he used laughingly to declare was himself and Leyland, for, before the room was quite finished, they fell out about the price, also, I believe, about the disappearance of the Spanish leather, under the coats of blue and gold. This, however, proved a happy accident, as at Mr. Leyland's death it enabled a rich American to move the wall decoration in its entirety to America, when the house and its contents were sold. Whistler gave me one morning a lesson in decoration, and I was allowed to paint on one corner of the celebrated room.

Sir Quiller Orchardson, the R.A., had a most picturesque personality. I don't know what part of Scotland he came from, but, I remember, the first time I heard him speak I thought he was a foreigner.

Sir William Richmond, the distinguished artist, was extraordinarily gifted in many phases of art.

I once heard Watts say to Sir Frederic Leighton : "Richmond has more brains than all of us put together." He had a charming house in a part of old Hammersmith, with a couple of acres of garden.

Jacques Blumenthal was a composer of songs of other days. Who sings them now ? He and his wife used to give delightful musical parties. The last time I met him was at Venice, where he, Evelyn Anstruther, and I ate ices at Florian's in the Piazza di San Marco.

Pearl Craigie was a clever, talented, original writer, and an extremely handsome young woman. She was the daughter of some rich Americans, who lived in Lancaster Gate. She married a man in the British Army, which marriage did not turn out a success. Her parents were most hospitable, and the large rooms in Lancaster Gate were well adapted for dinners of forty guests "at one sitting." Pearl Craigie was very witty, but with a wit that left no room for "give and take." In any encounter of wit, she inevitably and brilliantly capped the last speaker's remark, putting an end to the encounter, and generally initiating an awkward pause in the conversation. She wrote under the name of John Oliver Hobbes.

I am sorry that the wife of T. P. O'Connor has removed her light from the London firmament. She was extraordinarily witty, besides being a very pretty woman—a combination not always to be met with. A Southerner by birth, she could tell tales about "the darkies," and imitate their accent to perfection.

Mrs. O'Connor kindly gave a Lecture for me once

in my Studio, and her rendering of the humour and pathos of our coloured brethren was a thing not to be forgotten.

Sir Rennell Rodd was brought by a friend to my house in Beaufort Street, and was introduced to me as our coming Poet Laureate. In those days he looked the part. I treasure a little book of his first poems he gave me. I wonder if his successful career in the domain of statesmanship has clipped the wings of his muse. The last time I saw him was at one of Lady Richmond's yearly garden parties. Again I am reminded of him, as my Club, The Ladies' Athenæum, has installed itself in the wonderfully decorated house in Stratford Place that he used to occupy.

Gustave Doré I met years ago. He used at one time to come over to London every summer, yet he never troubled himself to learn a word of the language. I remember his telling me that the painters who would live, in his estimation, would be those who faithfully reproduced the manners and customs of the time they lived in, such as Hogarth and William Frith. This opinion of a highly imaginative artist was certainly interesting.

I remember Palgrave Simpson, who, I think, dramatized Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," calling it "All for Her." Jack Clayton took the principal part. During the play's run, Palgrave Simpson was often at my house, and his stock remark was always (said with reverential awe), "Jack is acting like an angel!"—so we used to speak always of "Jack the Angel." There was nothing but Palgrave's remark to associate Jack with one's idea of an angel, as he was a most robust-looking mortal.

Hamilton Aïdé was a rich bachelor, and was a noted figure in the seventies. He had a flat in Queen Anne's Mansions, where he entertained royally, from the Prince of Wales downwards. Sometimes he gave theatricals, in which his own plays figured. He was a typical amateur, for he wrote not

only plays, but novels as well, and quite pretty songs, besides sketching very charmingly.

David Bispham, whom I first met at Lady Palmer's, had a magnificent voice. He and his pretty wife were Americans. I believe, however, that they agreed to differ, and being Americans it was easy enough for them to dissolve their marriage. When will our English laws of Divorce be altered ? I think it more immoral to lead "a cat-and-dog life" than to separate amicably, when the husband and wife realize that they are not suited to each other, and therefore cannot live happily together.

Those who heard Tosti at the piano, singing with no voice to speak of, cannot easily forget the fascination of it. He seldom missed one of my "Causeries" at Beaufort Street, where he enchanted all my guests. He married a charming professional, Berthe Latour, who sang under the name of Mademoiselle Amour. Theirs was really a love match. Deserting London, they settled in Rome, and there, dear fellow, he died. Before he left London, the old Duchess of Cambridge used to engage him to sing to her every afternoon.

Mrs. Cornwallis West was, in King Edward's time, one of Society's beauties. She ran Mrs. Langtry very close. although her style was not so classical as that of the more well-known beauty.

We often met Ivan Caryll, the popular musical composer. We first did so at Aix-les-Bains, soon after his first marriage. His wife was an American. Although America is such a cosmopolitan country, I don't think the mixture of Italian and American combined well, for the husband and wife ultimately separated, and dissolved partnership. His second wife was English, I think. Caryll had an odd hobby, and that was upholstering. He showed us in his house one day, with great pride, an arm-chair that was in progress of being upholstered.

The Hon. Archie Stuart Wortley was the first President

of the Society of Portrait Painters started in '89. Two or three women were included in the original members. We were summoned to the meetings, but were not permitted to vote. This struck me as being rather absurd. On studying the Rules of the Society, I saw no reason why female members should not exercise their undoubted right.

I apprised the Secretary that at the next meeting I intended voting. He begged me to refrain from doing so until after the subject had been discussed, and it was with Mrs. Waller, the eminent portrait painter, and myself, and the male members. We came off with flying colours. I believe this was the first time, at public meetings, that women were treated on an equality with men, at any rate in artistic circles; and, since then, there has never been any question of their not being so regarded.

At one of my "Causeries intimes," Whistler, Tosti, and two or three other of the latter's compatriots arranged to give Mrs. Moncrieff and me a special Italian dinner at Pagani's, the celebrated Restaurant in Great Portland Street.

Being always very absorbed in my work, I am ashamed to say that when the day came I had forgotten all about it. I had enjoyed my dinner at home, and was just finishing my coffee when in Whistler was ushered to escort me to Pagani's.

"I can't eat a second dinner," I said.

"Never mind, you must come, and I will say nothing about your having forgotten it."

Oh, that dinner! Shall I ever forget it? The heat of the room, the too savoury dishes, of which I was hospitably urged to consume, and to pretend that I was enjoying them all, was a waking nightmare to me.

When I see my signature on the plaster wall of the room, it reminds me of that painful evening. Pagani used to ask his well-known habitués to write their names on the wall of this special room. They are now all protected by glass.

A lady who made a flutter in her day was Mrs. Ormiston Chant. She made a public objection to the manner in which the foyer in certain theatres was conducted, and much correspondence in the papers was the result. When we were seeking about for a Lecturer for our Society of "The Immortals"—which I inaugurated later—we asked Mrs. Chant to give us a Lecture. She gave us an admirable one, on some forgotten novelist who wrote in the forties—a Mrs. Green.

I remember meeting, in the Baroness de Rothschild's house in Paris, Rossini. He was there to hear a new singer, and it was most interesting to watch the great man listening to his own composition of "Una voce poco fa." At another time, Gounod was the *pièce de résistance*. He told me how much he wished he could play all the parts in "Faust" so that they could be rendered as he would like them to be. Speaking of Mozart, he put his hands into the attitude of prayer, and said, "He is my God."

My memory of the theatre goes back a long way. I remember seeing that genius, Robson, who could make one laugh or cry with him, according to the part he acted in.

Charles Mathews, who was magnificent in "The Liar," ably supported by his clever wife.

Fechter, who always declared to the heroine, in the most passionate manner, that he "lofed" her.

When I was in Paris I saw the inimitable Désclée, than whom in certain parts no one surpassed.

In '77 I remember meeting Wagner at Millais' house. I have a recollection of the handsome woman who accompanied him, but none of the maestro himself.

Spending my days in a Studio, I had few opportunities for meeting my fellow-workers in other arts during the hours devoted to my profession. Excepting on Sundays, which both for artists and actors can be made a real holiday. There were many interchanges of hospitality on those days,

and one could cement the friendships commenced in the Studio and the theatre.

I am a hoarder of letters, and I have numerous ones from actors and actresses, which, as I look over them, remind me pleasantly of their writers, and the hours spent with them, but that would be of no general interest to my readers.

When Lillie Langtry first appeared on the stage, it was at the theatre of the Bancrofts, who were then at the Haymarket. The house was crowded to see the fashionable beauty. I remember nothing of her acting. I recall only the lovely line of her throat.

Mabel Wright was a gifted being. She was a sister of that original genius, Aubrey Beardsley. She was on the stage for some little time, then married, and ultimately became a victim to the fell disease that killed her gifted brother.

Fanny Brough, a member of the clever family of that name, was always a delight on the stage, for which, however, she professed a deep contempt.

" You know, we are only Vagabonds," she once said to me.

I think she never forgot that in the early Victorian period members of *the* profession were dubbed as such, and therefore not admitted to Her Majesty's Court.

On her first visit to me, she mistook the house, and was ushered into a neighbour's. She gave an amusing account of her entry into a room, and her conversation with a quiet, precise lady, who was evidently bewildered by this Sunday afternoon visitor, who, as Fanny Brough used to declare, bore " the mark of Cain " upon her brow.

I can never forget Miss Bateman in " Leah." She played the Jewess to the life. The way she spoke her opening lines was unforgettable :

" I am here, what would you with me ? "

She was a very beautiful young woman at that time. An unfortunate operation to her tear-duct slightly disfigured

MRS. LANGTRY AS ROSALIND

From a water-colour miniature by the late William Sharpe

her, and she was no longer able to take the part of young heroines. In later life she became an able teacher of elocution.

The uncommon name of Romola Tynte comes to my memory. She was a young actress, a pupil of Hermann Vezin, who prophesied of her that she was to be the new and only "Juliet."

In this case, however, he was not a true prophet.

Ada Rehan was a great favourite on the London stage. She acted chiefly with her compatriot, John Drew. It was a delight to see them in "The Taming of the Shrew." Every man lost his heart to the fascinating actress, my husband included. One night he woke me up by saying in his sleep, in a loud voice: "Wouldn't it be glorious if England were a Republic, and Ada Rehan the Queen of it!"

A queer notion of the political world! We met her soon after at a dinner, and I amused her by relating this incident. Mrs. Rudolph Lehmann also told her of her husband's admiration for her. In her slightly American accent, she said:

"What charming husbands, and what more than charming wives to tell me about them!"

Geneviève Ward was very anxious to get up a lady's dinner for her, and many responded. They would undoubtedly have only been too pleased to do honour to the talented actress, but she would have none of it.

Geneviève wrote me:

The dinner to Miss Rehan is off; she dreads these ceremonies, and has always refused them, and cannot therefore accept. It is a pity, as we had already about fifty ladies, and should have doubled the number.

It was a pity that clever little actress, Beatrice Ferrar, left the Stage. Her beautiful red-golden hair was a delight to the eyes. She was clever enough to know that the talent

she possessed could not carry her to the front rank of her profession, and she has turned it to good account by following, with her sister, the craze set by some of the fashionable folk, and becoming a successful milliner.

I wonder if Mr. Arthur Bourchier remembers that I designed a costume for him in which to play "Hamlet." Madame Gabrielli invited me to meet him at lunch, and we went off together to the costumier afterwards.

Hamlet was going to be produced by the Canterbury Players, and on the way I remember Arthur Bourchier saying :

"I can't think of an Ophelia with whom I could play."

"Well," I said, "my idea is that Miss Violet Vanbrugh is the only actress who could play it with you."

"The very thing!" he said. "I wonder I never thought of her. I must get an introduction to her."

Some time after, I was invited to the wedding of this Shakespearean couple.

Janette Steer, with her sister, embarked upon a theatrical venture with E. W. Godwin, which I fear only succeeded in emptying their pockets, as well as the stalls. Janette was a clever woman, with original ideas. One was a strange one —that in the beginning of things there was only "Woman," and that "Man" was an accidental offshoot.

Her name was associated with mine in one of the puns that were just then popular :

"Why did Mrs. Jopling Rowe?"

"Because she saw Janette Steer."

Miss Fortescue became known to fame as a plaintiff in a breach of promise case against the son of a well-known nobleman.

Every one was anxious to see her after that episode. She was clever enough to act only in those parts that suited her personality, and in those she succeeded to perfection.

Winifred Emery was an actress for whom I had a great

admiration. In her young days she was quite the slimmest actress on the stage, and she owed a great deal of her charm to her pliable, willowy figure. I remember her best in "The Benefit of the Doubt," in which she played the fascinating heroine. She and her husband, Cyril Maude, were a fortunate combination of talent and charm.

CHAPTER XXII

FOR the New Year a Greeting from Jimmy Whistler in answer to an invitation I had sent him:

Are we to begin the New Year badly? I also may not come, as other people are to be here. After all, I perceive that this is but a foolish reason—it would be quite simple to leave them to amuse themselves.

Je vous la souhaite bonne et heureuse.

Whistler gave London a thrill by an exhibition of his pictures in Bond Street. He hung the room with yellow and white, and flowers of the same colours were placed here and there. The sensation, however, was not the pictures, but the catalogue of them. Against each name was printed the always adverse, and sometimes scathing, criticisms by the art critics of the day.

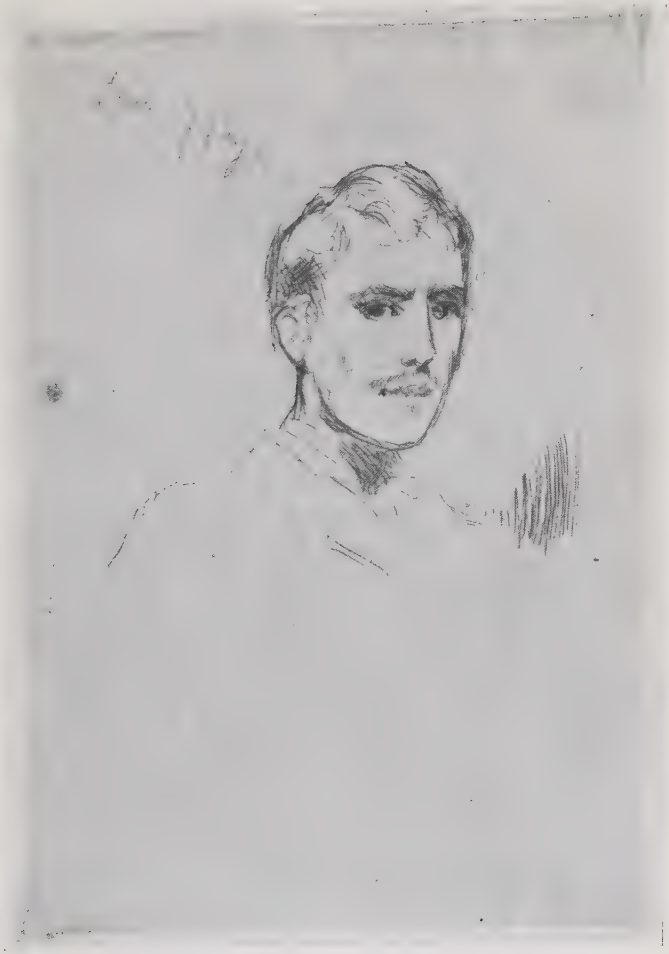
It was a splendidly bold thing to do, and deserved success, for Whistler had adroitly turned the laugh against his critics.

He conceived the happy idea of naming his pictures by the terms commonly ascribed to musical compositions. He disdained the idea of "telling a story" by his art, as witness his cards of invitation:

Mr. WHISTLER requests that he may have the Honour of
the Company of
Mr. and Mrs. JOPLING and FRIENDS
at a private view of
Paintings—"Various"
"NOTES"——"HARMONIES"——"NOCTURNES."

Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries,
133 New Bond St.
Saturday, May 17. (*Two doors from the Grosvenor Gallery.*)

For Heaven's sake!
Have you had your Cards?
If not, dear Mrs. Louise, do come with the enclosed.



WALTER SICKERT

I have many of these little notes from Whistler written in his delicate artistic handwriting, with his sign manual of a butterfly in the corner, or simply as signature.

If you only knew how really I have been engulfed in this exhibition business you would forgive!

Walter Sickert has, of course, been carried off by his wife and the house furnishing—and I do hope that the plate that I liked is properly bitten in—if not, send it by bearer to me.

Here is a card for Saturday. If you have one already, send it back—but I shall certainly not forgive you if you don't come.

Do come.

This alludes to an etching portrait I did of Walter Sickert. I saw a great deal of him in those days. He was a picturesque-looking youth, and often adorned my "Causeries intimes."

A little note after a short absence of mine from home:

Quite delightful, dear Mrs. Jopling, to hear from you again—but, alas! I cannot dine on Sunday in Beaufort Street, as, curiously enough, I am dining in Beaufort Gardens.

However, the important is that you are back, and judging from your charming note in good spirits—so you must ask me again and things must be organized. I have been away.

Also I have sprained my wrist and my right hand has not known what my left has been about for a deuce of a time!

Soon I shall look in upon you to make *mes homages*, and am,

Always most sincerely yours.

One of the most charming of women was Mrs. Godfrey Pearce, daughter of Mario and Grisi. Being a child of such parents, she inherited in no small degree their fascination. Her singing voice was exquisite—too delicate for public life, but in private she enchanted all her listeners.

Mrs. Pearce very kindly sat to my husband for a picture he was painting. After his death it was bought by Mr. John Lane, the well-known publisher, who, I think, has it still in his possession.[1]

Writing of Mrs. Godfrey Pearce reminds me of that notorious woman, Madame Rachel. She was well known in the 'sixties and 'seventies. She professed to make women beautiful for ever, and, as may be imagined, she drove a roaring trade, but as a sequel, ended her career in prison, through having damaged the already lovely skin of Mrs. Pearce, happily for a time only.

Mr. Godfrey Pearce had the courage to bring an action against her. During the trial, other disreputable facts were brought to light and Madame Rachel was sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

Whistler gave "Breakfasts" in his house in Tite Street, where I was a constant guest. One met all the best in Society there—the people with brains, and those who had enough to appreciate them. Whistler was an inimitable host. He loved to be the Sun round whom we lesser lights revolved. He ignored no one. All came under his influence, and in consequence no one was bored, no one was dull. Indeed, who could be when anywhere near that brilliant personality?

Whistler had a most beautiful, loyal, and kindly heart. At a dinner party one evening, a discussion arose about the waning charms of a professional beauty.

"No," Whistler said in that penetrating voice of his. "She hasn't gone off! She is just as beautiful as ever!"

He had taken me in to dinner, and when another topic had been started, I asked him *sotto voce* whether that really was his opinion? He answered back:

"I know; I know; but let's say she hasn't!"

At that same dinner, I thought I would play a little practical joke on him. I noticed that, whilst eating, he always

[1] Alas, the head of the well-known publishing firm has joined the majority.

took his eyeglass out of his eye, and that when he spoke to anyone he immediately fixed it in again to (like the Wolf in Red Riding Hood) "better to see with." Watching my opportunity, I hid the eyeglass that was lying on the table. Jimmy, wanting to fix an antagonist with his piercing eye, hunted about for his glass for a moment, and then not finding it put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket and produced its under-study. So my little joke missed fire.

In the spring of this year, I went for two or three days to Havant to stay with the Heseltines. I shall never forget a wood there, with a carpet of pale primroses which we picked and picked and picked, without apparently diminishing their number.

Mr. Heseltine, the husband, was most artistic, and a great encourager of young artists. It was at his house I saw the very first work of that incomparable genius, Gilbert, R.A.—a small statuette of a nude figure.

In April I ran over to Paris to see the Salon. Previously, I had lunched on the Varnishing Day of the Royal Academy with Mr. Heseltine at a Club that only millionaires could belong to. The Club was called "The Amphitryon." It had a glorious but brief existence. Mr. Heseltine told me that he and his wife were going to Paris, and luckily for me on the day that I was going. We left London by a train that started at seven o'clock in the morning, and went to the Continental, where the kind Heseltines insisted upon my being their guest whilst there.

I went to see my dear old Master, and lunched with him and his wife. Monsieur Chaplin had very little changed. He still looked the carefully groomed Englishman. To revive old memories, I worked one morning in the Studio, but my dear severe Master didn't compliment me on what I did.

"Trop de chic!" was his verdict.

On my return, I went to a dance where, as it happened, my present husband, George Rowe, was. Neither of us, in

after days, remembered noticing the other on that occasion. Certainly we were both married at the time, but it seems strange that two people who were so much to each other in after years were unaware of each other's propinquity.

I note in my diary that a man and his wife called, and the husband gave me an order to paint his wife's portrait for 150 guineas, Kit-cat size. The next I heard of them was, that Mr. —— had commissioned Millais to paint the portrait for 1000 guineas. Such are some of the disappointments of the profession.

. . . . . .

I see I was busy over my work for this year's Academy—"Saturday Night" or "The Search for the Breadwinner."

Often whilst walking along the Chelsea Embankment, I was struck with the contrast between the pearly grey atmosphere of the river and its surroundings and the yellow brilliant glow issuing from the public-houses. There was a corner one which particularly attracted me. One evening I saw a wretched woman, with a baby in her arms, and another child clinging to her skirt, just open the door, look in, and walk dispiritedly away. The glow from the lighted room fell full upon her face, giving a fleeting radiance to it, and yet nothing could obliterate the hopelessness of her expression. Poor wretch! She was in search of a husband and the Saturday night's wages, which he was no doubt dissipating as fast as he could.

Here I had a picture ready made. I spoke to the woman, and asked her if she would come and sit to me. She was only too pleased, poor dear, and so we each of us did the other a good turn. I had amusing experiences over that picture. I used to stand opposite the public-house of an evening, and watch the effect of the light on the faces of the people who entered. Semi-drunken women used to accost me with—"What do you want, dear?" "There's a private door round the corner—go in by that, dearie!"

So-called fallen women have a strange wish to see others in the same predicament as themselves. Other women would be truculent, and in a drunken voice say, "What yer looking at ?" evidently resenting any glance bestowed upon them, in their shameless condition. Passers-by would stand and stare too, until I had to move away, the crowd obstructing my view of the scene I wanted to impress upon my mental vision.

The picture found a purchaser, and I have only a photograph of it now, to remind me of those grey mysterious twilights on the river's bank.

The river Thames, I think, is one of the most beautiful of rivers, even from its very source, where it steals "by lawns and grassy plots" and slides "by hazel covers" moving "the sweet forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers," until it becomes a power, to bear upon its mighty bosom all the wonderful products of the World. After I had seen Venice I was reminded of that city of enchantment whenever I walked along the Embankment, and sensed the beauty of the river's pearl and silver tones.

After witnessing Ellen Terry's performance as Portia, garbed in the wonderful hues of red she wore, from pale pink to deep red, I couldn't rest until I had made her promise to sit to me.

People prophesied that I should never get her to remain still more than five minutes together, but they were wrong.

I depicted her at the moment when Portia says: "Bid me tear the bond," and whenever I wanted her to keep very still I would ask her to say the words, and instantly she was in the part, and waiting for the verdict of the Judge.

She was a delightful and fascinating sitter, and I immensely enjoyed the privilege I had of being so much in her company.

This painting her in character involved many visits to the

theatre behind the scenes to watch her ; and learn by heart the expression I wanted to catch.

Sir Coutts Lindsay asked me to exhibit it, when finished, at the Grosvenor Gallery ; which I did.

Joe and I went to the Private View rather late in the afternoon, and it was amusing going up Bond Street to meet people coming away from the Gallery and all talking of " Ellen Terry's portrait."

It is a great help to an artist to paint a celebrity. The picture is certain of being talked about, either in praise or the reverse.

When Sir Henry Irving saw it in my Studio, he at once purchased it, and for years it used to hang in the room at the Lyceum Theatre, well known for the suppers held in it.

I often went there, and met hosts of celebrated people.

The first time I went behind the stage, Henry Irving himself showed me round.

" You would like to see the Green Room," he said.

On my hesitating on the threshold of it, a voice called out :

" Come in, darling ! "

And when I entered, Will Terriss had an amusing little shock, when he found out to whom he had been so affectionate. He laughed, and said :

" You mustn't mind our manners. We always address every one like that, in this room."

Henry Irving's walk on the stage has been much criticized. It was so entirely different from his own natural style, which was a cross between dignity and gracefulness. I had an amusing specimen of his mannerism the evening that he took me round behind the scenes. He was preceding me leisurely, when the call-boy ran round, to tell him he must go on the stage, and he instantly looked as if he had had a galvanic shock. His gait became springy and jerky, and there was the stage walk.

I have a theory that he was quite unconscious of his peculiarity, and that when he was a beginner no one had been kind enough to tell him of his defects. I remember that when I first acted in private theatricals at Lady Lindsay's, I proposed that we should each tell the others what faults in movement, or diction, were made. When it was my turn to be criticized, Lady Lindsay said :

"When you make your long speech and come to the end of it, you smack your right leg, and click your tongue against the roof of your mouth."

The others agreed with her.

I literally stared with astonishment when they told me this, and I really thought that they were amusing themselves at my expense. I did not believe them, but I did not argue the point. What was my astonishment when, at the end of my speech, I found myself on the point of doing the very thing that I had not believed was possible. I think that, if Henry Irving had had a candid friend in the beginning of his career who would have frankly told him of his mannerisms, he could easily have broken himself of them.

My first acquaintance with Irving was through Whistler, who wrote me :

I have intended to call every day, and have been prevented. I want to tell you that Irving would be so pleased if you ask him to come to your Causerie on Saturday. You will, I am sure, be delighted to send him an invitation, and *voici* his address :

HENRY IRVING,
15A GRAFTON STREET,
BOND STREET.

With kindest regards and *à samedi soir*.

In sending me a cheque for my picture of "Portia," Irving wrote me a characteristically charming note :

LYCEUM THEATRE,
31st August 1883.

I had hoped to be the bearer of the enclosed—and if I can see you before I finally start, I shall—but you will know, at least, that you have no truer friend, or one that wishes you and yours greater success and happiness.

With every good and kind wish, ever
Sincerely yours.

When all his belongings were sold at Christie's, "Ellen Terry as Portia in 'The Merchant of Venice'" was bought by a lady who lived in Glasgow.

To talk of another theatrical celebrity, I remember the first time I saw Sarah Bernhardt. It was in "Fédora." I saw Mrs. Bernard Beere in it previously, and my hard heart was not softened one bit by all the agonies poor Fédora went through. After that, I witnessed a burlesque of it, which amused me greatly. I was afraid, on going to this French play again, it would, after these experiences, prove *vieux jeu* to me, but, when Sarah impersonated Fédora, I forgot all that I had seen, and she played upon my heart-strings, until, as the French say, I wept "like a calf." Genius makes us conscious only of itself. The previous interpretations that I had seen might never have been. In those days very few French people took the trouble to learn English. The two languages have so little in common, in the way of pronunciation. I was at a luncheon given in honour of Sarah Bernhardt, at the Hotel Cecil. When, in a long speech, her health was proposed, and she rose to acknowledge it, all she could find to say, delivered in the most fascinating manner, was :

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I do not spik English, but I tank you wid all my 'eart!"

Pablo de Sarasate I first met at the house of Henry Joachim, the brother of the celebrated violinist, Joseph. There are many who remember the delightful musical evenings

they gave in their house at Campden Hill. Alfredo Piatti, the violoncellist, was a constant guest, and Madame Norman Neruda charmed everybody with her playing on the violin. She was as much a delight to the eyes as to the ears, as she had a flexible, beautifully proportioned body, which in its graceful movements seemed to interpret the spirit of the music.

One evening we were dining at the Joachims'—a small party only. The Peruginis were there and Sarasate. When we went into the drawing-room, Kitty Perugini said :

" Do you know, Lou, I see such a likeness between you and Sarasate."

And, oddly enough, the first thing the latter said when he came into the room was :

" You are so like a sister of mine."

To which Kitty replied :

" I've been telling her that she is so like you."

After all the other guests had gone, Mr. Joachim got some black chalk and chalked on my lip a replica of Sarasate's moustache, and taking off his dress coat put it on me. Sarasate and I amused them by calling ourselves the twins. The likeness to each other was really extraordinary, so much so that at a later evening I was enabled to pass myself off as the celebrated musician, and successfully " took in " a number of our mutual friends.

It happened in this way. Mrs. Joachim invited us to one of her delightful Sunday dinners, and on the card of invitation she put under my name " Signor Sarasate." This gave me the idea of really hoaxing my friends, just for a lark. So I begged permission to dress for the character at her house. For the dinner I had taken care to make myself look extra feminine, and when Mr. Joachim, playing up to me, informed everybody present that he had had a letter from Sarasate, saying, that he was passing through London, and would look in after dinner, I took care to voice loudly my " hope that

he would arrive before I left, as I was due to spend the evening somewhere else."

Everybody looked forward with delight to seeing him, and as I made my fictitious adieu to my hostess, I begged her to tell Sarasate how vexed I was not to see him. I went up to Mr. Joachim's dressing-room, and proceeded to don the actual clothes of Sarasate himself, who was a party to the deception, and who had kindly lent them to me, for the occasion. I had procured one of Sarasate's photographs, and I proceeded faithfully to imitate it.

I had to put a large towel round my waist, in order to obtain that smooth appearance that a well-conducted waistcoat ought to have. My hair, luckily, I wore at that time short, as a result of having had it cut whilst I was engaged in painting a portrait of young Anstruther. I said, at the time, it was a choice of losing my temper or my hair, and I chose the latter. Sarasate had a division between his front teeth, a sign, it is said, that the owner will die rich, and not being so fortunate myself I had to imitate this by a piece of sticking-plaster. When ready, down I went, very much trembling in my shoes. Mr. Joachim met me at the bottom of the stairs, and at once introduced me to old Mr. Burnand, who made me feel rather guilty when he said, with a delightful old-world manner :

" It gives me much pleasure to make the acquaintance of so distinguished a gentleman ! "

I mumbled a reply in my deepest *basso profondo*, and moved towards the door, where the man announcing the guests asked :

" What name shall I say, sir ? "

I intimated my wish not to be announced, and remained just inside the door, where I can honestly say that I had never had so many female eyes fixed admiringly upon me before. I gazed apparently unconcernedly about the room, and then I saw Mrs. Boughton clapping her hands softly, and heard her say to her husband :

"George, there's Sarasate! go and speak to him!"

So George came and talked to me in his best French. How my heart beat! But the interview passed off without my identity being established. Then Mlle Zimmermann came up, and reminded me of our last meeting in Berlin.

"Est-ce que vous vous rappelez de ce joli morceau que vous avez joué à Berlin?"

Of course I remembered, but in answer to a query, whether I intended giving them the pleasure of hearing me to-night, I had to confess that I had not brought my violin with me.

Joachim took me up to introduce me to the beautiful Mrs. Hare, the wife of the actor. I bowed profoundly, but didn't know what on earth to say, and contented myself with discreetly moving away, whilst whispering audibly: "Quelle belle femme!" (which was the truth) in Joachim's ear. I heard afterwards that Hare went up to his wife, and asked her: "What did Sarasate want to be introduced to you for?" Perugini said to his wife: "Don't you see a remarkable likeness in Sarasate to Mrs. Jopling?" And Kitty said: "But they are so alike! That's what I've always said." They neither of them suspected that I was other than I seemed. I quite forgot, and indeed scarcely knew, who were the intimates of Sarasate, but I waved my hands amicably to those whom I thought he would be sure to know. But I forgot my dear Piatti! He was very sensitive, some people called him "touchy," and when I practically cut him, he said to his nearest neighbour: "I don't know what I have done to Sarasate that he should take no notice of me!"

He told me afterwards that he hadn't the slightest doubt but that it was the real man in front of him. The only one who penetrated my disguise was Madge Kendal, and she had been, in a way, prepared to expect that something was up. A few days before, a mutual friend, Minnie Chappell, had offered to take me for a drive, and to go wherever I liked, so I told her in strict confidence that I wanted to go to

Clarkson's shop to fetch a moustache that they were making for me, and divulged what was in the wind. It happened on that Sunday evening that Madge and Willy were really going on somewhere else, and Minnie was so frightened that they would have left before I appeared on the scene that she said : " Oh, don't go yet. There's going to be some fun ! " And then, as luck would have it, I met them at the head of the staircase, as I was coming out of the dressing-room. Of course I took no notice of them, and passed downstairs. When Madge came down, she found me standing just within the door, and I could feel her eyes looking me all over. Then she said in a low voice :

" Well ! It's marvellous, Louise ! "

" Don't give it away," I whispered back.

And she didn't.

The only people who did not recognize me as Sarasate were the Moscheles, and that was not astonishing, as Felix Moscheles had just completed Sarasate's portrait ; but my own identity escaped him, because he said to his wife : " Who is the little man nodding to us ? " and she couldn't tell him.

I didn't stay longer than about twenty minutes ; and then reappeared as myself, looking entirely different from the foreigner they had all gazed at so appreciatively, a little time back. I was met with a chorus of laughter and compliments, for Joachim had undeceived his guests in my absence, and one well-known manager of a theatre declared that he would give me an engagement for his theatre whenever I liked.

Mrs. Joachim told me afterwards that a lady was very shocked, because I had worn men's trousers !

My face must be rather of the india-rubber type, because I find no difficulty in making up like some one else. I have a niece who is quite fair, and has eyes of quite a different colouring from mine, yet I successfully personated her, by dressing in her hat and cloak, and putting on a fair wig,

taking in a number of friends, including my own husband and son. Yet no two people could be less alike than Sarasate and my niece.

When my work gave me a little breathing-space, I resolved to accept the kind invitation of the Anstruthers to stay with them in Switzerland.

I had a pressing invitation from Signor Piatti, and his daughter, the Countess Lochis, at the Villa Piatti at Cadenabbia, on the Italian lakes, and I planned to go on to there, from Switzerland.

I left my Lindsay with his father, at the Cottage Stocks; and, as kind Mrs. Bright had promised to look after her special little favourite, I was able to leave, with an easy mind, to take what I may truly describe as a well-earned rest.

I had my sketching things with me, and I did many transcripts of the delightful views in the neighbourhood. Sir Robert Anstruther had with him his own horses, and his daughter and I rode about, much to the amazement of the peasantry, who, we heard, declared with awe that we had ridden our mounts all the way from England. The Channel, "that silver streak," they had possibly never heard of. From Flims we went to Axenstein—where from the hotel terrace one had a fine view of the mountains and the lake.

It was on a very hot day we left Flims to go through the St. Gothard Tunnel on our way to Lugano. As was often the case whilst travelling, I was seized with an overpowering attack of sleepiness, and, much to the amusement and annoyance of my companions, I failed to respond to their raptures over the scenery through which we passed. They would wake me up and say, "You must look!" and, after a cursory glance, back I would sink into the arms of Somnus. To have an artist travelling with one, who is too sleepy to show appreciation of the scenery must indeed have been trying!

Evelyn Anstruther and I went to see Milan, I on my way to Cadenabbia. Milan Cathedral looked like an enormous

wedding-cake, so lace-like and delicate. The charm lies chiefly in the fact that it is unlike any other. Here, Evelyn and I separated, and we promised ourselves to meet again a week later, and go to Venice, where we intended staying about a week. Piatti had a charming villa on the borders of the lake. Unfortunately all the time I was there it was stormy, and my sketches might have been taken in a northern clime, so grey they looked. We had only one blue day when the sun shone and the lake was calm.

Signor Piatti had kindly invited me to make a much longer visit, but as I had promised to meet Evelyn Anstruther I had to leave. However, I said, " Je reviendrai," and Piatti always called me after that " Madame Je Reviendrai," perhaps because I never returned.

Piatti was a delightful Italian, very fond of his friends, and a good teller of amusing anecdotes. He sat to me for a portrait in pastel, and I managed, by making him tell me stories, to catch the humorous twinkle in his eyes. He would relate with much gusto having been completely taken in by my impersonation of Sarasate.

After leaving Cadenabbia I met Evelyn at Milan, and, having an evening to spare, we went to the Opera House, the House that has decided the fate of so many operas and singers. The audience was most enthusiastic. I think I watched it more than I did the opera that was being performed, for I have only the memory of the one and not of the other.

That, or the next day, we went to the Brera, and saw the wonderful Bellinis, and then drove out to the Monastery, where all that remains of Leonardo da Vinci's " Last Supper " is to be seen on the walls.

Then in high spirits Evelyn and I started on our way to Venice. It happened to be a year of wonderful sunsets. Some volcano had erupted, and had filled the air with tiny particles of dust, which, when the sun was low on the horizon, transformed themselves into vehicles for gorgeous colours of

rose and pink. The whole heaven seemed to be illuminated, and, under this flaming colour, we approached Venice along the plains of Lombardy. "What a dull, uninteresting station!" we said to each other, and the only note of beauty was the one word "Venezia."

But outside—what a revelation! The long, low steps at the side of the canal, and at the foot of them—not a cab-rank, but a gondola-rank. The picturesque gondoliers touting for custom bewildered us, but at last we found ourselves, and our luggage, in one of those fascinating boats bound for the Grand Hotel.

And what a feast of colour the whole way! The splendour of the sky and the delicate tints of the buildings on either side reflected in the opalesque water. We could scarcely speak for looking. All we could do was to press each other's hands, to convey our delight, as we passed by some spot of beauty.

We found rooms overlooking the Canal, at the Grand Hotel, the proprietor showing them to us himself. Directly we were alone, we spoke no words ("so unlike women" might be said), but, taking hands, we danced round the little table in the centre of the room, so delighted were we to be in the "city of our dreams." In the midst of our careering, back came the man to ask us if we dined in the hotel that evening. He must have thought us mad, and, when he had departed, we had a good, hearty laugh at being caught in our frivolous behaviour. An eminent K.C. and his wife were staying at the hotel, and they captured us to sit at their table for dinner.

"Promise me," the wife said, "that when you go to St. Mark's I shall go with you"; and then impressively, "I want to watch the expression on your face when you first see it!"

Anything more like a waking nightmare I never experienced. Imagine knowing that some one was gazing at you, recording each passing expression, and to be all the time yourself, and not impersonating a character in a play! It was enough

to make you feel that you were made of wood, or to wish that you were. Just then the singers, in their illuminated boats, commenced their song of "Bella Napoli" outside the hotel, and we felt we were in Elysium. Nowadays the boats are not allowed to come up the Grand Canal. They plant themselves on the Lagoon and the visitors "roder" around. It isn't half so unexpected, and much of the charm has gone.

After dinner, Evelyn and I engaged a gondola, to experience the delights of floating in the mysterious darkness of this enchanted water city.

At night we did a foolish thing. We hung out of our windows, and let the poetry of the scene invade our souls, but, alas, for our bodies! we let hosts of mosquitoes in too, and we paid dearly for indulging in our romantic mood.

The next morning we went to St. Mark's, and I spent a *mauvais quart d'heure* knowing my "expression" was being watched. But soon the beauty of the thing took hold of me, and I forgot every one. If ever I could be a priest, I should stipulate that my life must be spent at St. Mark's. It would take a lifetime thoroughly to absorb all the wonderful variety of its details, and its soul-satisfying colouring. Artists with their easels were here and there. One artist I knew had fallen in love with his future wife whilst he was painting in the beautiful church. She was a modest creature, and used to say apologetically, "I got in Arthur's way the first time I saw him, and I have remained there ever since."

So enchanted were we with Venice that Evelyn and I made up our minds to remain there for a fortnight. We soon tired of hotel life, although many friends were in ours; amongst others, that delightful composer of drawing-room songs, and giver of musical "at homes," Jacques Blumenthal, and Mr. Mundella, the Minister of Education, with his wife and sister. So we sought and found, Signor Blumenthal helping us, some nice rooms in a place near St. Mark's, in the Campo San Moise.

Close by was a church, which we entered one day when a priest was preaching. Never shall I forget the sound of the beautiful language from the pulpit. Three-fourths of it I did not understand, but that did not matter. The mere pronunciation of "Dio" instead of the ugly word "God," seemed more suited to a superior Being, and to express Him better. The large gestures of the Italian helped to translate his meaning. Only once again have I enjoyed this treat, and that was on hearing Salvini in "King Lear." The way he said "La Sua voce era sempre simpatica; una cosa eccellente in donna" was a thing to be remembered always.

Before our friends, the K.C. and his wife, left Venice we spent a delightful day with them, visiting the islands of Torcello and Burano, at which latter place we saw the wonderful things that were done with the molten glass. It was a picture. The vivid burning light, the half-naked men, and the surrounding gloom. I have only seen one thing at all like it, and that was at Droitwich in the caves of the Salt Mines. There, men, stripped to their waists, stir the salty sediment in the pans, whilst the white steam floats around, half obscuring their figures. One pictured them as being in purgatory, searching for their lost souls.

At Venice this first day of our visit, I met Robert Browning, who was staying with his sister as a guest of Mrs. Bronson, an American lady of wide hospitality. She lent the poet and his sister an apartment to themselves, and they could stay there, or join her in her Palazzo, at will.

Once whilst I was there, snow fell, and I saw the enchanted city under a new aspect. Strangely enough it reminded me of our own beautiful Oxford, which I had seen under similar conditions.

There is no difficulty about getting models in Venice. You meet in the street a picturesque figure, and you stop and ask her if she will sit. "Si, Signora; con piacere," or, as it is pronounced in the soft Venetian dialect, "con piazera."

So many people paint out of doors that the sight scarcely arrests the attention of the passer-by. One day, however, I was sketching, and a little crowd surrounded me. "Oh," said one man, "I should like to have a wife who could paint like that!" He had apparently arrived at the conclusion that I was one of the "forestieri," and therefore could not understand him, and he was unmercifully chaffed by his companions when, on leaving, I purposely made a remark in Italian.

I am not writing a monograph on pictures, or I could take up many pages with descriptions of those masterpieces of the Venetian School—"St. George" by Carpaccio, his "Santa Barbara," etc. etc. My advice is, go there and see them with your own eyes, and take no heed of the many guide-books you will find. Even Ruskin's book, where he lays down the law as to what you must admire, and what you mustn't, I refused to look at. I hate to go purposely to see a certain view or church—to be, in fact, prepared beforehand. I like to be taken unawares by Beauty, and then perhaps my face might be interesting to watch!

Tourists with guide-books always amuse me. Half the time their noses are glued to the page, and they give themselves no leisure to be penetrated by the beauty that lies everywhere around them, in this wonderful world.

There were many English people in Venice that winter: Henry Woods, Luke Fildes, and Calthrop (brother to John Clayton, the actor) were amongst the painters; Sir Henry and Lady Layard were at their beautiful Palazzo on the Grand Canal, and divers other friends came and went.

Of course we did what all the world and his wife were accustomed to do, both natives and tourists—we had ices at Florian's, and listened to the band in St. Mark's Place. Once upon a time an Austrian band used to play there, when Venice was not free, and the Italians with one accord never entered the Piazza. They are a people easily moved by impulse. I

was told the story of a beautiful girl who used to be seen every evening there, when Italy was free. Many men were in love with her, and one young man, thrown over for another lover, committed suicide. All Venice heard of the tragedy, and when the young girl next appeared to listen to the band the populace hissed her, and she had to beat a hasty retreat.

A gondola is a delightful place to sketch in—the seat just the right height, plenty of space around you for your impedimenta, and room for a sympathetic companion.

I had intended staying only a fortnight in Venice, but the place seduced me.

I did many studies for a big picture I painted later, which was exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, and afterwards bought by the Trustees of the Bolton Permanent Exhibition.

The subject came to me when I was coming from the station after seeing Evelyn Anstruther (who was returning to her parents) off. Down a narrow canal, where on one side was a square, in front of a church, I saw a couple of dozen men attiring themselves in red garments. The scene was indescribably brilliant, the sun shining on the vivid colour, and that again reflected in the rippling waters gave me a sensation I shall never forget. I asked my gondolier the meaning of it all. "Just a funeral," he said. I saw the men depart, the white choristers in front, and the scarlet men carrying great brass candlesticks and banners, and all the paraphernalia belonging to the ceremonial of the Catholic Church.

The thing about it that saddened me most was, that there were no mourners, it being the funeral of a priest. He was in life lost to the world and to his family; and when Death came there was no one to shed a tear.

I saw another wonderful procession—the yearly one of the priests from St. Mark's going to say Mass in the church on the other side of the Grand Canal. To cross the Canal, a bridge of boats is made, and the glittering pageant moves

slowly across it. When the procession came out of St. Mark's Cathedral I followed it in my gondola, until it disappeared into the interior of San Salute. There I disembarked, and intended staying in the church to watch the end of the ceremony, but the combined perfumes of incense and the perspiration, exhaling from a packed congregation, proved too much for me, and I returned to the gondola to watch the exit from the church.

In Catholic countries one has many opportunities of seeing processions. Sometimes it is a newly born Bambino carried to the church to be baptized in a gilt and glass casket. A bell rings and you see peasants bow themselves, and sometimes kneel, as the Host passes by to the bedside of some dying person. At another time, down a narrow canal you perceive a coffin being lowered into a gondola, and away it goes, with its mourners, to quite the ugliest cemetery in the world. It is on a small island. There are no trees; no monuments; only little stone headpieces, about a foot high with a number on them. "Oh," I said, with a shudder, when I saw it first, "I hope I shall not die in Venice!" Now, I hear it is planted with trees.

Mr. Woods, R.A., had a Studio in Venice, which, that year, he shared with his brother-in-law, Luke Fildes. The two would invite me sometimes on a Sunday to see their work, a privilege I thoroughly enjoyed.

I, in my turn, used to be at home on Monday evenings. I see that on one of them came Mr., Mrs, and Miss Mundella, a Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Lady Colley, the Calthrops, Fildes, and Woods, Lady Dumbreck and her son, Baroness von Bülow, Arizuone, a Captain in the Italian Navy, an artist, whose name Jobbins was so oddly like mine, Lady Kingston and Mr. Webber, Blumenthal, Pownall Williams, an artist, and last, but not least, Browning.

Lady Dumbreck and her son were spending the winter in Venice, and the son, who was extremely tall, was christened

Signor Lungo by the Italians, who are very fond of giving names to people descriptive of their personal appearance. A well-known English painter was nicknamed Signor Rosso from the colour of his hair, and they called me "La Donna Greco"—the Greek lady. Signor Lungo made himself amiable and useful in fetching me after my day's work was over, and taking me for long walks, for, odd as it seems in this city built upon the waters, you can go nearly everywhere on foot. My two old landladies took a great interest in all my doings, and were much struck by the attention shown me by Signor Lungo. "Com e gentil," one said, "egli è come il suo marito!" To an English mind scandal would have been suggested, but an Italian sees no harm in a *cavaliere servente*.

New Year's Day I dined with the Layards, who made their chief home at Venice—Lady Layard had for many years the beautiful Casa in the Grand Canal, the only one then covered by growing creepers. Inside it was a veritable museum: full of beautiful hangings, and curiosities picked up in the different places to which Sir Henry was Ambassador.

Lady Layard, a charming personality, was most kind to me. I had rather a bad illness after Christmas, and she used to send me tempting delicacies to eat, and books to read.

I was longing to get home, as Joe wrote very despondently, "I miss your shoulder to lean upon, and I sadly want your advice and assistance."

When I was well enough to travel, I packed up my studies and started for home, staying on my way, at Florence, to see my friends, Lady Dumbreck and her son, and to visit the Picture Galleries.

I was sorry to say good-bye to my other friends—the Wests, the Calthrops, and Harry Woods. (Browning had already departed.)

I found Florence, for all its beauty, distractingly noisy

after my quiet, sleepy Venice, and at first I thought I should never get to like it, but in this I was wrong. Its heavy stone palaces, the bridge that crosses the Arno, bearing its street of old houses, and the delightful drive along the river's bank to the pretty Park enchanted me.

The first day I went there, I saw the amusing individual who drove every afternoon a coach and a team of thirty-four horses. The weather was bitterly cold in Florence, and the only place where one felt warm was at the Pitti Palace ; huge stoves warmed the galleries, where noted masterpieces are hung.

I had always had a prejudice against the "Venus de' Medici," on account of the attitude of affectation in which her arms are placed, those arms of Canova, which no Greek artist would have perpetrated ! But when I saw the original marble, which time had mellowed into almost flesh-like tints, I fell a victim to the beauty of the back and shoulders of this wonderful masterpiece. At the Pitti Palace one saw the pictures to perfection, in the gorgeous salons, hung with silk damask.

One thing that militated to a great extent against my perfect enjoyment was the idiotic placing of tin fig-leaves upon the marble statues. Anything more incongruous, and indecent, I have seldom seen.

An artist friend of mine had a studio in Florence this winter, and he asked me to come one afternoon to see his work.

I forget whose portraits he was painting, but I remember the Duke of Teck was there, to see them also.

Whilst I was at Florence, Sutherland Dumbreck took me to see "Ouida." She lived in a villa just outside Florence. We drove there, but to my disappointment the celebrated novelist was not at home.

She wrote me a characteristic letter, blaming Mr. Dumbreck :

MADAM,

I much regretted not to have the pleasure of seeing you.

It was quite Mr. Dumbreck's fault, who is aware that I receive on Mondays—and who did not even write before hand to inquire if I would be at home another day.

I beg to remain,

With compliments,

Yrs.,

OUIDA.

I had promised to let Colonel Lindsay know where I was staying, and down he came to see me, bearing an invitation from Lady Crawford to go and lunch with her at Fiesole, at the Villa Palmieri, the Villa that Queen Victoria always had when she visited Florence. Fiesole is up on the hill at the back of Florence, and from the terrace one has the most beautiful view of the city and its Campagna imaginable. From here I travelled without a break to London.

How heavenly an English home seems after travelling abroad, and especially when a dear little person greets one with loving arms thrown around one's neck! I had never been parted for so long from my little son, and but for the fact that I was expecting him to join me by every train I should not have been so now. It was a delightful home-coming.

After my return, I met Colonel Charles Lindsay one evening at an "at home," and he at once scolded me for not having been present at a large artistic gathering at the house of a mutual friend.

"Why didn't you go?" he said.

"For a very good reason, because I was not asked," I replied.

In spite of my further disclaimers, he refused to believe me.

"Nonsense! You lost your invitation—you artistic people are so careless. Of course you were asked—all your friends were there. Well, you missed an order for a portrait—I had some one waiting to be introduced to you."

I hate not to be believed, and whilst he was continuing his scolding I saw coming into the room the very hostess we were discussing.

"There," I exclaimed, "is Mrs. —— I shall just go and ask her." I gaily accosted my friend, and said, "Do you mind my asking you a question?"

"No; certainly. What is it?"

"Did you ask me to your party on the seventeenth?"

Naturally rather taken aback by such a crude question, a series of stammering excuses were commencing as to why I had not had an invitation, which I cut short by saying:

"Oh, I don't want to know why you didn't ask me—only, if you did. And I wasn't asked, was I?"

My alleged hostess gave a reluctant "No," and off I flew in triumph to Colonel Charles.

"There! I was right! She didn't ask me!"

"Do you mean to say that you went and asked Mrs. ——?"

"Of course! You would insist that I was invited, and there was no other way to convince you."

"Well," said Colonel Charles when he had recovered from his astonishment, "you are the only woman in London who would have dared to do such a thing." And then he laughed heartily.

I have amongst my letters one from Sir Claude Phillips, whose recent death is a great loss:

Sargent, the American painter, expressed a wish to be reintroduced to you, so I told him I thought you would be glad to see him on Monday evening. I hope I have done right.

I am continuing to turn over a new leaf, and have declared

all sorts of odious people to be charming, endowing them with every quality which they do not possess. Will this do ?

I used to chaff Sir Claude Phillips about the satirical, though I must own witty, remarks he made about certain of his friends.

One day we were at a luncheon picnic in a beautiful part of the world, and he showed me a ring that he constantly wore.

" This part opens," he said, " and inside it is a minute particle of poison."

" Is it a little bit of your tongue ? " I queried.

Instead of being annoyed with me for my impertinence, he was hugely amused.

Claude had a beautiful sister, whom every one adored. She lived with him, and their house was the rendezvous for all that was best in the musical society of the day. This naturally attracted the exponents of other arts, and I have met many artists and literary celebrities there ; amongst the latter was that most delightful man and writer, Henry James.

One of the most humorous of men was Carlo Pellegrini. He belonged, I believe, to a distinguished Italian family. He was a prince of caricaturists, and his whole soul was given to his art. He came over to England without a sou, and he once showed me some doorsteps in Piccadilly where, he said, he spent several nights on his first arrival in London. His talent soon, however, made itself felt, and he became a weekly contributor to " Vanity Fair," where his sobriquet of " Ape " signed some of the most celebrated caricature portraits of the day. He did not give his sitters much trouble, in the way of posing. He would make a note of any personage on his thumb nail, or on his shirt cuff, but generally it was sufficient for him to follow his intended victim about, for two or three days, and he would thus learn him by heart, and, in his Studio, with only the mental image of the man before his mind's eye,

he would produce the salient points that made a smile come to the lips of the observer, as he saw the cartoon of the week.

Pellegrini had a handsome face, but his head was abnormally large for his body, and his feet were ridiculously small. Of the latter he was very proud, and he was always exquisitely shod.

His gift for caricature made him believe that he could be a famous portrait painter, *au grand sérieux*, and he gave up his work on "Vanity Fair" to devote himself to this branch of art. But to be a good portrait painter requires more than simply a talent for catching a likeness, and this essential "more" Pellegrini did not possess.

He had a very faithful manservant, an Englishman, I believe, as he always talked of him as "John." When he was attacked by his fatal illness—consumption—he noticed one morning that he was spitting blood. He called to John:

"John, look here, this is Death!"

He was a true philosopher, and could talk calmly of his approaching end. Before that came, he was removed by his friends to a private hospital, where, when I heard of his serious illness, I went to see him.

"I don't mind dying—that happens to us all—but to die of this wretched complaint, like a Traviata! No; I do not like that!" he said.

. . . . . .

When I heard that Herkomer was starting a School at Bushey, similar to those in Paris, I was mad to join and become a student again.

I wrote to Professor Herkomer, and he answered:

BUSHEY, HERTS, 1884.

What you ask in your letter is neither possible nor practicable. I only take students for a term, or half-term, and never take them when I think they ought to work alone.

I would do no more than upset you in a month. Besides,

you are no student, but an artist, from whom others ought to be able to learn something.

Hubert Herkomer was a many-sided genius. He was ambitious to excel in every phase of art. Besides being an accomplished painter, which gained him the distinction of being elected a Royal Academician, he was a splendid black-and-white artist. Herkomer also tried rivalling the Limoges enamels, and his house at Bushey was full of furniture designed by himself. Then he was a poet and a musician. To exploit his talent in this respect, he built a little theatre close to his house, where his plays were produced, and in which he acted leading parts.

I think Herkomer's letter decided me to open a School of my own some day, which eventually I did.

I had always imagined that I had not the power of imparting information. Whilst staying once with Lady Brownlow I remember saying :

" I haven't the teacher's gift. I am quite certain that I could never teach anybody anything."

" You are quite wrong," said Lady Lothian (Lady Brownlow's sister). " I think you are a born teacher. You have the gift of making one believe in what you say."

" Oh, then I shall teach ! " I said. " I have often been asked to, but I really thought I could not."

I was doing a little profile, on a wood panel, of the beautiful Lady Brownlow, who when it was finished asked the old family retainer, the butler, what he thought of it. Much to my satisfaction, he answered :

" I think, my lady, that it is the only portrait that has succeeded in getting your ladyship's nose ! "

Lady Lothian was an exceedingly beautiful woman. Before he died her husband had had a painful and lingering illness, and she nursed him with untiring devotion. Watts, who was a great friend of theirs, was much impressed by her heroic struggles to ward off the inevitable end, and it inspired

him to create his wonderful picture of "Love and Death." He depicted the little angel of Love striving to bar the entrance of the veiled figure of Death into the Porch of Life.

I seem to have been working hard at portrait painting, as I see entered, in my engagement book, the sittings of the little daughter of Justice Butt, the Judge of the Divorce Court, and Mr. Gully, the K.C. who became Speaker of the House of Commons, and was afterwards Lord Selby. On being raised to the Peerage, he had to choose the title he wanted to be known by. He took his wife's maiden name—Selby—a very pretty compliment for a husband to pay his wife.

About this time I painted the portrait of my friend, Dr. Robson Roose, who, chiefly through the influence of Edmund Yates, became a fashionable physician.

He was a good-looking man with a head well covered with hair. After the portrait was finished and sent to either the Academy or Grosvenor, I forget which, a reproduction of my work appeared in an illustrated weekly paper. Much to Robson Roose's chagrin, some one else's portrait was printed with his name under it, and it was the likeness of a gentleman with a perfectly bald head! I had a wail of despair from him about it.

Robson Roose was a large-hearted, kindly man. He put me and mine on his "free list," and he gave a great deal of time to looking after my delicate boy.

Lindsay's health was still making me feel very anxious.

In my anxiety I took him to all the doctors that had made children's ailments a speciality: Sir Andrew Clarke, Sir William Jenner, and Edwin Owen.

To keep my boy in health I started a cricket club in our large garden, where the boys met every Wednesday, and Saturday afternoon.

An only child is so used to being the pivot upon which the whole establishment revolves that it is difficult to make him understand the virtues of abnegation and unselfishness, without constant intercourse with boy comrades.

One afternoon I was painting in the Studio, and I overheard the Captain of the Cricket Club—as Lindsay was called —talking to one of the other boys in an overbearing and "cheeky" manner.

I opened the door that led on to the garden, and glaring at the little boy who was being bullied, I said:

"What do you mean by letting Lindsay bully you like that! Why don't you give him a good thrashing?"

The effect amongst the boys of a mother counselling one of their number to give her son a thrashing was too comic. I can see their little faces of astonishment still, but I think my method had the desired effect.

Liza Lehmann and her sisters used often to come and play cricket in the garden with Lindsay, and I remember the two charming girls, the Robertsons, sisters of the well-known singer, Jack Robertson, often accompanied them.

Jack Robertson at one time was a vegetarian. On entering a restaurant, one day, I found him partaking of a succulent beefsteak. I exclaimed:

"I thought you never ate meat!"

"I find that you must eat beef when you are singing to a beef-eating audience," was his answer.

A case of like to like.

Our Studio work was never neglected in spite of many distractions. Joe was busy doing cartoons for "Vanity Fair," and amongst the number of men who sat to him was Bertie Mitford, afterwards Lord Redesdale. I don't remember by what name Mr. Mitford appeared in the paper. All the "Vanity" cartoons had, instead of the cognomen of the sitter, a special allusion to his personality or profession. Lord Redesdale was a good-looking, elegant man, with the bluest eyes I have ever seen in a grown-up person.

He married Lady Clementina Ogilvie, one of Lord Airlie's daughters. A charming statuette was made of her by a clever Italian sculptor, Amendola, who was a protégé of Lord

Leighton's. Amendola was a very good-looking man, of a tall, delicate build. I heard that he died of consumption.

Besides Lord Redesdale's, Joe did several portrait sketches for "Vanity Fair." He drew them extremely well but without that touch of caricature that "Vanity Fair" demanded. Colonel Hozier (the father of Mrs. Winston Churchill), Holman Hunt, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, Lord Albemarle, Lord Warwick, Slingsby Bethell, Colonel Colville, Colonel Stanley Clarke, H. J. Bushby, Colonel King H. Harman, Mr. Coleridge Kennard, and Colonel Du Plat Taylor were some amongst his sitters.

Joe, whose admiration for and adoration of Millais knew no bounds, used to submit his "Vanity Fair" drawings to him before sending them to the publishing office.

This is a specimen of the thoroughness of Millais' criticism. When Joe was doing the portrait of Bertie Mitford, Millais called. Joe being out, he looked at the drawing, and pinned his remarks on to the easel :

"Draw the head and face clearer, and make it better looking. Mitford is very handsome, and you cannot caricature him. The feet are much too large, and the trousers badly cut. The face must be shorter, and head deeper. Eyes larger and clearer. Bring after another sitting."

Millais had the gift of seeing the best points of people.

He was extraordinarily sympathetic. It was really a pain to him when any of his friends were badly treated at the Academy.

I had sent up this year three pictures, two of which were hung, not so very well placed, though, and Jack at once tried to soften the blow :

2 PALACE GATE,
KENSINGTON,
13 *April.*

Unpleasant as the task is, I think it the more friendly thing to do to acquaint you with the R.A. decision before you

find it out for yourself. "Saturday Night" is in, also one portrait. "The Fishwoman and Cow" out, as also is Joe's "Violin Player." I have no time, or spirit, to write more than assure you I have been

Your sincere friend.

Again on the 28th he writes :

Instead of being a happy man after all my labour, I am an exceedingly sorrowful one, in consequence of the treatment my friends have received at the R.A. this year. One of my oldest friends, a gold medal student, has both his pictures out.

Sir R. Collier ditto, and you yourself hardly better off, with your "Saturday Night" badly hung. I caught a glimpse of you at the Grosvenor Gallery (where "Ellen Terry" looks well), but hadn't the courage to seek an interview. Every year this particular season is more dreadful to me, and makes me feel disposed to live away from it all, not to give up painting, but to escape all the surroundings, so hateful are they.

Later, I did a pastel portrait of Marion Terry. She had an individuality and charm of her own and, had it not been that she had such an extraordinarily gifted and popular sister as Ellen, she would have been second to none.

Hers is a London reputation, but not a world-wide one. Many thought her by far the finer actress of the two sisters, but she certainly did not have the same opportunities as Nelly had. In fact, she had been associated with so many plays which were failures that managers fought shy of her, and she had perforce to take "rests" when she would much rather have been working.

Her admirers were legion, and she might many times have left her state of single blessedness for that of matrimony.

I knew one man, a retired Colonel, who wanted to link his lot with hers. I know about it, because I was the go-between.

When I was living in Beaufort Street, Chelsea, we had an exceptionally severe winter. There was a certain Tuesday, known ever afterwards as "Black Tuesday," and it well deserved the name. It was not a fog exactly, but a total darkness fell over London. The next day was a hard frost, with the temperature as low as it had ever been. Nevertheless it had not affected that of my friend, as in hot haste he sent me a telegram with this cryptic remark: "Will you do me a favour? Reply paid." I wired back: "Certainly, what is it?" Presently he turned up, and informed me that he wanted me to go and propose to Marion Terry for him. This from any other man would have struck me as odd, but not from him. He was a charming man, very cultured, and an exceptionally fine, handsome man, looking for all the world like a typical soldier. He had one defect, which must evidently have made his love-making a little difficult. He had a very marked stammer, which, in so big a man, seemed more than usually ludicrous. He would never let you help him with a word. Evidently, having conceived it, he was bound to enunciate it, which, after an interval of effort, he did by spelling it to you. For instance, in describing something that surprised him he would say, "Dear Mrs. Jopling, you might have knocked me down with a f—f—f—f—f–e–a–t–h–e–r and then the word, as it were triumphantly, "feather!" The idea of this big six-foot-four man being knocked down by such a feeble instrument amused one.

Of course I promised to go and do what he wished. It was apparently just at boiling-point, the very antithesis of the weather. "I will send a carriage for you at three o'clock to-day," and the ardent lover went off. I wondered if a livery stable man would hire out horses on such a day, as the roads were ever so many inches thick in snow. A few hansoms were here and there to be seen, dragged by the

horses harnessed tandem fashion. However, a carriage and pair duly arrived for me at three o'clock, and I set off on my most strange adventure. Marion Terry was then staying with her sister, Mrs. Lewis (Kate Terry that was), and when I arrived, as a most unexpected visitor on such a day, I found only Kate, Marion being away. My first words were :

"You will never guess why I have come to see you to-day!"

And indeed if she had gone on guessing until Domesday she would never have been near the truth.

"I have come with an offer of marriage to Marion from Colonel ——."

There was necessarily no answer of acceptance or refusal to carry back to my enamoured Colonel, but I took with me an invitation to lunch at Moray Lodge the following Sunday, which gave him a few days of hope, before his suit was rejected.

Ellen Terry's two children were staying at their aunt's, snowbound, and couldn't get to their home, so I played the part of Cinderella's fairy godmother and took them there, in my borrowed carriage.

Marion's portrait when finished was exhibited in the Academy.

My sister Alice and I were invited by a young friend to visit him at his rooms at Oxford. We went and stayed two or three days there, for the purpose of hearing John Ruskin, who was at that time the Slade Professor, give one of his lectures. Oscar Wilde had given me a letter of introduction, but I never delivered it, as I was suddenly overtaken with a fit of shyness.

I think Ruskin's discourse that afternoon was a diatribe on the Oxford jerry builder, who was doing his worst to spoil the beautiful city. What struck me most about Ruskin was his extreme naturalness and unaffected manner. When he entered the lecture room, he took no notice of the applause

that greeted him. In a peevish tone of voice he complained : " Some one has been disturbing my papers ! "

He kept us all waiting whilst he arranged them to his satisfaction, but then spoke delightfully.

I had a very pleasant week-end visit at the Walter Campbells, at their cottage at Englefield Green. Lord Walter drove me through Windsor Park, when the rhododendrons were looking their best. Lady Walter was a remarkably handsome woman. She sat to me for a portrait sketch. Dining at their house in Stanhope Gardens, I had a long talk with Lord Walter's brother, the Marquess of Lorne. He had a fine head. Millais painted an admirable portrait of him.

In the summer I made up my mind to spend a month at Dieppe. Joe had promised to join Jimmy Whistler in a trip to Scheveningen, so he handed me, Lindsay, and our little French maid into the custody of George Rowe, who had also expressed a desire to visit Dieppe. I remember that we brought home with us a French cook, who startled me by replying to the question, as to whether the leg of mutton hanging in the larder was ready to be cooked :

" Mais non, madame, ce n'est pas assez mortifié."

Could I eat it after that description, I wondered ?

Jimmy Whistler and Joe had proceeded to Dordrecht and I had amusing joint letters from them.

" Don't you think our handwriting is already Dutch ? " wrote Whistler.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN the December of 1884 I experienced the terrible shock of my husband's death.

I was totally unprepared for it. On looking back, it is a comfort to me that he died in the way that he would have preferred.

Sudden death, he used to say, we ought to pray for, and not, as we do in the Litany, beg to be spared it.

Mr. Jopling was splendid as a critic; a little too lenient, perhaps, as far as I was concerned, although his criticisms acted upon me as a tonic, whenever I felt discouraged and hopeless about my work.

Apart from the loss of a dear companion and affectionate husband, I missed him terribly in the Studio, when I was in want of a critical eye to discover faults that a jaded one could no longer discern.

Frank criticism braces one up far more than praise. I cannot understand the frame of mind of those who get depressed by it.

My house seemed very empty and full of shadows now that I was alone, and the evenings were long.

In the daytime I had the comfort of my Lindsay's presence, as, happily, the holidays were on, and I had my work—my great consoler.

I had a kind letter from Millais, when I wrote to tell him of my husband's death:

11 *Dec.* '84.

DEAR MRS. JOPLING,

Indeed I am grieved to hear the sad news. I thought the last time I saw Joe he was looking better than

usual. There is only one comfort to be derived from his death, and that is he did not suffer pain, for I conclude he was insensible from the first shock. I know he was a good, true friend of mine, and I shall feel his loss. Let me know where he is to be buried, as I will certainly be at the Cemetery.

Yours sincerely,
J. E. MILLAIS.

I confided to a friend how nervous I was feeling, living alone, with only my two servants, who, if possible, were more so than myself, in a house that had seven different entrances; so he made me a present of a beautiful collie dog, who, however, tried my nerves sadly the first night he stayed with me, by barking violently in the middle of it. In spite of our protector, burglars still loomed largely in the mental vision of myself and my maids.

One evening I was dining out, and the sound of a man's step was heard in the room above the kitchen.

A maid ran as fast as she could for a policeman, whilst the other locked herself in the kitchen. When the man of law came, and made a search, it was evident that it was no false alarm, as on the top rung of the wooden balcony, outside the drawing-room window, were the marks of some one having slipped over, and on the ground beneath were the distinct imprints of boots. In continuing his search for the intruder the policeman looked behind the tapestry that hung on one side of the Studio, and where ugly "properties" were stowed away.

"I've got him! Here he is!" he cried in a tone of triumph, and he proceeded to drag out my unoffending lay figure.

I am afraid my maids rather enjoyed the laugh they had against the zealous "Bobbie."

The intending burglar had, of course, made good his

escape, but this adventure made me decide to change my abode.

Luckily for me, my great friend, Katie Hastings, the sister of J. Comyns Carr, was in want of a Studio in which to make a drawing of Ellen Terry, a commission from Henry Irving. As she and her husband were homeless just then, they came and boarded with me. Such congenial companionship was very pleasant.

After they left, a Madame Zambaco took my second Studio. She was a Greek, and whilst she was with me her daughter was married. I was invited to the wedding. It seems, in the Greek Service, the bridegroom, as well as the bride, is adorned with a wreath of flowers. These are joined together by long streamers. The bridegroom, dressed as he is in the latest style of frock-coat, looks rather ridiculous promenading his bride three times round a small table.

In March, the three pictures I had been working on for the Academy were sent up, and accepted, and well hung.

I remember being very much concerned this year about their fate. When Joe was alive, he would make a point of going to the Arts Club, where one or two of the hangers for the year would certainly be found, from whom he would get all the information we wanted.

This year I waited impatiently for news. I happened to meet Mr. Boughton, and I asked him :

"Have you seen any of mine on the Academicians' Varnishing Days ?"

"Seen any of yours ? Why, they are all over the place !"

So my forebodings vanished !

I had sent up a three-quarter life-sized picture of "Salome, the Daughter of Herodias," bearing the head of John the Baptist on a trencher. I had at that time a very handsome maid, with gorgeous red hair, and I utilized her for my model. She stood splendidly, but as she was a very modest girl she

did not at all appreciate the figure of Salome being very scantily attired, as she feared, seeing that the head was an exact portrait, that people would naturally imagine that she had sat to me, as "a maiden wid nodings on."

One of the comic papers represented it as under.

"The Sportsman" caricatured one other picture in this fashion :

"SALOME."

"BROKEN OFF."

Apropos of this picture, Lindsay wrote from India years afterwards : "My friend Harris told me there was a very pretty face he admired amongst my photographs, and when he showed it me, it turned out to be a photograph of your picture called 'Broken Off.'"

This represented a girl returning the presents a faithless lover had sent her, to the title of which I had added : "Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind." My son's friend had taken it for the photograph of a living person.

I think my third picture was a portrait of Colonel Smith-Bridges.

It was my first appearance at the Varnishing Day since my widowhood, and everybody was very kind. One of the artists there sent up to "The Lady" a humorous sketch of me :

"Mrs. Jopling, palette in hand, is, as ever, the centre of a little crowd."

Another periodical depicted me at the Private View.

To the Grosvenor I sent a portrait of "The Lady Mary Wood," a niece of Colonel Charles Lindsay; and a picture of a little girl I entitled "Little Bo-Peep," which Colnaghi published.

This winter, Whistler gave his celebrated address on Art, which he quaintly designated "Ten o'Clock," as that was the hour he chose, in order that every one, as he said, should have time to digest their dinner beforehand.

He wanted me very much to come and hear it, and called the evening before with tickets for my acceptance; but, as I was in deep mourning, I could not bring myself to do so.

Whistler at this time was President of "The British Artists." In the season he inaugurated Sunday afternoons, to which the fashionable world was invited. He, in the estimation of the older members, ran the pace too quickly; and at the yearly meeting of the Society he was deposed. Some of his followers resigned with him, which gave Jimmy the opportunity of saying: "The artists left with me, and only the 'British' remained."

I had many inquiries as to whether I would take pupils into my Studio, so I set apart one morning a week, to give what I called a Demonstration lesson.

I consulted Millais one day when he came to see me, and looking round at the work I had in hand, he exclaimed:

"Oh, you make me feel idle!"

I found painting before an audience a splendid tonic. One had to have one's wits about one. One didn't dare to make a mistake, with critical eyes watching every stroke.

My audience was not entirely composed of *bona fide* pupils as friends, amateurs, and writers of the press came.

As is natural when one starts on a new phase of life, the newspaper world wishes to know all about it, in order to make "copy" for their paper.

I remember I was asked my opinions about an Art training. It amuses me, I said, when I hear people saying that they "could not draw a straight line." Neither could they have formed a letter, before learning to write.

Drawing to a child is actually easier than forming, apparently, unmeaning characters. In all savage races there is a pictorial language, long before their speech is translated into written words.

In my opinion, every girl should have a vocation, either

CORRECTING PUPILS WORK

artistic or otherwise, by which, if the necessity arose, she could earn her own bread, and be independent.

To master any subject requires patience, perseverance, observation, and a well-developed memory.

The study of Art should be exact. I have found that it disciplines mentally, much as the study of Mathematics does. It not only trains the hand, but the mind as well.

It is ridiculous that, in nearly all schools, this essential part of Education is charged as an extra. Teachers ought to take their pupils into the country, and make them sketch. It would interest them in many ways, in botany especially.

I make my pupils, however young they are, draw at once from "the life"—I can judge their capacity better in this way. The study of the antique ought to be taken up later, when the student understands enough to appreciate its beauties.

. . . . . .

The outcome of my Demonstration classes was, that I was often asked to paint a portrait sketch in a morning's sitting.

It is possible to get a more living portrait in this way than in a more lengthy sitting, with its constant interruptions.

I remember a sitter who was a remarkable-looking woman, and who, with the aid of a little "touching up," succeeded in looking very young. As I had no time to record the marks of age, I could not avoid making her look as she appeared to the public, although, in reality, she was verging on fifty.

When painting the portrait of Colonel Smith-Bridges, I sometimes lunched at his wife's house. He had married a Mrs. Forrester, who had made a certain name for herself as a novel-writer.

I remember once meeting Corney Grain there. He used to tell amusing stories. I remember one about a well-known man who stammered.

At a dinner party, he noticed that a man opposite him

had evidently taken too many doses of mercury. Curious as to his identity, he asked his neighbour :

" Can you tell me wh—who the b—b—b—blue man is over the way ? "

The lady coldly and curtly answered :

" He is my husband."

" Oh ! " said the stammerer, not a bit abashed, but delighted to find that he had asked the only person who could give him the information he craved. " Then you can tell me if he is b—b—b—blue all over ! "

Another story was, that he had been given a high-and-mighty Duchess to take down to dinner, who was obviously bored by her partner, and she had no scruple about showing it, by indulging in an unveiled yawn.

" Ah ! " said the incorrigible one, looking into her widely opened mouth. " I, also, have some of my b—b—back teeth stopped with g—g—gold ! "

In the February of this year, my dear friend Justin M'Carthy called, and gave me the sad and thrilling news of the fall of Khartoum, and of the capture of the hero, Gordon. When this was publicly announced, sensitive people were much shocked when it became known that the then Prime Minister, Gladstone, was seen at the theatre that evening, enjoying hugely the witty farce that was being played.

Men placed in such prominent positions would be wise if they recognized that " a fierce light " beats upon their throne, and that their actions are more noted and criticized than those of lesser men.

Too late, reinforcements were sent out, and there was a small sensation in London when a regiment of the Guards was ordered to Egypt.

My sister Alice and I got up very early to witness the regiment's departure from Westminster Bridge, whence they went down the river to Tilbury Docks. It must have been a sad blow to the wives of the men, who, no doubt, had

fallen into the general habit of thinking that the Guards were only intended for home service, in the event of England being invaded. It was a pitiful sight to see the women clinging to their men, as the regiment marched along the Embankment. One wondered, with a lump rising in one's throat, if this should prove the last time they would be together. Little children, too, added to the pathos of the scene.

Per contra, it was pleasant to see the Prince and Princess of Wales arrive in an unostentatious manner, and wish the men "Good-bye." I hope it was said as it ought to be—"God be with you!" Abbreviation has a lot to answer for. It robs beautiful words of their inner meaning, and makes a sentence that was, perhaps, poetical, a hollow mockery. For instance, "bloody" for "By our Lady."

Soldiers have a knack, when going on foreign service, of adopting the song of the moment. The whole air rang with the chorus of "Egypt, Wipity Egypt!" I forget the rest of the verse, but I remember the tune was inspiriting.

Edmund Yates, in January, had an action for libel brought against him for publishing in "The World" a scandalous paragraph about a married man and a young girl. A woman of title, who was employed by Yates to give him any information of interest appertaining to the "upper circles," sent him the spicy notice, out of sheer malice and jealousy, and he, as editor, had to pay the penalty, whilst the scandalmonger went scot-free. The woman could have been proceeded against, had Edmund given her name, but he played the game, and refused to mention it. He was sentenced to imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant, and could do his literary work; have his books; and, at stated times, see his friends. He felt the confinement intolerable, however, and the two months' imprisonment left him broken in health.

What would he have thought of the punishment meted to Suffragettes, in the year of grace 1915, sentenced to the

second-class division. Cultured and tenderly reared women, like Lady Constance Lytton, and many others I could name. Forced to wear uncomfortable garments; solitary confinement; no writing materials, etc. etc.

Edmund wrote to me after his release from Holloway:

8 EASTERN TERRACE,
BRIGHTON,
March 11th, 1885.

I didn't write to you when I was there, for I had no heart to do anything. But now, I send you all thanks. I am very much upset and unstrung, but, bodily, fairly well. We go to Paris on Saturday, then to Cannes, etc.; and North Italy. See you when we come back. United love.

Poor Edmund! He was never the same again. He was a most lovable, affectionate man.

"The World" newspaper was started by three men—Edmund Yates, Henry Labouchere, and Grenville Murray. They were nicknamed "The World, The Flesh, and The Devil." Edmund was, of course, The World, and Henry Labouchere, The Devil. The Yateses were a most hospitable couple, and at their house one met the élite of the day in the artistic and professional world.

Mrs. Yates was noted for being one of the most beautiful women of her time. Yates, at a crisis in his monetary affairs, had to have his sources of income, and an account of his expenditure, inquired into. The Judge of the Court is reported to have said:

"I see here a bill for the constant hire of broughams. Was that essential, Mr. Yates?"

"Yes, sir," Yates replied. "My wife is so beautiful that she cannot walk about the streets alone, without being molested, so that she has to drive everywhere."

What could the Judge say to that?

Yates was the best friend a man or woman could have, but he was a bitter enemy. He and I used to argue about it. He would say that one couldn't love well, unless one was a good hater. I invariably answered that "the weeds of hate prevented the flowers of love developing," and on this subject we had long talks.

I have many recollections of pleasant dinners at the hospitable board of the Yateses, and of week-end visits to The Temple at Goring, on a backwater of the Thames.

At one dinner we met Lord and Lady Londesborough, who were great friends of theirs. Also Montagu Williams, that man of varied attainments, who started life as a soldier; then married Louise Keeley, the actress; went on the stage; and, abandoning that, became a celebrated barrister.

At home, besides my relations and particular friends, I had few visitors, except some male ones, who had been constantly at the house in Joe's lifetime.

These took the first opportunity of confiding to me their intentions of never marrying. Either they were not rich enough, or some entanglement prevented them.

Anyway, they took care to let me thoroughly understand that they had no intention of proposing!

I tried to look broken-hearted, as they hummed and hawed, but how many laughs they gave me at their expense, after they had taken their departure!

I amused my sisters, when I saw them, by saying, with an exaggerated air of woe:

"I have had another refusal to-day!"

Of course Rumour was busy, as she always is, whenever she gets an opportunity. Models would tell me that it was common talk in the Studios that I was going to marry the President of the Royal Academy, and other people that a well-known actor was to be the happy man.

George Rowe wrote me: "I met Miss —— to-day, who told me that she had some good news to tell me; that

she learnt on Thursday night, at Burlington House, that you were going to marry the President. Is it true ? "

The false news must have reached Lady de Rothschild's ears, for she writes most charmingly : " I have heard rumours which I should like to hear confirmed. Remember that anything that affects you is welcomed by me, and let me know if, and when, I may congratulate."

I remember a married man, who bored one by being fulsomely complimentary. One day he said :

" What I admire in your painting, Mrs. Jopling, is the way you lay it on so thickly ! "

" Nearly as thickly as you do ! " I answered.

He did not appreciate my flippant rejoinder. I lost sight of him for a little while. One day he called, and recommenced his flowery speeches. To put an end to them, I interrupted with :

" And how is your wife ? "

His face fell as he told me that she had died three months ago.

Two years after her death he married again, and the newly married pair invited me to dinner.

Punctuality being one of my vices, I arrived exactly at a quarter to eight. Neither my host nor hostess was there to receive their guests. A second one arrived, and naturally took me for the newly married wife, and shaking me warmly by the hand, proceeded to make himself agreeable. I did not undeceive him, and when the host did appear it was amusing to see his countenance as he was introduced to me.

Amongst the guests was Isidore de Lara, the most fashionable singer and composer of the day, who was prevailed upon to sing one of his compositions after dinner. He was accustomed to be listened to in breathless silence. This reigned for a few moments, and then the voice of the hostess was heard :

" Oh, I have had such trouble with the cook, my dear ! "

HOGARTH'S HOUSE, CHISWICK

My friend, the composer, looked at me, and we exchanged levated eyebrows, and he abruptly stopped in the middle f his song. He hoped to read his hostess a lesson, but it was signal failure, for she exclaimed in her most gushing tones: "Oh, that was perfectly charming! Thank you so much!" nd, turning to her neighbour, exclaimed: "And then she ave me notice!"

I think that was my friend's last appearance in that house.

I first met Walter Pater at André Raffallowich's. I sat ext him at lunch. I admired his writings so very much iat I was glad of the opportunity of meeting him. I found im heavy in style and aspect, a little too serious for a meeting f friends in the season. Perhaps this was due to excessive garette-smoking, which at one time brought on an acute tack of palsy.

The beginning of the summer found me as a guest of Ir. and Mrs. Day at Raynham Hall, Swaffham, in Norfolk. he historical mansion was well worth seeing, and of course had its ghost; but that, I am glad to say, I did not see.

When one is a little overworked, there is no greater rest ie can give oneself than to spend days on the river.

A friend, luckily for me, offered me the loan of his house-oat (which was located at Thames Ditton) for a whole rtnight. I went down in July, when London is becoming st a little dusty and shabby.

Lindsay was home for his holidays, so I took him, and my tle French maid, and we installed ourselves in our, to us, ovel habitation. Luckily we had the services of the owner's bin-boy, so we had nothing to do but amuse ourselves. He fered to take Lindsay out fishing, and the two started off in a tle canoe. I was left behind, sketching from the houseboat atform. Tea-time arriving, I looked up the river to see if e fishermen were returning, and I saw them approaching, st at the spot that I was sketching.

The next time I lifted my eyes—no boat, no boys!

"Oh, Madeleine," I called out, "the boat's upset! They will be drowned!"

Then I saw other boats that happened to be on the river at the time all converging to one point, and I vividly pictured two drowned little bodies taken up out of the river, whilst to add to my torment, I could hear the voices of people, as their boats passed me, saying: "What's the matter down there?" and the answer: "Oh, a boat's upset!" Then the terrible question: "Anybody drowned?" The callousness of the tone struck like ice upon my heart. There are moments in life which, from sheer agony, remain with us for ever, and this was one of them.

However, the two were fished out of the river by friendly hands, apparently none the worse for their impromptu dip.

On a second misadventure I came to the conclusion that a houseboat was not the best place for a reckless nine-year-old boy. I had been invited by a neighbour to go for a moonlight row. On my return I found my little French maid nearly in hysterics. Lindsay had fallen off the houseboat into eighteen feet of water, and it had taken all her strength and pluck to drag him out of the water on to the boat. I nearly died with picturing what my feelings would have been had I returned to find my one child drowned. Could I ever have lived through such a tragedy?

Whilst I owned the houseboat, I was enabled to give many of my tired-out friends in town a day on the river.

Justin M'Carthy and his daughter Charlotte came, Oscar Wilde, Lord Colin Campbell, who brought his faithful dog, Garry, and many others. We used to get up delightful bathing parties before breakfast, bathe from the boat, and then dress, and breakfast afterwards. George Rowe and Willy Hughes came down, and the latter took amusing photographs of us all.

It was here I saw the strange sight of a cat swimming to a boat, and returning to land in the same way. This

GATEWAY, CHISWICK

HORACE WALPOLE'S HOUSE

used to do every day. This reminds me of a friend who was devoted to a cat, and whom she never let out of her sight. She would take it for a walk, on a lead, every morning. One day she met a sailor, who stopped and said :

" Well, ma'am, I have been all over the world, and seen many a strange sight, but never stranger than seeing a cat on a lead ! "

Joe Comyns Carr, who was at that time editor of 'The English Magazine," sent me an article on Chiswick to illustrate.

It was a congenial subject, and I thoroughly enjoyed the days spent in that delightful neighbourhood. I wanted to do some drawings in Chiswick House, and as I knew Lord Walter Campbell was a friend of Lord Bute I asked him to obtain permission for me.

In a letter, he writes :

July 30. My birthday ! alas !

A line in frantic haste to say I have forwarded your note to me to Lady Bute, so, as you are " disagreeable " and will go when I cannot take you, please send in your card with perhaps a line to Lady Bute, and I am sure you will receive every attention. I have told Lady Bute I will take all responsibility for not asking the Duke.

Lord Bute, however, did not consider Lord Walter's letter sufficient authority, so the Duke of Devonshire had to be appealed to, who kindly wrote : " Mrs. Jopling is most welcome to take as many sketches at Chiswick House as she chooses."

Amongst those I made at Chiswick was the house that is known by the name of Hogarth's House, although, before that, his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, lived there. In his town house, Sir James painted all the Court beauties, as well as their Royal mistress, Queen Anne. There is a

memorial left of these sittings, in the name of a public-house, close by Sir James's house, which bears the title of "The Chair and Two Men." Her Majesty used to be carried in a Sedan chair to her sittings to the fashionable portrait painter, and the men used to beguile the time of waiting at the convenient house of entertainment near.

Hogarth was a pupil of Sir James Thornhill, and he, as pupils will, all the world over, fell in love with his master's daughter.

The bow window of the house at Chiswick is shown as the one by which the maiden descended into the arms of her lover, and ran away with him. I found the garden overrun with weeds, and the spirit of desolation seemed to have marked it for its own. A large mulberry tree is near the house, and one can imagine the pleasant Sunday afternoons spent under its shade, where the painter and his wife received their friends —Fielding and the scapegrace, Goldsmith, and other wits of the period. If the tree could only tell us, in Boswellian manner, all the witty conversations, how we would gather round and listen! But, alas, *Ars longa, vita brevis!* Hogarth's art lives, whilst he himself sleeps quietly in the old Chiswick graveyard.

The only time I met Matthew Arnold was at a dinner at Lady Pembroke's. Browning and he had discussions, I remember, in which the soft voice of Burne-Jones (who was also dining there, with his wife and his beautiful daughter) was also heard.

I was much interested in meeting Lady Frances Balfour at a week-end I spent at Wilton House. I had a great admiration for her fighting spirit, which had done so much for the cause of Women's Rights.

In my Studio I was working on three or four pictures, one of which I remember was called "Lea." She represented a maiden with whom an angel had fallen in love, in the far-away days when—*vide* the Bible—"angels visited the

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daughters of men." The narrative tells us that she was first discovered bathing in a pool, and so I depicted her.

Some visitors were in my Studio one day, and with them a little girl, who was about five or six years old. She was much interested in all she saw, and when she was asked which of the pictures she liked best, in a high, clear voice she answered :

" I like the young lady with nothing on best ! "

This answer amused my visitors very much, and a ripple of laughter went round the Studio.

CHAPTER XXIV

JANUARY 1st, New Year's Day, always brings me recollections of Mrs. Ronalds, that brilliant American woman.

Following the Paris custom, in which city she had often stayed, she always kept the New Year, and, if they happened to be in town, her friends forgathered there as a matter of course.

On one of these occasions, I found the Turkish Ambassador Prince Malcolm Khan; Sir Arthur Sullivan; Tosti; George Grossmith; Isidore de Lara; Scarvello; the Spanish Ambassador; and many others of note amongst her friends. Mrs. Ronalds was a splendid hostess; she never neglected any of her guests, and she had the delightful gift of showing that she was glad to see you. She was the soul of good nature. Two or three times I have taken some young musical protégée of mine to her, for her advice as to how they could turn their golden notes into the more substantial coin.

I first met Mrs. Ronalds at the Lindsays', at Balcarres. She was then a beautiful woman, with a captivating and splendid voice. I can see her now, singing Shelley's impassioned words, "Love's Philosophy," when, to do away with all restraint, she unfastened the necklace from her neck. This little incident gave added value to the climax of the song:

> "What are all these kissings worth,
> If thou kiss not me?"

Malcolm Khan took me in to dinner once at Madam

MABEL COLLINS

Gabrielli's, and I questioned him about his domestic affairs. I was curious to know how many wives he had.

"Oh, I am a Christian, therefore I have only one; but my secretary is a Mussulman, and he can have four," he told me.

"And has he four?" my curiosity demanded.

"No; as a matter of fact, he has only one."

Malcolm Khan I found charming, and he often came to my afternoons. One day, at my request, he attired himself in his national ceremonial garb, and was much admired by every one present.

I did a pastel portrait about this time of a very brilliant woman, the daughter of the writer, Mortimer Collins. She was a journalist and interviewed people for "The World." It was in her capacity of interviewer that I met her, Edmund Yates having given her an introduction to me.

Miss Collins introduced me to Madame Blavatski, who lived in St. John's Wood.

I was not impressed with the personality of that famous woman; although I could not help being struck with the pale frozen blue of her eyes, which were absolutely expressionless. I could imagine their stare hypnotizing anyone of a susceptible nature.

I was always at home to my friends after five o'clock on Saturdays, and, in this way, I had an opportunity of hearing delightful music. On one Saturday in January, Isidore de Lara; George (now Sir George) Power; an Italian singer, Scarvello, and Mrs. Lee sang; and Tivadar Nachez, the violinist, played brilliantly.

I was working at this time on a picture of Charlotte Corday. The subject always fascinated me. Although Charlotte was a murderess, she murdered "with good intent." It was exhibited in Liverpool.

I had a splendid model for my Charlotte, in a friend of mine, Ethel Coxon (now Earl). She was a granddaughter

of Sydney Cooper, and she herself had much artistic and dramatic instinct.

Alice Forbes, the daughter of the war correspondent, Archibald Forbes, came to me for lessons in painting. She ultimately followed in the footsteps of her father, and became a writer. Her chief subject was "Lives of Saints," not, I think, until she had embraced a Catholic Order, and become Mother Forbes. She has chosen her career well, for she is of a sweet and saintly disposition. I think it was through her influence that I attended "Candlemas" at the Brompton Oratory. I am afraid my sense of humour was appealed to most, during the ceremony, by seeing "grave and reverend signors" of my acquaintance holding lighted candles, and not only elderly men, but those of the "masher" type. I thought of Burns and his :

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us!"

I find in my engagement book, in February, "Dreadful riot in town again."

By some misunderstanding, although the police were ready waiting at Scotland Yard, they were never called out, and the mob proceeded to march up St. James's Street, unmolested, breaking most of the windows on the way. Friends who were out driving told me that men stood on their carriage steps, and shook their fists in their faces. I don't remember what the mob's special grievance was.

I had been asked to give some lectures on Art, and in order to test my capacity for making people hear me, I took lessons from Hermann Vezin in elocution.

He was acting at the time, and therefore his evenings were not free, and as I was always occupied in the daytime it was difficult to arrange the hour, for the lesson, to suit us both. We ultimately arranged that he should come to me straight from the theatre, and I would give him supper before starting

the lesson. We had two or three trials, but I found this plan was not feasible. After a hard day's work, I was longing to get to bed early, and Hermann, on the contrary, was very wide awake, and full of theatrical stories, which, however amusing they were, did not compensate me for missing a portion of my night's rest.

His lessons did me a great deal of good. I am confident now of being heard by the man occupying the last seat in a large hall, and the fact of Hermann's pulling me up whenever I did not give the round sound to the letter "O" was worth a few hours of sleeplessness.

It was delightful to listen to his reading of "Julius Cæsar," which he gave me to study. I think he did so to all his pupils. He was a splendid actor and elocutionist, but his acting left you cold. It was inspired by his head, and not by his heart. He had the misfortune to be considered unlucky in a theatre, and so, in his latter days, was seldom seen on the boards.

I remember a lunch, at Mrs. Horne-Payne's, to meet Edwin Booth, the celebrated American actor. Christine Nilsson and Rouzaud were there; Madame Modjeska and her husband; Forbes-Robertson; and two of my sisters. Mrs. Horne-Payne was one of those hostesses who you felt thoroughly enjoyed entertaining you. A great art! Christine Nilsson and her husband walked home with me, and, the Studio space evidently attracting her, she sang to us in her most inspired manner. A studio and a piano is an ideal combination, and many a celebrated professional has enchanted us with their God-given gifts, and truly sung *con amore* at Beaufort Street.

Madame Gabrielli was a noted entertainer in the eighties. At her house you met everybody who was anybody. Gabrielli himself was supposed to be a myth, so little was he seen, but I remember both seeing and talking to him.

Madame Gabrielli had a known penchant for Willy Wilde, the brother of Oscar, a brilliant talker. He used to wear a

bangle on his wrist, and once, when I asked him how he came by it, he answered : " The gift of the Gab."

I think she was seriously affected when Willy went to America, and married that clever American woman, Mrs Frank Leslie, who, on the death of her first husband, became the proprietor of a well-known periodical.

It was not in Willy's nature to be faithful, even to a rich wife, and Mrs. Frank Leslie, standing no nonsense, quickly divorced him. Afterwards he married his cousin, a charming Irish girl.

Madame Gabrielli, Willy Wilde, Mrs. Bernard Beere, the actress, some other men, and myself were invited to spend a week-end at the country house of a bachelor who had just come into some money, and was spending it lavishly. I was talking to one of the men invited, when my would-be host came up and begged me to join the party. As I was hesitating, my amiable cavalier whispered :

" Oh, do come. It would be heaven ! " It amused us when the remark, intended only for my ear, was overheard by our friend, who replied to it by saying :

" Oh, I should not call it exactly that ! "

A letter from Mrs. Praed reached me one morning :

16 TALBOT SQUARE,
HYDE PARK, W.

DEAR MRS. JOPLING,

Will you dine with us on Sunday, and meet Ouida—at eight ?

Would you mind letting us have a wire at once, for the authoress did not answer my invitation for several days, and it is rather difficult to get up a party on such notice ?

Yours affectionately.

In this manner my wish to see Ouida was gratified.

The same delay that took place in her answer to Mrs

Praed's letter prefaced her entry into the drawing-room, but, late as she was, an American couple, then rather the vogue in London, were later still. Ouida, who always liked to be treated as Royalty, was not at all pleased at having to wait for anybody else, and rather showed her displeasure. At dinner she sat opposite Mrs. Lynn Linton, and we really feared that the two authoresses would emit sparks, so warm was the argument they carried on. Mrs. Lynn Linton, having six times the knowledge of the celebrated authoress, came off with flying colours, which so disturbed Ouida that, when the ladies made a move, giving precedence to the guest of the evening, she stopped the whole cavalcade by saying, with her hand on the balustrade of the staircase :

" It is useless my going upstairs ; I am going on to Lord So-and-so's."

" I am afraid that it is necessary to go upstairs," said Mrs. Praed sweetly, " your cloak is there." When Mrs. Praed had handed her over to the attendant, she joined us in the drawing-room, exclaiming :

" Did you ever know such a rude woman ? She knows quite well that I have invited people to meet her this evening ! "

Whilst we were still discussing her behaviour, Ouida appeared, much to our astonishment. Her hostess went instantly forward with an inquiring expression on her face. " Oh," said Ouida, " my carriage hasn't come yet."

So she had perforce to stay until it was announced. I happened to be near her, and I told her how nearly I was meeting her at Florence, whereupon she begged me to come and see her at her hotel.

I called one afternoon, and found De Lara there. " Oh," she told him, " such a dull dinner ! " alluding to that of Mrs. Praed.

Ouida, then full of years, liked to dress herself like the young girls in her romances. She generally wore white

muslin, and tied back her straight, short locks with a virgina piece of blue ribbon. She was very proud of her small feet which were usually encased in white satin shoes, which when she was within doors, reposed upon a cushioned footstool.

In June I met that clever woman, Dr. Anna Kingsford at the house of the poet, Alice Meynell. She invited me to a lecture, which unfortunately she could not give herself, a she was suffering from her throat. The author of "Eothen" read it for her.

I had evidently not been hung at the Royal Academy this year, for one of my friends writes to console me, saying:

Those few last words of "The Daily Telegraph" should cheer you up, and the remarks of the President, accounting for the absence of many first-rate names from Burlington House, should make you rejoice that you are among the number!

D—— them! What did they mean by not admitting you, when they seem to have such a wretched show!

I wonder what sort of letter the writer of the following would have written to me, if I had sent up his wife's portrait to the Academy, and it had not been hung:

DEAR MRS. JOPLING,

I cannot tell you how surprised and indignant I am to hear from my wife to-day that you intend to send her portrait to the Grosvenor, and that you have not sent it to the Academy. I thought it was quite understood between us that it should go to the Academy, or not be exhibited at all. I think you might have asked my permission before deciding at the last moment to send the portrait to the Grosvenor, and I consider I have been treated with very scant courtesy, in not being informed of your change of

lans. Kindly send the portrait to me at your earliest onvenience.

I think I must have sent the soft answer that turneth way wrath, for the portrait was exhibited in the Grosvenor.

It was the pretty wife who poured oil on the troubled vaters :

Please have my portrait sent to the Grosvenor. I have old my husband how sorry I am he should have written to ou in such an impetuous manner. I have such pleasant eminiscences connected with my portrait and your Studio hat I feel keenly this little episode.

It would be a shame for your beautiful work only to adorn ur walls.

Hoping I shall hear from you, and that you will not look pon our brief, but to me most happy acquaintanceship as t an end.

Believe me,
Yours affectionately.

A letter from Mr. Locker (afterwards Locker-Lampson) lso alludes to this portrait :

ROWFANT,
CRAWLEY, SUSSEX,
3rd July 1886.

I am sorry that I shall not be in London this season, and herefore shall not be able to go and see you, which would ave given me so much pleasure. I hope all goes well with ou.

I saw your lovely portrait in the Grosvenor Gallery—the Grosvenor Gallery is very pleasant, but it would not be so leasant to me as Beaufort Street.

My poet friend found more inspiration in the country than he did in the giddy whirl of London society.

People were very kind in showering on me invitations to dinner. I remember going to one in Park Lane, and, when I gave up my cloak to the man who opened the door, I noticed that he looked at me in rather a strange manner. I was ushered into a drawing-room, where I found no one, but only the remains of tea. This seemed to me odd, at the moment of a dinner party. It dawned upon me that I might be in the wrong house, and so I looked about for some identification of the owners. I searched the books to find a name—they were all from Mudie's circulating library. In desperation, I rang the bell and inquired my whereabouts, and found that the cabman had deposited me at the wrong house.

When I ultimately arrived at my proper destination—late, of course—the account of my misfortune was not believed, and my dinner companion congratulated me upon my inventive powers!

The portraits I painted this year were one of Willert Beale, who had a delightfully picturesque head; Behnke, the throat specialist, who wrote a book in conjunction with Lennox Browne, on the anatomy of the throat. My sketch portrait of him was in return for his treating my throat, which was always apt to be delicate. Behnke had invented an arrangement of looking-glasses, by which the vocal cords could be seen. To watch them, whilst sounds were being produced, was weirdly fascinating.

At the Grosvenor Gallery I exhibited a picture that I called "Purple and Gold." It was painted from my little friend, Rose Norreys. There are some people still alive who remember her as a charming little actress. She had wonderful red-gold hair, and the colour of her eyes was so blue that sometimes they took on a purple hue. I surrounded her with irises, some of which she held in her hand, and, with

a purple velvet cloak lined with yellow, she fitly illustrated the title of the picture. Rose Norreys was a most fascinating little personality. Her little gurgly laugh was infectious. The first rôle I ever saw her in was that of a blind girl, at the Court Theatre. She had the original idea of keeping her beautiful eyes wide open, and not shut, as the blind are generally depicted, and the expressionless, apparently far-seeing look that blind people have was admirably given. She made a great success.

Another of her triumphs was that of a lame girl. She seemed to excel in personating the pathetic side of human nature. It was in a play of Henry Arthur Jones, called "The Dancing Girl," and was given under Tree's management, at the Haymarket. She was a delightful "Dora," in "A Doll's House," by Henrik Ibsen. "Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps its selle," as Shakespeare says, applied to her. She essayed, without much success, the rôle of "Juliet," in "Romeo and Juliet."

A little time after, I heard that her delicate mind had given way, and she had to become an inmate of Bethlehem Hospital.

I went to see her, and told a cabman to drive me there.

"Do you mean Bedlam, madam?"

When I interviewed the secretary for permission to see the patient, he was very much annoyed with me.

"I wish you would call this place by its proper name, and not by that of Bedlam!"

"Yes," I said meekly. "I did so, but the cabman did not understand me, and asked me if I meant Bedlam."

I was shown into a large L-shaped room, and locked in. The feeling was not pleasant. The room seemed empty, but yet I distinctly heard the sound of breathing.

Whilst I was talking to my little friend, a weird woman crept from under the table, where she had hidden herself on my arrival.

Kind friends got up a subscription for Rose, through the instrumentality of Mr. Ledger, the editor of the "Era."

"Purple and Gold" had not met with a purchaser, and I was glad to raffle it for her benefit. When the winning number turned up, I was pleased to find that dear Ellen Terry had won it.

In July, I gave myself a little holiday by accepting an invitation to stay at Windsor with my cousin, Loo Manders. Her husband was in the Yeomanry Regiment of which Lord Wantage was the colonel.

It was an amusing experience, dining at the Mess in camp every evening. Our hosts used to entertain us with all sorts of games, one, I remember, being called "Hi !. Cocka-lorum Tibby"; why, or wherefore, Heaven only knows.

The review, held in the picturesque surroundings of Windsor before Prince Christian and the Duke of Cambridge, was a very pretty sight, as also the service on Sunday in the open air. Lord Wantage presented me to the Princess, who was most gracious. In the afternoon we went over the Royal stables.

I did many sketches in the Forest.

Although not unexpected, it was none the less a shock when I heard that my very dear Sir Robert Anstruther died in July, much to the grief of all the friends who loved him so well.

Louie wrote me: "... the only real comfort is in thinking of his great gain, and in dwelling on the memory of all the happy years we had together, and on the bright, beautiful patience and simple faith that made his dying room a blessed place."

Sir Robert was one of the most lovable of men, and the loss of his friendship made a blank in my life that has never been filled.

Another dear and kind friend of mine also died this year—Mr. Day. I felt doubly lonely.

Somebody asked me to obtain an "interview" with "Labby," and this was his answer:

5 OLD PALACE YARD, S.W.

MY DEAR MRS. JOPLING-ROWE,

It would be a pleasure to lay down my life for you, but if there is one thing that I detest more than another, it is the system of interviewing—the "interviewed" has really nothing to tell the public of the slightest interest, and it always seems to me that it is a piece of bumptiousness on his part to suppose that the public care one farthing about him.

The architect E. W. Godwin—or "the wicked Earl," as some of his friends called him—was one of the most fascinating of men. He worshipped Greek art. He was the only man I knew who had a life-sized figure of the Venus of Milo in his chambers. Although I had known him slightly, I did not become intimate with him until I joined the company of Mr. Todhunter's "Helena in Troas," a play which was performed at Hengler's Circus in Great Pulteney Street for the space of one fortnight.

At the time, I was contemplating a Grecian picture, after the style of my Japanese "Five o'Clock Tea." I rather wanted to paint real life in ancient Greece, and make the inhabitants flesh and blood, instead of the statues in paint that some artists affect, so I wired to Godwin in April: "May I attend a rehearsal?" His answer to this was: "Come and help," so, nothing loath, I took a hansom and drew off to Hengler's. When I arrived he begged me to be one of the attendants on Helena (Miss Alma Murray). Mrs. Oscar Wilde was another one; Hecuba was played by Miss Lucy Roche; Tree was Paris; and Mrs. Tree the luckless Œnone; Hermann Vezin was Priam.

The play was in blank verse. Hengler's Circus was well adapted for a piece of this description, and it was given as it

would have been in ancient Greece, bar the masks, and th speaking-trumpets, which were used in those days. A stag was erected on one side of the circle, and for the pedimen I was instructed to drape, and seat, half a dozen figures i the same attitudes as those on the frieze of the Parthenon The poor things had to remain without moving during th whole time the play was in progress! They were attired i unbleached calico draperies, which simulated the whit marble, just tinged with age, wonderfully well.

Godwin was a splendid producer: he spared no trouble and, incidentally, no expense, to arrive at perfection.

In looks he was like the portraits of Henry IV of France but his soul must have been the reincarnation of a Greek sculptor.

Godwin superintended the private theatricals that Lady Archibald Campbell gave in the beautiful woods of Coombe The grounds of Coombe House were lent for rehearsals.

A friend of mine stayed there, after a serious shock she had sustained in the sudden loss of her husband after a heart attack.

As she entered the grounds, leaning on the arm of a brother-in-law, she descried figures walking about in garments of another age.

"Oh!" she cried. "You have brought me to a lunatic asylum!"

Godwin wanted very much to build me a house, and studio, next to Whistler's. Whistler writes:

8 VICTORIA CHAMBERS,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

You see whence I am writing this—and I flatter myself you will be pleased at my zeal.

Now the thing to do will be for you to come here to-morrow at any hour you like, for Godwin is his doctor's prisoner for the next few days, and cannot leave the house.

LOUISE JOPLING AS A HANDMAIDEN IN "HELENA IN TROAS" BY J. TODHUNTER

You will see my plans, which are simply ravishing, and you will immediately construct with Godwin something lovely for yourself which, in a very short time, will develop itself into my charming next-door neighbour's palace—for we will have palaces, and be neighbours—only there is no time to be lost. The Board meets again on Friday, I believe, and your photos had better be pounced upon immediately, and the "tenders" made out to hand in then. All this Godwin will explain to you, and furnish you with necessary details and documents—and *voilà!* that is all I can write, and, you know, an awfully long epistle for me.

Mrs. Godwin was at that time working in a Studio in Paris, and I well remember the first time that Godwin brought her to see me. She was very handsome, and looked very French. She had a delightful dare-devil look in her eyes, which was very fascinating.

She was the daughter of J. B. Philip, the sculptor. When she became a widow, she, some time afterwards, married Whistler.

After the production at Hengler's had run its stipulated time—viz., a fortnight—"Helena in Troas" went on tour. Godwin asked me to go as leader of the Chorus, but not that way could I earn my bread and butter. I returned with fresh zeal to my legitimate work, after this little break in it.

On the last day, I remember, we all posed to the photographer in one of the scenes in the play. In it I had to support the dying head of Paris, and, as luck would have it, I was seized at the crucial moment with a fit of the giggles, which quite, I am sorry to say, spoilt the picture.

Godwin found his occupation gone at the end of the performances, and, bitten by the fascination of stage-management, induced some friends to embark in a theatrical production at the Opera Comique Theatre. Here, money was dropped, and so its end was silence.

No; I had no wish to desert my own well-beloved profession for that of the actor's. In one's Studio, one's soul is one's own. An artist can shut himself away from the "madding crowd"; he can enjoy that perfect solitude in which alone he can gather strength for further efforts. But in spite of these views, I should have loved to have been an actress. Impersonating another's character strongly appeals to me, and the intoxicating feeling that you can play upon people's emotions, making them weep or laugh at your pleasure, quite obliterates all the petty discomforts one has to undergo.

A painter enjoys more independence. He can work or not, as he chooses, and, in his goings out and comings in, he is absolutely his own master.

In August I went to Wales to paint the little son of the Hon. Mr. Bruce, at Ynis-y-gerwn, Neath. I must own at once that this attempt was a complete failure. No one in the house understood that it was impossible to paint a child, and amuse him too, so the consequence was that, of course, I had no chance at all, as I failed to keep him in the correct position for more than a minute at a time.

In spite of my artistic failure I had a most enjoyable time with the Bruces. I was taken for drives all about the lovely country.

Whilst I was at Neath I had an offer of £1800 for the remainder of my lease at Beaufort Street, a matter of eleven years, from a Mr. MacNutt. Before I closed the transaction I had written to ask Godwin's advice on the matter. He advised:

August 23rd, 1886.

I have not put my hand to paper since I wrote to you I am so very, very weary—I shall try to go out for a quarter of an hour to-day, for the first time this month. You, I suppose, got my telegram all right, advising you to accept offer. Why, £1800, properly handled, might give you a place for yourself, and £200 a year as well. No. 28 is wasted

and every year the waste is larger. All you want is to keep together your pupils, and any studio will do that, although I should advise Chelsea, or some postal district. The next move I make is to St. Peter's Hospital, where I have bespoken a ward all to myself; then the next ward may be 6×4×2. I feel completely done with life.

So I closed with the offer, and sold the remainder of my lease.

In October poor Godwin died. Jimmy Whistler, who was with him to the end, came in the early morning to tell me that he had passed away. Jimmy wished me to go and break the news to a former friend of Godwin's, in order to spare her the shock of seeing it in the papers.

When I told her, I shall never forget her cry: "There was no one like him!"

28 Beaufort Street was purchased by a Catholic community, and, until one of the Vaughans made his appearance on the scene, I had no idea that my Studio was going to be changed into a house of prayer. Some of my friends chaffed me about the transformation, as they called it, but I had always my answer pat for them—that a Studio where work was done was very similar to a chapel, as *Laborare est orare*. The Catholics were delighted at the good luck that they had in obtaining a portion of the garden that once belonged to Sir Thomas More, and a strange coincidence occurred in that on the very day the lease was signed giving over possession, the Pope had canonized Sir Thomas More, and made a holy martyr of him.

I was painting at the time some portraits, one of a Mrs. Gilliland, and one of her mother, Mrs. Cooke—ladies who lived in Ireland—and I was anxious to finish them before I left. I appealed to Mr. MacNutt, and not in vain. He kindly arranged that I should give up the house, and keep the Studio until I had finished the portraits.

I had much to do in storing the furniture of the house,

until I could find another one suitable for my wants, as well as working at express speed on my portraits, which, I am glad to think, I finished " on time," as the Americans say.

I had many visits from the friends of the new owners—all Catholics, of course—and they were apparently enchanted with the place, and, in particular, the Studio. They one and all exclaimed :

" What a lovely chapel this will make ! "

One day Mr. MacNutt wrote that His Eminence, Cardinal Manning, was coming to see the new acquisition. It was a joy to think that I should have the pleasure of seeing the famous Cardinal of Westminster.

When he came, I saw a dignified, spiritual being, with charming manners. I waited for the usual gratified remark, of how well adapted my Studio was for a chapel, but the Cardinal looked slowly round, and said nothing.

" Don't you like it, sir ? " I ventured.

" I am thinking," Cardinal Manning said quietly, looking at me with a sympathetic smile, " how sorry you must be to leave it ! "

He was the first who had looked at the matter from my point of view. No wonder the Cardinal was so beloved. I lost my heart to him on the spot.

Mr. MacNutt wrote to me after the Cardinal's visit :

Nov. 6th, 1886.

He was delighted, and intends coming again, to see you and your work. In case you do not leave before the 16th inst., I shall be glad to come to No. 28 on that day, for an " artistic tea," before the days of penitential fasts set in, in Beaufort Street.

" The World " mentioned :

Places have their vicissitudes, and the local genius is frequently put to flight by rivals of contrasting complexion.

Who would have thought of the transformation which was to take place in the pretty house in Beaufort Street, where Mrs. Jopling had her pictures and her friends about her for several pleasant years? Now the new Catholic order of "Universal Reparation" is going to build itself cells on the site of the house, and to turn the studio into a chapel.

The Fathers have long had an innocently and legitimately covetous eye on that special house and garden, on account of a mulberry tree, which was growing there when the place was part of Sir Thomas More's garden. Under its shade the good Chancellor made his meditations, and it has become a relic. The transfer has been effected to the satisfaction of all parties. It was in South America that the New Order was formed by Father Kenelm Vaughan, brother to the Bishop of Salford.

The Society was instituted "For perpetual adoration, to appease the anger of a just God." It seemed very quaint to my unorthodox mind that any human being could imagine that a "just" God could ever be angry. How impotent such a God must be who is moved to anger by the doings of the very creatures that He created! And what an amount of conceit there must have been in the mind of the person who first imagined that He would be diverted from any purpose He had intended, by the prayers of little mortals. As well imagine the mite in a cheese kneeling down and begging the hungry man not to eat him!

. . . . . .

In November I found a house that suited me, No. 8 Cranley Place. Its chief attraction was that it had a good Studio.

I was very, very sorry to leave Beaufort Street, and I told Father John Vaughan (afterwards Cardinal) that I left my heart behind me.

Two or three months after, he was lunching with me at Cranley Place, and he said:

"Do you remember saying that you had left your heart behind you at Beaufort Street?"

"Yes; I remember."

"Well, a curious thing happened; we were cleaning out one of the cupboards, and we came across an oil painting—and we found it was your own portrait! So you see that you did leave something of yourself behind you!"

In verity, much of my heart was left at Beaufort Street. I had lost my dearly beloved son whilst there, and my husband too. An abode where one has lived and suffered becomes hallowed.

The house that Jimmy Whistler and Godwin proposed building for me never materialized. When Jimmy called to tell me that he was engaged to Beatrice Godwin, I invited them to dine with us (I was married to George Rowe then), at the Welcome Club, at the Earl's Court Exhibition, where we had also invited the Labouchères.

At dinner I said:

"When are you two going to be married?"

They hadn't considered the matter apparently. They didn't "know."

"I wish," said I, "that you would be married before I leave town."

"When is that?" said Jimmy.

"On Saturday."

"But this is only Tuesday!"

"That's easily managed," said George Rowe. "You have only to come up to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and get a special licence, and there you are!"

"And I'll give the bride away," said Mr. Labouchere.

It was there and then settled that Mrs. Godwin should go the next day to my husband's office, and he would help her to get the Marriage Licence, whilst Jimmy came to me, and we interviewed the clergyman, who happened to be the Rev. the Hon. Mr. Byng of Cranley Gardens.

And it came off all right on the Saturday morning. "The Pall Mall Gazette" had an article in that afternoon's issue, headed: "The Butterfly chained at last!"

From St. Mary Abbott's we all went back to Jimmy's house in Tite Street, Chelsea, and had a most recherché little breakfast.

The Laboucheres, Mr. Byng, and Jimmy's brother, Dr. Whistler, were the other guests. I was able to catch an afternoon train to Harrogate, where I went for a "cure."

I forget where they spent their honeymoon. On his return, he wrote me:

You may well imagine, dear Mrs. Louise, that we are not in town, until we have seen you!

However, before we journey again, you and George must come and see us, and the Magpie, and even the etchings!

I have been much amused, whilst reading a "Life of Whistler," by some of the inaccuracies. For instance—a trivial matter—the remark attributed to Sir Coutts Lindsay's butler, a most stately personage, with the manners of a Duke, and the diction of a well-bred man.

Would any aristocrat keep, in his employ, a butler who was guilty of perpetrating the following sentence?

"There's a gent downstairs says 'as 'e 'as come to dinner, 'ot's forgot 'is necktie, and stuck a fevver in his 'air."

They who visited the Lindsays' can certify that the manners and speech of the estimable "Mr. Gates" were above reproach.

The description of Whistler's wedding is also inaccurate, but that might not have been the writer's fault.

The French were very appreciative of Whistler's talent. I remember being at an Exhibition in Paris, and a picture, one of Whistler's "Nocturnes," was there. Two men were studying it. One said to the other:

"Je ne comprends pas ce que tu vois là-dedans."

"Je ne sais pas," was the answer, "mais cela m'émotionne!"

This, I thought, was a good description of the effect Jimmy's wonderful rendering of the atmosphere of sea and sky had on the sensitive beholder.

. . . . . .

A luncheon I remember well was that given by Ferdinand de Rothschild, who wrote me:

8th Feb. '86.

It will give me great pleasure if you will kindly join some friends at luncheon here, at 2 o'clock on Friday the 19th, to meet H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Mrs. Langtry, Frank Burnand, Arthur Cecil, Sir Henry Irving, Toole, and Sir Squire Bancroft were also guests at the luncheon.

It was given at Ferdinand de Rothschild's house in Piccadilly. The staircase has panels of a warm yellow-and-brown marble. I decided that it would make an ideal background for the portrait I had hoped to paint of the beautiful Mrs. Langtry. When I got home I composed a sketch for it, and George Augustus Sala was always begging me to carry it out. But my idea of a portrait is, that it should always be from life, and how can you manage that if the original gives you no sittings? Mrs. Langtry's busy life gave her little spare time, although I am glad to say that she sat to G. F. Watts and Millais. They each gave a fancy name to her portrait: Watts called his "The Dean's Daughter"; and Millais, "The Jersey Lily."

CHAPTER XXV

BY the New Year, the house in Cranley Place was ready for occupancy. It was the ordinary London house. I unconventionalized the interior, by making the dining-room on the irst floor, which left me the ground one for a reception-oom, and on beyond that was my Studio, a large one. It vas built originally for Baron Marochetti, when he was ngaged in working on the lions that embellish Trafalgar quare, which were modelled from Landseer's drawings.

The rooms lent themselves to decoration. Oscar Wilde, alling one day, set the seal of his approval upon my new bode.

I happened to be out, and he left a letter :

Could you tell me Mr. Rowe's address, and if it is for inner that he has asked us to meet you to-night ?

I have lost his invitation.

How *lovely* your house is !

In this year, Mentone, the resort of invalids, had a terrible hock one night, when an earthquake shook the little place, nd gave its inhabitants a very bad time. My friend, Edith Claremont, was staying there, and wrote me a hurried note, raphically describing the event.

Feb. 26th, 1887,
PARIS.

I have just got away from poor Mentone, which is in uins, and am a perfect hag—my lips all black and dried up.

I would give a good deal to go on to London, but have not the nerve. Here they have no room, but have hired one for me two houses off, where I have to go alone at night. Rather would I join any low bricklayer.

Well, from Tuesday to last night, I had nothing to eat. I went to the office of "The Morning News," and sent you their paper. I see they dub me "A special correspondent." I also wrote to Labouchere. Monte Carlo is all right—did you get the flowers I sent?

When we meet I will regale you with the awful horror of the scene. All the plaster ceilings, windows, etc., accompanied me, as I fled down the four flights of stairs, and the stairs themselves fell after me.

In nightgowns and bare feet we stood about the roads waiting—I have some of my clothes, but everything of value is gone.

Please give Mrs. Caralampi my love if you see her. Excuse dirt. Have not had a bath since Tuesday. Saw Yates and several of Cridland's friends.

In May, having sent a picture to the Salon, I made it an excuse to run over for a week, and I had the great pleasure of again seeing my dear old Master, Charles Chaplin. I came across many of my compatriots and some nice Americans, and altogether I had a very good time. I stayed at the Grand Hotel, from which I had hastily to flee to another one, as I discovered that the occupant of the next room to mine made a practice of imitating the example of "Peeping Tom" in his relation to Lady Godiva, through the keyhole.

I saw a great deal this year of Lord and Lady Grantley. They invited me to Grantley Hall, near Ripon. I went there in September. Staying in the house were Sir Edward and Lady Sladen, Mr. Wanklin, Count Castello, Mr. and Mrs. Spofforth, and a Mr. Flemming.

On the day I was leaving Grantley Hall, Johnny Toole,

he actor, came to lunch, and it was arranged that I should eturn to Ripon with him in the carriage that had brought im. We had a seven-mile drive to the station. From Ripon I was going on to Manchester, to see a splendid collection of pictures which were then on view there.

"Where are you staying?" said Toole.

"I don't know at all. What hotel do you recommend?"

"Oh," said Toole, "you ought to have bespoken a room. Manchester is so crowded just now that I am afraid you will get in nowhere. I'll tell you what I'll do. I will telegraph to the hotel where I always stay, and tell them to look after you."

We parted at Ripon. Toole, I remember, was going to act that night at Harrogate.

On arriving at the hotel in Manchester (the Queen's), I asked for a room.

"Impossible to give you one, madam. We are full up."

"Did you get a telegram from Mr. Toole?" I queried.

Instantly smiles shone out.

"Oh, are you the lady who Mr. Toole telegraphed to us about? Well, all we can do for you is to make you up a bed in the coffee-room, when everybody has left it. Will that do?"

I gratefully accepted, and as Toole had given me his card for the theatre, where Irving and Ellen Terry were playing, I ordered my dinner before going. I was given a delightful one, and to my dismay (as my purse at that time was not very full) the waiter opened a small bottle of champagne. I don't suppose such a thing ever happened to me before, as to sit down to a solitary dinner and drink champagne. However, for the good of the house, which had been so hospitable to me, I said nothing, but wisely consumed it. When I arrived at the theatre, and sent round my card to my friend, Bram Stoker, I found there was nothing but standing room. Tired as I was, after my journeyings, I

was amply repaid by watching the two incomparable artist in "Faust."

On my return to the hotel, I found a little bed, behind a screen, in a corner of the immense coffee-room. The attentive waiter had ready for me an appetizing little supper in which, I remember, figured a glass of milk punch. He was evidently used to patrons of the hotel who liked good living. I spent the next day at the Exhibition, where all the good painters of the Victorian era were represented, and returned to the hotel for what is popularly known as a "high tea," before taking the evening express home to London.

"My bill, please," I said to the waiter.

"There is nothing to pay, madam!"

"Nothing to pay!" I cried in astonishment.

"No, madam. Mr. Toole wired that you were to be his guest."

"But—but—I must pay."

"Please do not, madam. Mr. Toole would never forgive us if we allowed you to."

So I had to give in, and could only relieve my feelings by my tip to the waiter.

I wrote to Toole afterwards, and told him that I had experienced the feeling of a princess in a fairy story, where magic was the order of the day. I believe he gloried in acting the part of a magician in private life, as he was always doing kindnesses.

Poor dear Johnny Toole! Some bad fairy must have attended your christening, and given you a terribly heavy burden to bear in your old age.

In spite of his being a comedian, his life was full of tragedy. His only daughter, to whom he was devoted, died of typhoid fever in the flower of her youth.

She was an extremely taking and pretty girl. Her death took place only a little time before her contemplated marriage to Justin Huntly M'Carthy, who, on my writing to him

t the time of Miss Toole's death, interested me by telling ne where their young romance commenced :

Wednesday, 7th November.

Your kind letter touched me deeply. It was at your ouse, four years ago, in the early part of this month, that I irst had any talk with my dear lost girl.

Justin Huntly M'Carthy at one time was the youngest nember in the House of Commons.

I remember how we all acclaimed him, when he arrived traight from Ireland to an alfresco lunch we were giving n the garden of Beaufort Street, one Sunday morning.

Justin looked so absurdly young to be a full-blown Member of Parliament.

Not only did poor Toole lose his daughter in this manner, ut his son died under tragic circumstances abroad.

My impression is that, whilst shooting, he was mauled by bear or a tiger.

Toole outlived his wife. After being the delight of housands of playgoers, he ended his days in a paralysed ondition, the use of his senses leaving him one by one. The ad part of it was, that his brain was perfectly clear, and he ully realized his calamitous condition.

The last time I saw the dear fellow, half blind and half eaf, he managed to whisper :

" My dear, I am so miserable ! "

One's heart bled for him. They say his attacks of sobbing ysteria were most painful to witness. His constant friend, Henry Irving, used often to visit him, and try to cheer him p. For the last three or four years of Toole's life he was ost tenderly looked after by a nephew.

The first time I ever met Toole was at the house of he elder Grossmith, the grandfather of the present George Grossmith, the popular actor.

My hostess introduced him to me, and deputed him to take me down to supper. We happened to place ourselves next my sister Alice, whom I had brought with me. As she and I were at that time young, and full of high spirits, we had great fun chaffing Johnny Toole. Mrs. Grossmith told us afterwards, that he thanked her for putting him "between two such comfortable bodies at supper." The description was amusing of two slight females. I often met him with Irving. They were as much devoted to each other as "The Corsican Brothers" were.

On my afternoons in Beaufort Street, Chelsea, Toole was a frequent visitor. He used to amuse himself by being announced as the Duke of Whitechapel, or some such appellation. Not the least amusing part of the joke was that the parlour-maid never saw it, and gravely repeated his name as he gave it.

In the summer I often spent a Sunday with the Hermans Merivales, at Kingston-on-Thames. He used to write a great deal for "The World."

One article of his I remember so well, written from a *maison de santé*, describing the sensations of an inmate.

Herman wrote a play which was produced in London, in which, if I remember rightly, were some rather startlingly unorthodox sentiments. The first night of its production was made memorable by Lord Queensberry rising in his stall and making a loud objection.

One incident usually reminds one of another. At one of the first nights at the Lyceum, in Henry Irving's time, a man in the stalls uttered a disparaging remark, whereat some one sitting directly behind him, a well-known rabid Irvingite, stood up and administered the critical one a sound box on the ear. I remember feeling terribly frightened that a row would ensue, particularly as the victim to this unexpected blow got up, and went out at the side door, his assailant immediately following him. Before the next act commenced

hey returned, looking decidedly paler, but nothing further ccurred.

I met the Herman Merivales at Mrs. Campbell Praed's, t whose house I have met so many interesting people.

As I had a desire to spend my winter in Rome, and perhaps isit other capitals, I thought it wise to get presented at Court before doing so.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde was presented on her marriage at the ame time. In compliment to Queen Victoria, as she explained, her dress was an exact copy of the fashions worn when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and it certainly suited er girlish beauty well.

I see I sent up this year to the Academy the portrait of Mrs. Gilliland, which was well hung.

I had a commission from a Mr. Stevens to paint four anels for an overmantel. They were to represent the four Marys :

"Mary Seaton,
Mary Beaton,
Mary Carmichael,
And me!"

s one of them sings.

It was very interesting searching for different types, and et to choose four that would look well together.

In July I was asked to take the part of Hermia in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at a performance given by Mrs. abouchere at Pope's Villa in Twickenham. Unfortunately, had caught a severe cold, riding on the box seat of Mr. Vinthrop Praed's coach, which gave me a stiff neck, and which thought would be too unromantic for a love-sick maiden, though perhaps appropriate, seeing that she wandered hrough a wood the whole night in flimsy attire. Miss Dorothy Dene replaced me. I was able to go and witness he second performance. The *mise en scène* was charming, ust the natural wooded garden of the Villa.

Lewis Wingfield was the producer, G. A. Sala was Bottom,

Kate Vaughan was Titania, and surely never was a more fairy like one. Puck was played to perfection by little Rose Norrey. However, the most elf-like, weird, and wonderful impersonatio of Puck was one given by Miss Louie Frear, when Tree pro duced "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Her Majesty's.

This was Queen Victoria's Jubilee year. I remembe there was no Jubilee sightseeing for me. I had neuralgi so badly that I escaped from London and its festivities, an instead, went down to the Métropole at Brighton, where was entranced in the evening by the illuminations and pyro technical display over the sea. Far more beautiful than jus seeing a procession.

Many people, my friends especially, advised me to hav my portrait by Millais photogravured. Millais promised t correct the proof, if any corrections were required. B circularizing my friends, I obtained a sufficient number o subscribers to pay the cost of the photogravure, and, thank to Millais' supervision, the result was most satisfactory Amongst the many letters of acknowledgment I receive I find an amusing one from George Boughton :

I had hoped to come and thank you *in propria person* yesterday evening, but I got stranded at the R.A. Students "Swarry," and it was so late, and it rained so hard, that I fel sure you wouldn't want such a damper on your company I shall have the portrait framed and keep it in my own room.

Some day that portrait of yours will be the gem of great Public Gallery, and other Public Galleries will b jealous, and wage war on England, just to loot that splendi Millais—and perhaps you will be dragged away, smiling de fiantly all the same—a lovely captive—and they will get painter to tie a rope round the hands, and we won't be ther to see it. Never mind.

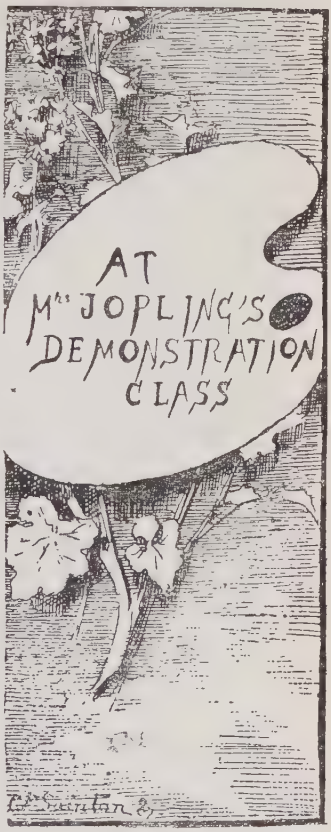
Believe me,

Yours faithfully all the same.

AN INDIAN PRINCESS

My School began to be much noticed in the daily papers, and "The Pall Mall Gazette" in November had an illustrated page.

The theme of my discourse to my interviewer was "That there is no sex in Art." The pupils used to be highly amused and interested when an interviewer accompanied me on a tour of inspection of the School, and there was quite an excitement when a photographer arrived, to take them all whilst they were at their work.



I found teaching intensely interesting. I learned so much myself. I was continually correcting faults, not only in my pupils' work, but in my own.

All work and no play are apt to make people dull, and in order to obviate that I arranged that a Fancy Dress Dance should be given each year, just before the summer vacation commenced.

We had a delightful aide-de-camp in the brilliant draughtsman, Dudley Hardy, whose Studio was next to the School.

I have an amusingly illustrated acceptance from him to one of these dances, which I framed and, where I hung it, it often meets my eye, and recalls some amusing evenings.

When I started my School, all my friends came to my help in making it known. I had taken an extra Studio in Clareville Grove for it.

A letter from Sir Daniel Lysons reminds me that he himself

became my pupil, and joined my Demonstration Class. He was a brilliant amateur. I have noticed that soldiers often are.

He gave me an order to copy a Sir Thomas Lawrence. I hated doing it at first, but gradually became fascinated, and enjoyed carrying out his commission immensely.

It was gratifying to find that not only my pupils appreciated being under my wing, but their belongings did also.

One of the parents wrote to me, apropos of her daughter: "The doctor agreed with me in thinking that your extreme kindness to my little girl has been a source of untold benefit to her. English women and girls, dear Mrs. Jopling, owe you such a debt of gratitude, as can never be repaid!"

Sir William Colville, equerry to the Prince of Wales, was always trying to do me a good turn, by recommending pupils to me.

Sir Frederick Haines took an immense interest in the work of the students, and was a frequent visitor at our monthly reunions.

I used to make the girls go occasionally to the National Gallery to choose a picture that they would like to study, and make a two-hour sketch of it. In this way I considered that they would be able at once to seize the salient points. Sir Frederick used to love to go to the National Gallery when my pupils were there, and he was only too ready to help them whenever he could. In one of his letters he says:

I am so busy I could not get into the National Gallery on the Thursday in last week, but tried Friday, when of course the young ladies were not there. I also tried yesterday, but there was no one.

Sir Frederick Haines was a distinguished soldier. He had been the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in India. He had great artistic taste, and I don't know anyone who knew and appreciated the Dutch School as he did. He writes from abroad: "Do tell me how your picture of Charlotte Corday is working out, also your 'Venetian Funeral.'"

LUNCH TIME

Sir Frederick was very interested in the latter picture. He got a friend of his to come down and see it, as I was searching about for a Catholic priest who would consent to sit for my central figure. This friend of his was a Colonel MacColl, who had a nephew in the Brompton Oratory. He at once promised to ask him to sit, which, to my great delight, he did. The picture, when finished, was exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, and ultimately was purchased by the permanent Gallery at Bolton.

Like very many soldiers, Sir Frederick was really by

MY TURN FIRST
THANK GOODNESS
COULD EAT IT ALL MYSELF
NOT MUCH FOR OUR DINNERS, ED
POOR DEARS, THEY WONT GET VERY FAT ON IT
223
The Days Take

CARICATURE OF THE "VENETIAN FUNERAL."

temperament an artist. He saw things in such a picturesque light. He writes from his beloved Biarritz :

I have sent you a couple of boxes of anemones to brighten you up on Sunday. I would give anything to be able to present myself at your Studio for your show. I have not even seen the first *ébauche* of your picture, but you mentioned an idea from "The Song of the Shirt" as likely to be the subject of it. No doubt you have carried out the notion with your accustomed success. I hope the school of Art continues to flourish.

"The Song of a Shirt" was exhibited in a later Academy.

. . . . . .

I knew a delightful host, a bachelor, who gave charming parties in South Eaton Place. He used to christen them by different names. One he called "A Beauty Party," in which he classed his guests as belonging to the First, Second, and Third degree.

On my asking him to which category I belonged, he said: "Oh, you come in at the top of the second."

The next time I met him, he alluded to my having been in the first class. "But," I said, "you told me that evening that I was in the second!"

"That was after dinner, and one is not responsible for what one says!" was his excuse.

I quoted "*In vino veritas*," which he found unanswerable.

He had the gift of drawing charming little sketches, and he seldom sent a letter without illustrating it.

He was in the Foreign Office. I wonder if his official correspondence was adorned in a similar way.

I am getting up some waxworks for the evening of the 19th May, in aid of the Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy.

'THE SONG OF THE SHIRT'

I want Lindsay Millais to be the Dirty Boy in a reproduction of the well-known statuette which Pears used to have for an advertisement. If you will let him do it, I want him to

come to rehearsal on Tuesday at 5, at 48 Harley Street, Dr. Althaus's.

I should like you to do Cleopatra also. Will you ?

I have not forgotten that I owe you a shilling. I shall be round your way about 1 to-morrow (Tuesday) and shall leave it. Perhaps I may be let to look into the Studio—if the model is draped—but if she is not ! I'd rather leave the money at the door, as the shock of this kind of thing might unnerve me for the afternoon.

ANGEL,

Yes : Wednesday at 9.30 ;
also at 5.30 if possible.

Yours.

Tuesday.

3 April, 1887.

DEAR MRS. JOPLING,

Remember to come to me on Good Friday at 9.30 punctual. You, or some one, said she must have a picture with her invitation.

Here is one for you.

Yours truly.

If it rains, take a cab.

CHAPTER XXVI

MY friend, Mr. Fitzroy Gardiner, arranged that I should write some articles for his clever little paper, "Woman."

I called them "In Quest of the Beautiful." It was delightful to think that searching for beauty had become a duty; a duty that I owed to my kind employer. I was sorry when the bright little paper ceased to exist, and with it my quest for the Beautiful. It had indeed been a labour of love.

To Mrs. Praed I was indebted for the friendship of one of the most delightful of women, Mrs. Lynn Linton. I have spoken of her in a previous chapter. She had a most original mind, very unorthodox, with the courage of her opinions. A book she wrote made a great sensation at the time. It was called "Joshua Davidson," which pseudonym thinly veiled that of "Jesus, the son of David." The hero was a carpenter, who followed in every respect the teaching of the New Testament.

Mrs. Lynn Linton proved how impossible it was to imitate the example of Christ in the nineteenth century. She wrote a great deal for "The Saturday Review," and her articles on "The Girl of the Period" made a great stir in the fashionable world in the eighties.

What would she have had to say about the young female of to-day? How she would have scourged and flayed her alive!

In spite of the castigation her tongue could give, she had

honied accent for those she liked, as witness one of her letters :

You are a wicked little scamp, and you will not enjoy your dinner half as much as you would have enjoyed this. That is my Revenge. I was going to give you to Mr. de Fonblanque, and put you near a Mr. King Salter, who is an artist too, and a delightful man all round, and I was going to make much of you, and make you one of the Flowers, make you as happy as a pretty young Queen, and there you have been and spoilt it all ! !

Oh, you little varmint ! pretty, bright, flirting, provoking varmint !

In the holidays, I went with Lindsay to stay at Wellingborough with the Campbell Praeds. I did a black-and-white sketch of Mrs. Campbell Praed whilst she was engaged in writing one of her clever and delightful novels.

We spent one afternoon and evening at a Mr. Sartoris', a very clever old fellow. I think it was he who persuaded Mrs. Praed to write her book " Nadine," the *motif* of which he told her, and vouched for its truth.

One afternoon, at my house, a man asked to be introduced to Mrs. Praed, and in talking over her work, he alluded to " Nadine," saying :

" Of course you were the heroine."

Mrs. Praed quietly replied :

" I don't think you can have read the book."

Just as he was going, he told me what he had said, and admitted that he had not read it.

" Do tell me what it is about ; I know I have said something awful, but as most women invariably draw their own likeness, when they create a heroine, I thought I was quite safe in making that remark."

When I told him the plot, he fled. Nadine was a young lady whose lover was a married man, who, one evening,

tragically expired in her bedroom. The relation of the dilemma, and how it was kept secret, was most artistically recited.

On our way to Balcaskie, we spent a week-end with Lord and Mrs. Shand, at a place not far from Edinburgh. It seems anything but correct that the wife should be plain Mrs., whilst her husband "Lords" it. This, I think, is carrying the spirit of economy a little too far. The wives of our English judges are permitted to share in their husband's glory, why not the Scottish ones ?

In reading the Life of Miss Jex Blake, I find that Lord Shand vigorously opposed the notion that women should enter the medical profession. Had I known that at the time of my visit he and I would have had many battles royal.

After a delightful fortnight at Balcaskie, where I went after my visit to the Praeds, I saw Lindsay and the maid off home, Lindsay to school, whilst I went on to pay a visit to Lady Brownlow. She had rented a place belonging to Lord Middleton, called Applecross. In her letter to me she writes : "You would see glorious effects of light and colour which I think would delight you."

There were interesting guests staying with Lady Brownlow, amongst them the clever Lady Sarah Spencer, the sister of Lord Spencer, the Comptroller of the Queen's Household ; and the Rev. Mr. Charlton Lane, Lord Brownlow's chaplain. A beautiful Miss Talbot, a relative of the Brownlows, was also one of the guests, and I was not surprised when I heard that the following year she had become Mrs. Charlton Lane. The others were Lady Lothian, Lady Marion Alford, Lady Middleton, the Miss de Greys, Admiral Carpenter and his daughter, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Charles Compton.

On my way there, I made a little tour and slept at Glasgow, and took the train the next day to Oban, via Stirling and Callander, where I slept the night. The day after, I went for a lovely drive to see Dalmally Castle, which I much

enjoyed. I left Oban the following day at eight o'clock, and went by coach through the Pass of Glencoe, which was too entrancing. A fellow-passenger amused me by reading a novel all the time we were passing through such splendid scenery. He looked rather foolish when he somehow dropped his book—gone to sleep, most likely—and the coach had to be stopped, whilst the guard got down and picked it up.

I was deposited at Ballachulish, in an inn on the shore of a lake, where I spent the night, and in the morning made a sketch of my pretty surroundings.

On leaving, I went up the Caledonian Canal, of which I had heard so many eulogiums. I took a single ticket, intending to return by rail. The weather, unfortunately, was, as the Scots describe it, "a wee bit saftie," but in spite of this, and the fact that I could not see the scenery to perfection, I elected to exchange my single ticket for a return one, and come back the way I went. I was repaid by having the most perfect day, and I shall never forget how I enjoyed that return passage.

I am reminded of another incident. A young volunteer was being seen off by his mother. He was travelling first-class. "Wipe your forehead, Sandy," said the mother, "you are all in a mucky sweat."

I felt him blushing.

At Applecross a great deal of sketching was done. Mr. Charlton Lane was the most enthusiastic, and easily beat my record in the amount he got through in the day.

After dark we had most interesting talks. One evening Lady Sarah Spencer held an amusing examination to see how much every one knew about Shakespeare, and in which play well-known quotations were in. She was one of the most clever and delightful of women. On wet days, when we had to stay indoors, I made a little portrait sketch of Lady Lothian.

A capital night journey brought me back to Cranley Place, all the better in health for my enjoyable holiday.

Utilizing my quiet evenings, I commenced my little book on "Hints to Students and Amateurs," which, when finished, was published by Chapman and now by Rowney.

In October I remember going with my sister and George Rowe to hear, and see, Mrs. Georgina Welldon, in a theatrical venture of her own. She had written the play, and acted the chief part in it. I ought scarcely to use the term acted, because she was so natural, really too much so. It was a résumé of her own life, a sufficiently exciting one. Between the acts, she appeared before the curtain and sang. She had a lovely voice; Gounod, who at one time was a great friend of hers, composed several of his songs for her.

Mrs. Welldon delighted in bringing actions against people, in which she conducted her own case. In one of these she and the Law differed, for a Judge sentenced her to be imprisoned for a certain time. On her coming out of prison, an enthusiastic crowd of friends met her and escorted her in triumph. A hansom cab coming in the opposite direction had to pull up until the procession passed.

"What is this all about?" said the occupant to the cabman.

"Only Mrs. Welldon coming out of prison."

The cabman little guessed that his fare was Mrs. Welldon's husband, from whom she was separated. In relating the episode to some friends, Captain Welldon said he was in a mortal funk that she should see him, and point him out to the crowd.

I often dined at the Dilkes', and, on telling Lady Dilke of my anxiety about Lindsay's health, she suggested that I should send him, on every Saturday morning, to be drilled with Sir Charles's son. Advice which I was glad to act upon.

Those were very enjoyable dinners at the house in Sloane

Street. Sir Charles was a *bon viveur*; that is, I mean he thoroughly enjoyed a good dinner, and knew exactly how it ought to be cooked. I have often seen him write a little memorandum to the cook, and send it down to her, there and then.

Eating becomes a fine art when treated in this way. It adds much to the flavour of one's food when it is discussed as if it were a rare and precious thing. To eat it quickly without appreciation savours too much of the animal.

Another connoisseur of good food was Sir Henry Edwards. He lived in Berkeley Square, and gave most delightful dinners. He evidently considered that good food ought to be as satisfying to the eye as to the palate, for when his butler showed him, as was his wont, a dish before it had lost its pristine attractiveness, he would say, "Take that round to Mrs. Jopling, and show it to her," if it happened to be anything particularly out of the common in its decoration.

Talking of food reminds me of a naughty little friend of mine, who was by way of teaching a French acquaintance of hers the proper way to describe her approval of any dish, with the result that the Frenchwoman rather astonished her hosts at a luncheon party, by exclaiming: "What delightful 'garbage' this is!"

I saw a great deal of Mrs. Campbell Praed about this time, in London, as she and I were busy dramatizing her novel, "Affinities." We had to prepare a scenario for the purpose of having it copyrighted.

I don't believe the play itself was ever finished, but in its embryo state it gave us a very pleasant time writing it.

Mrs. Campbell Praed, when I first knew her, was a slight, delicate woman. Although she was a fine height, her personality struck one as being more psychic than corporeal. She had beautiful eyes, full of an expression of mysticism, and with the added charm of lurking humour.

I was asked to write a weekly letter of Art Gossip for a

paper, I forget its name, which came to an untimely end. I hope not through my contributions.

I was amused to see the following paragraph in one of the daily papers:

THE TITLE RÔLE.

For ourselves, we should wish to see a new order established, say of Knights of the Round Table of Art and Literature, which should be equivalent to a C.B., and be accompanied by a decoration.

For a Knight of the Drama a "Star" would be evidently the appropriate insignia of the Order.

The Sisters of the Brush must not be forgotten. Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Jopling, and Mrs. Perugini would hold rank equal to the "Ladies of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem," or be Baronesses; unless their husbands were decorated, in which case they would share with them, by Royal Licence, the honour of the title.

Now, the authorities that are, have bestowed the title of Dame to Matron and Maid alike. If they wished to be logical, an unmarried woman ought to have the title of Damsel bestowed upon her.

A Dame! why, it reminds one of those ancient women who were incapable of doing anything more than teaching little children their ABC!

At the yearly Wimbledon Volunteer Shooting Competition, Lord and Lady Wantage had the happy idea of inviting all the men who had in former years won the Queen's Prize to a dinner at The Cottage, which was somewhere on the Common.

I believe the Duke of Cambridge was present, as it was he who used to present the prize to the fortunate winner. I don't remember if Colonel Charles Lindsay was there also, but he ought to have been, as he was the giver of the St. George's Challenge Cup.

The camp, I see, in a notice I have, was visited by the Honourable Artillery Company of Boston, U.S.A., "whose resplendent uniform of dark blue, heavily laced with gold, bullion epaulettes, cocked hats, and trousers of delicate French grey wholly put in the shade even the most sprucely attired of our own Volunteers.

Lady Wantage wrote to me:

2 CARLTON GARDENS, S.W.

DEAR MRS. JOPLING,

We are inviting a few representative Prize-men to meet the Prince.

Your late husband was, we know, one of the "Queen's Medallists."

It will therefore give us additional pleasure if you can join our party.

I am very sorry I have not been able to go to any of your Wednesdays.

Yours sincerely.

About this time I received a letter from the Secretary of "The Graphic Society" telling me that "Our old Society has at length resolved, in accordance with the spirit of the age, to admit Lady Artists of professional eminence as members. May I have the honour of proposing you as a member at the General Meeting next month?"

So that as long ago as '87 the claims of the women were being recognized.

Reviewing the Grosvenor Gallery, "The World" said: "Mrs. Jopling's charming 'Babes in the Wood' are studied from the little son and daughter of Mr. Comyns Carr." And "The World" was right. It does not follow that it was always so. I remember quoting—as I thought—a fact to the editor, Edmund Yates, which he contradicted.

"Oh," said I, in support of my case, "but I read it in 'The World'!"

"That does not follow that it is true," said Edmund.

. . . . . .

I was glad to hear that my Indian portraits were appreciated.

Colonel Marshall, who was then Resident at Chumba, wrote me:

When I was at Kapurthala I saw your two portraits of the Rajah Hundhir Singh and Khurnek Singh.

You have made a wonderfully perfect likeness of both. I knew them personally—the officials are very pleased with them.

Can one realize nowadays that there was a time when there were no motors in existence?

I remember my first ride in a taxi, when I was taken round the Bois de Boulogne for the sum of five francs.

In London they made their advent just outside Hyde Park Corner. Three of them used to be stationed there. Nobody seemed to hire them. Greatly daring, one day I entered one. We got as far as Gloucester Road, on the way to Kensington, and then the car stopped dead. It was some time before I ventured on another drive. The advent of motors has made a great change in the habits of the people of the Metropolis. On Sundays there used to be a great interchange of visits. The Park was always crowded at the Church Parade, and one's greatest dissipation was to spend a Sunday on the river, as far as Maidenhead. Now there is no limit to distance, and a forty- or fifty-mile run is taken in the time we used to expend in crossing Kensington Gardens, and paying a visit in St. John's Wood.

One misses in these days the wit and humour of the London cabby. He who drives machinery becomes like a machine himself, reminding one of the adage, "He who drives fat

oxen, should himself be fat." I remember a friend telling me that, taking a cab one day, she gave the cabman his exact fare. Instead of abusing her, he asked her in a politely inquiring tone, whether she knew if any omnibuses went along that route? "No," she replied, "I don't think I do." "Ah, a pity!" said the cabman. "You might have taken one." Irony could not have been more politely expressed. Another cabman I directed to Elgin Avenue, pronouncing the "g" hard. "Do you mean Elgin Avenue, ma'am?" making the "g" the same sound as a popular drink. "Yes," I replied; "but if it is all the same to you, it is pronounced Elgin." "Well, if g-i-n does not spell gin, I'll eat my hat!" he replied. After a party in Portland Place, I took a four-wheeler to Chelsea. My Jehu had apparently come straight from a public-house. I found I had to direct him nearly the whole of the route. As he continually took the wrong turnings, I asked him why he did not go the right way? "How can I go right, when you keep bawling at me?" was his response. His potations, evidently, had not agreed with him.

I took Lindsay in the holidays to Dinard, with our little French maid. To our surprise, who should turn up there but George Rowe. The reason he gave for doing so was, that his mother had asked him where he was going to this August?

"Oh, I don't know," said George. "I can't think of any place to go to."

"Why don't you join your friend Mrs. Jopling in Normandy?"

"That's a good idea," said the dutiful son; "so I will."

George Rowe had been a widower some time when I married him. He had one little boy, then about five years old.

"Out of the mouths of babes" one hears truths sometimes.

George wrote to me from his office, before our marriage:

Bartle Frere [his brother-in-law and partner] has just made me laugh. He was asking after the boy, and, in the course of conversation, said : " He is a very funny little chap. The other day, he said : ' My Papa never goes to church.' " " Oh, yes ; I think he does," replied Bartle. " Oh, no, he doesn't. We always go and see Mrs. Jopling on Sunday morning, instead of going to church " ! ! !

So no one was surprised when I became Mrs. Jopling-Rowe.

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